



# Captain AERO Comics

NOV.  
NO. 9

10¢



Featuring  
**Commandos**  
OF THE  
DEVIL DOGS  
**Miss VICTORY**  
also the Sensational  
**ALIAS**  
and many others!

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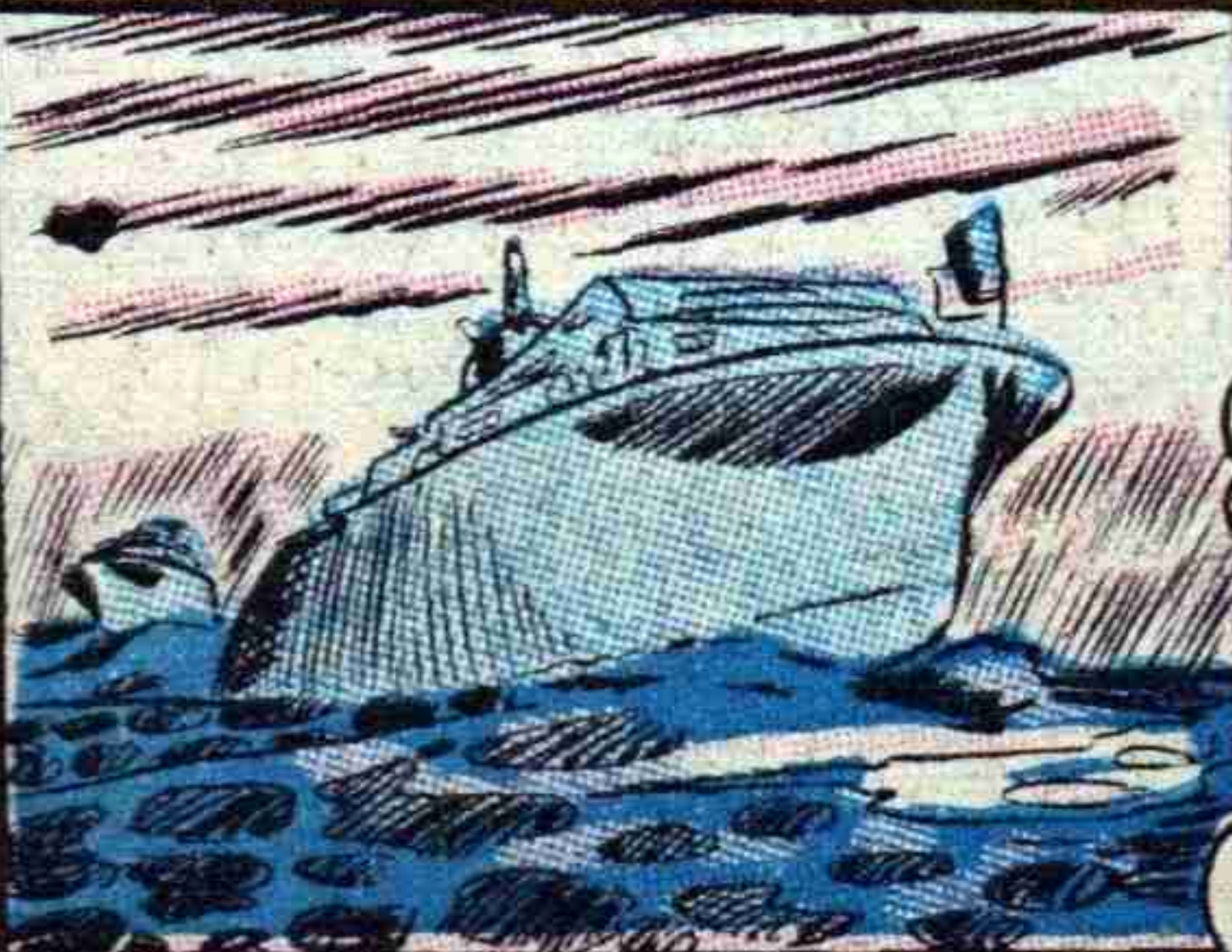
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**A** COMMANDO BAND OUTNUMBERED A HUNDRED TO ONE--A GEURRILLA ARMY TRAPPED ON THE BRINK OF DESTRUCTION--CAN THE DAREDEVIL YANKEE FLYER, CAPTAIN AERO AND HIS SIDE KICK, BUSTER, IN AN OUT-MODED PLANE SMASH THROUGH THE LEGIONS OF THE BLACK BARON TO RESCUE THE DOOMED MEN?



**A** DAMP FOGGY NIGHT---AND A COMMANDO BAND SLIPS OUT OF ITS' ENGLISH BASE!

--BUT TREACHEROUS EYES OBSERVE THE DEPARTURE!

ACH! VE MUST LEARN THEIR DESTINA-TION!

QVICK! TO THEIR HEAD-QUARTERS--IT WON'T BE SO CLOSELY GUARDED!







OUTSIDE THE COMMANDO STAFF OFFICE

ONLY ONE IST INSIDE

GOOT! THAT MAKES IT EASIER!

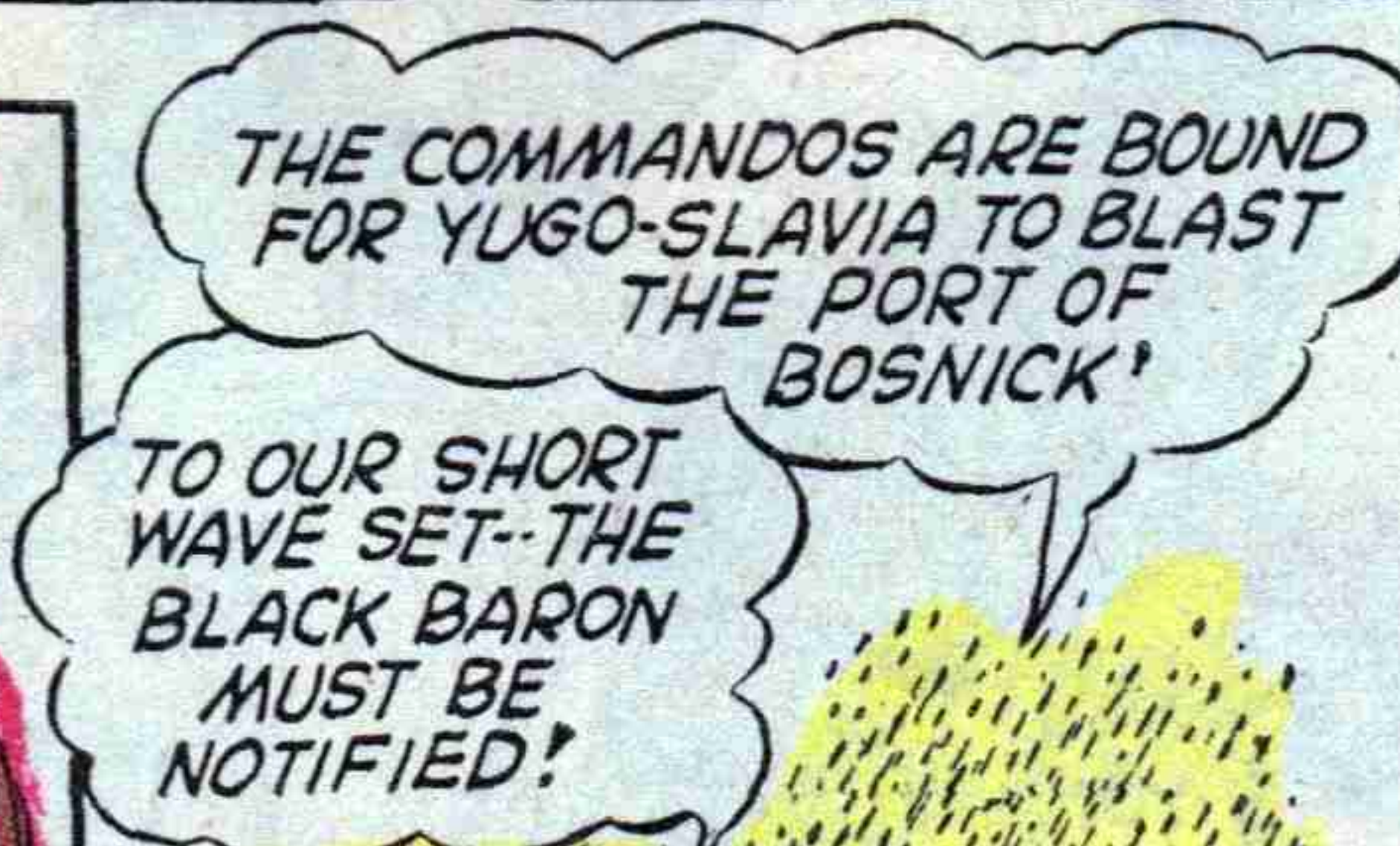


HEY! WHAT'S THE MEANING OF ---



A PRESENT FROM DER FEUHRER

AGGH...



THE COMMANDOS ARE BOUND FOR YUGO-SLAVIA TO BLAST THE PORT OF BOSNICK

TO OUR SHORT WAVE SET--THE BLACK BARON MUST BE NOTIFIED!

LATER, AT THE PALACE OF THE YUGO-SLAVIAN MILITARY DICTATOR...

IMBECILE! YOU DARE DISTURB THE SLEEP OF THE BLACK BARON?

BUT AN IM-PORTANT MESSAGE HAS COME FROM ENGLAND!



ACH, DU LIEBER THE COMMANDOS ARE COMING HERE

SHALL I ORDER AN EVACUATION?



SILENCE, FOOL! LET THEM COME--THE BLACK BARON WILL GIVE THEM A RECEPTION THEY'LL NEVER FORGET--AROUSE THE TROOPS!

UNSUSPECTINGLY, THE COMMANDOS REACH BOSNICK AND AFFECT A SWIFT LANDING



FORWARD--WE'LL GIVE THEM THE WORKS THIS TIME!





LOOK, SIR, THERE ARE THE WARE-HOUSES AND THE DOCKS!

GOOD! WE'LL FIRE THOSE FIRST!

SUDDENLY, THE DESERTED WATERFRONT COMES TO LIFE, AND THE COMMANDOS FIND THEMSELVES TRAPPED IN A HAIL OF GUNFIRE!



KILL THE BRITISH SWINE!

NAZIS! FIRE AWAY, MEN!



RETREATS USELESS, SIR!

I KNOW IT--IF ONLY GEN. MIKALVITCH'S GEURRILLAS COULD GET HERE, WE'D BE SAVED!



GEURRILLA FIGHTERS--IT'LL TAKE A MIRACLE TO LET THEM KNOW WE'RE HERE!

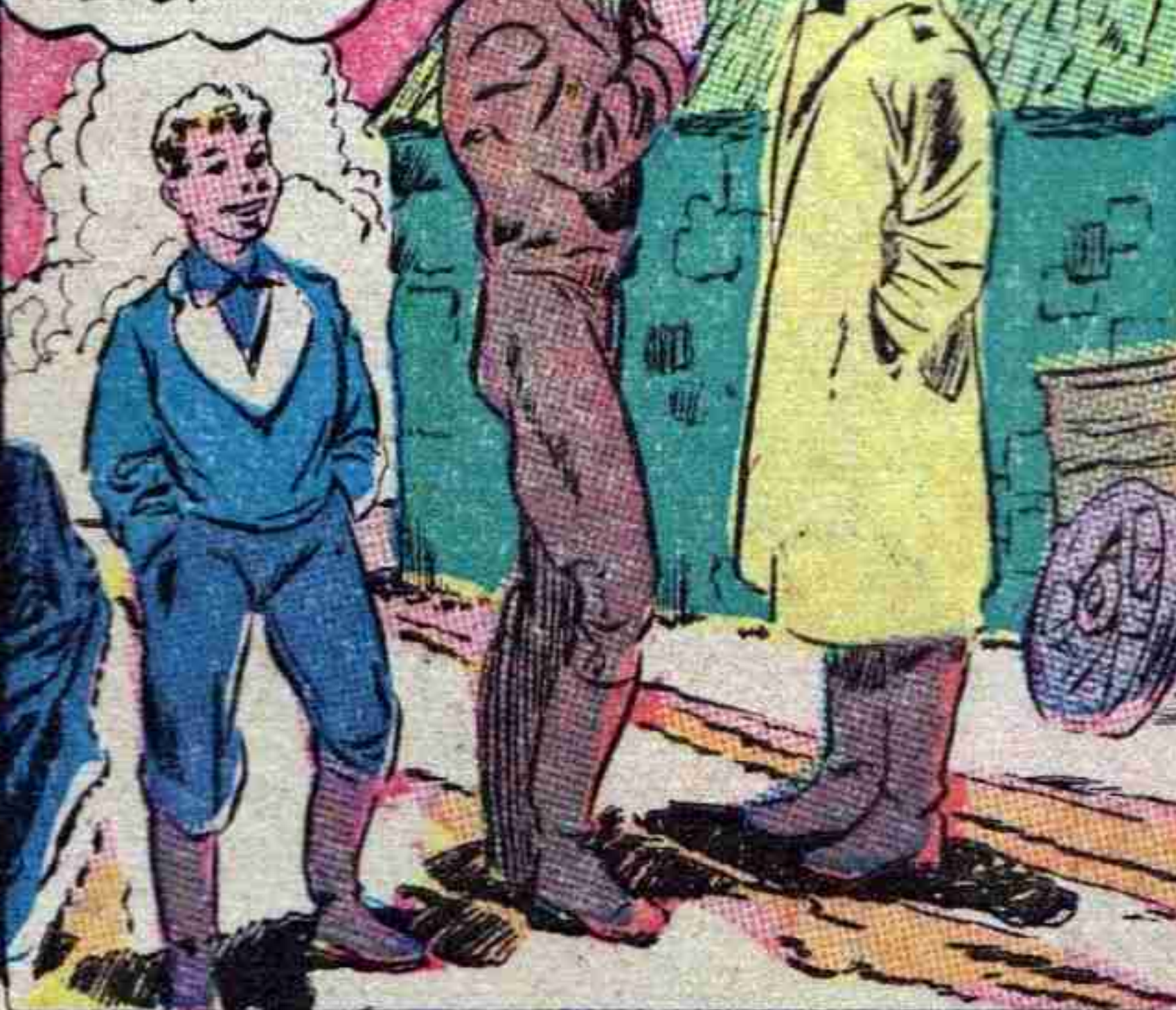
HERR BARON, SHALL WE CUT THEM DOWN LIKE DOGS?

WHAT? KILL THEM SWIFTLY? NO--THEY'LL SUFFER AND DIE, ONE BY ONE!



AT THE MOUNTAIN BASE OF GEN. MIKAILIVITCH?

GOOD MORNING, CAPT. AERO--TAKE THE AIR FORCE FOR A PATROL FLIGHT?

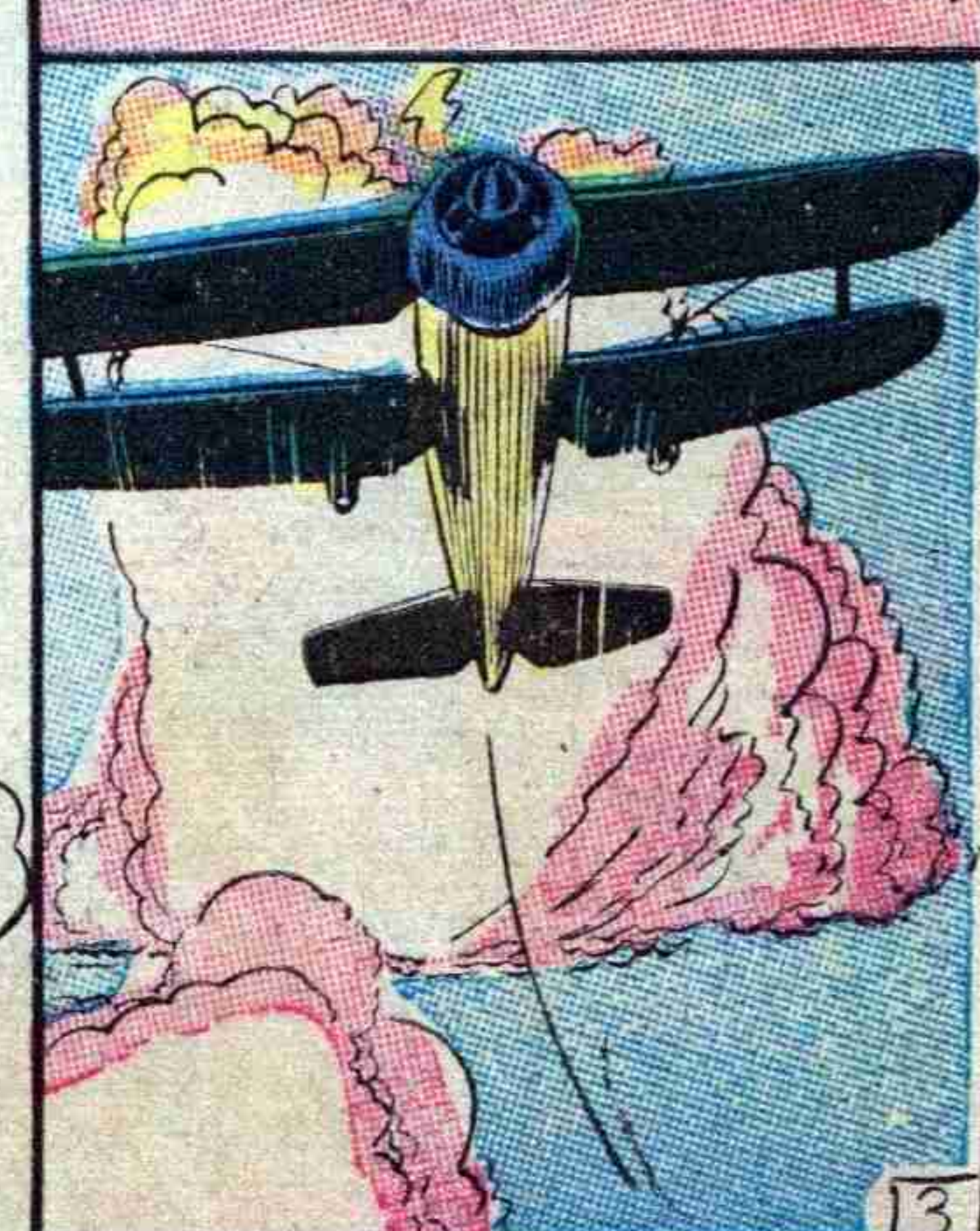


LOOK WHAT HE CALLS AN AIR FORCE--THAT DINKY--A LITTLE MOTOR TROUBLE AND THE AIR FORCE IS GROUNDED!



QUIET, BUSTER, OR WE'LL BOTH BE OUT OF A JOB!

UNDER THE ABLE HANDS OF CAPTAIN AERO, THE OLD CRATE TAKES TO THE SKIES.





A SHORT WHILE LATER OVER THE HARBOR OF BOSNICK!

CAP! LOOKS LIKE TROUBLE DOWN THERE!

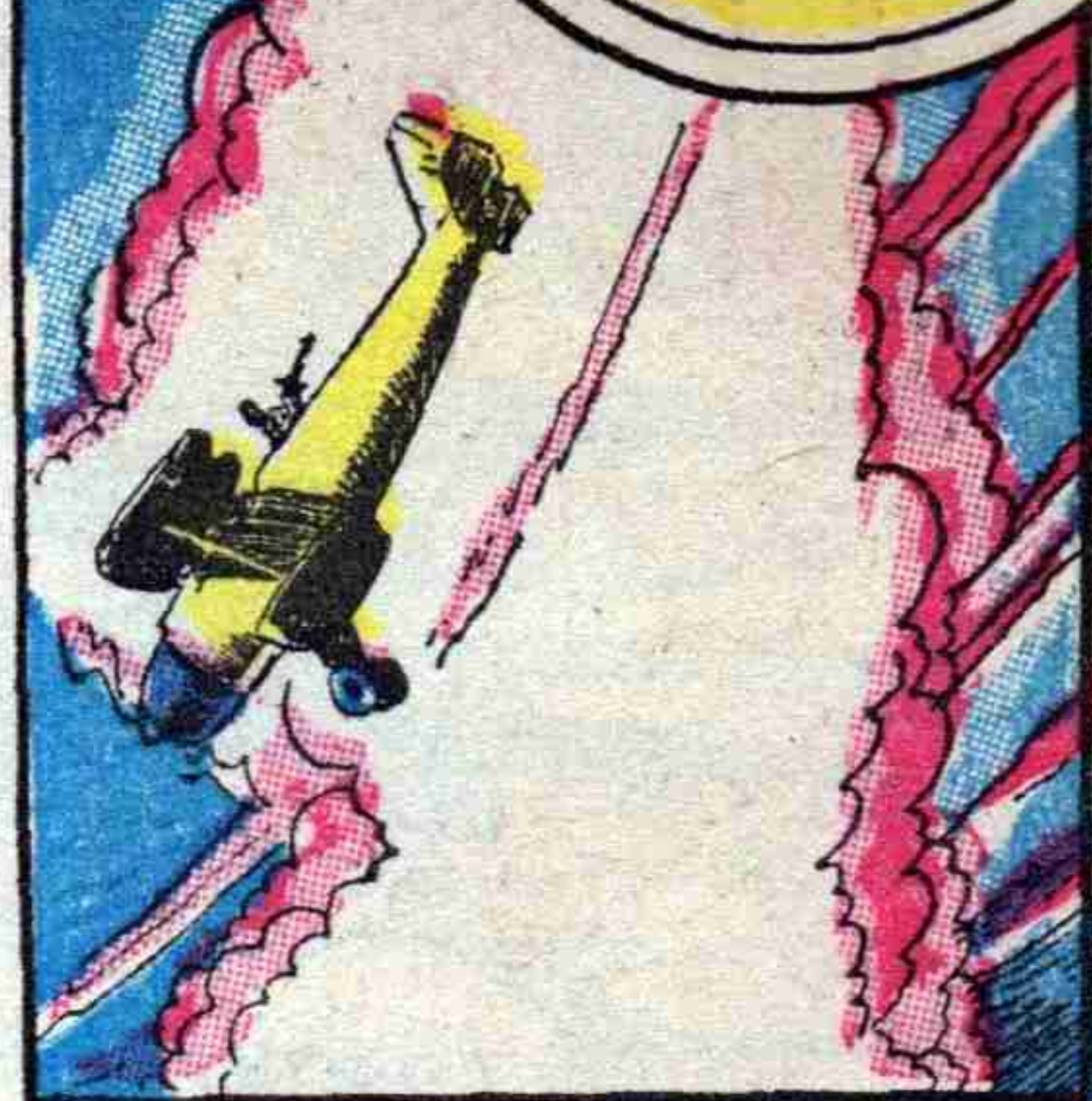


THE BLACK BARON'S MEN---THEY'VE TRAPPED A COMMANDO BAND!

MAN THE GUN, BUSTER, WE'RE GOING DOWN!



INSTANTLY, THE ANTIQUATED CRATE STREAKS EARTHWARD!



IT'S DER YANKEE CAPTAIN AERO, HIMMEL!



WE'VE GOT THEM ON THE RUN, BUSTER!

RETREAT!

SWINE!



THE NAZIS RETREAT TO THE EDGE OF TOWN!

IF THAT ISN'T CAPTAIN AERO, I'LL EAT MY HAT!

HE'S FORCING THEM THROUGH THAT PASS TO GIVE US A CHANCE TO MAKE FOR THE BOATS!



HERR BARON, THEY ARE RACING FOR THEIR BOATS!

GOOT BY THE TIME THAT YANKEE SWINE DIVES AGAIN, WE CHARGE AND WIPE OUT THE COMMANDOS!







FORWARD  
AND DESTROY  
THE BRITISH!

IN THE  
EXCITEMENT,  
THE YANKEE  
FLYER LANDS!



CAPTAIN AERO! THEY'RE  
CHARGING THE  
COMMANDOS!

WE CAN STOP  
THEM BEFORE  
THEY PASS  
THE OIL  
TANK!



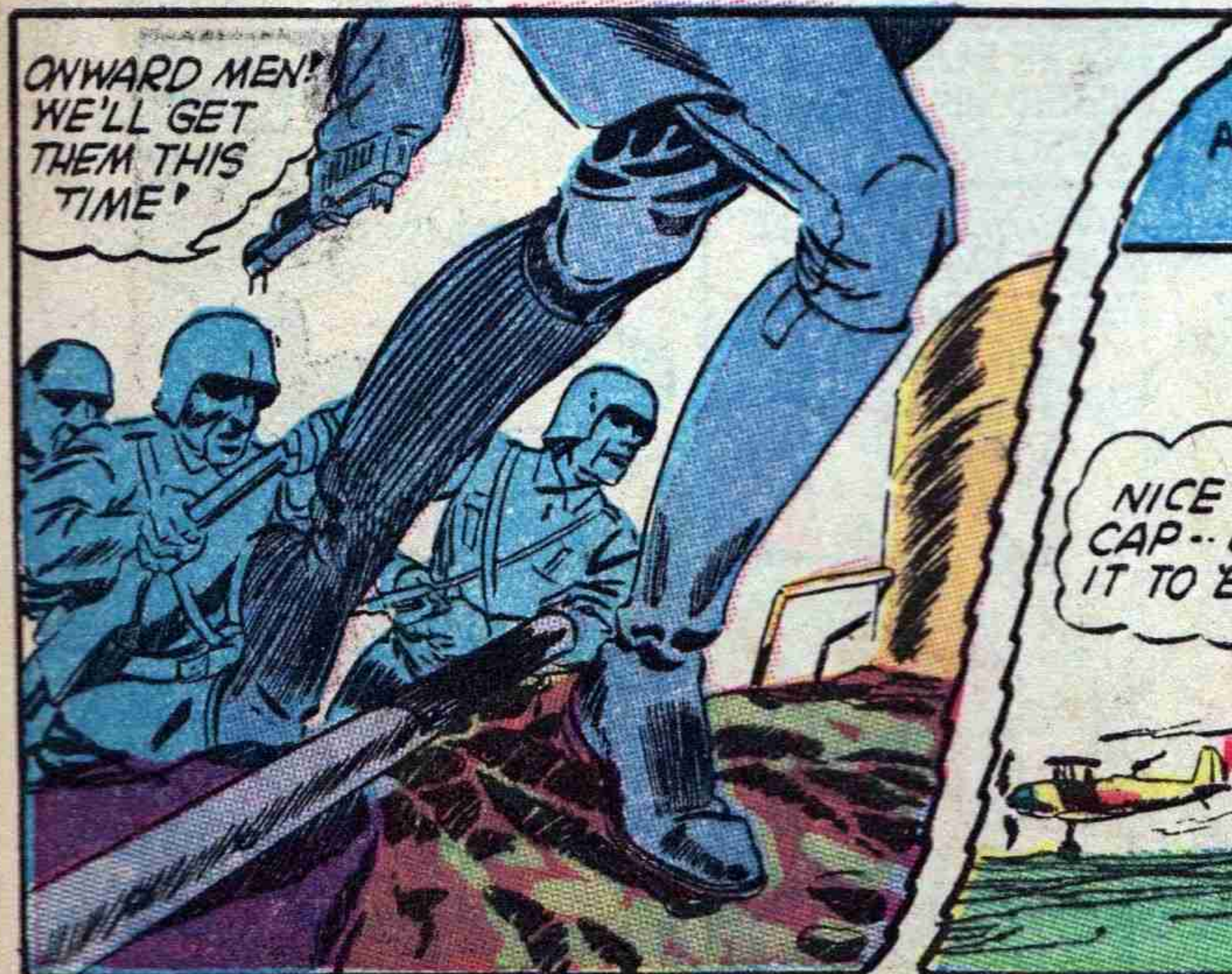
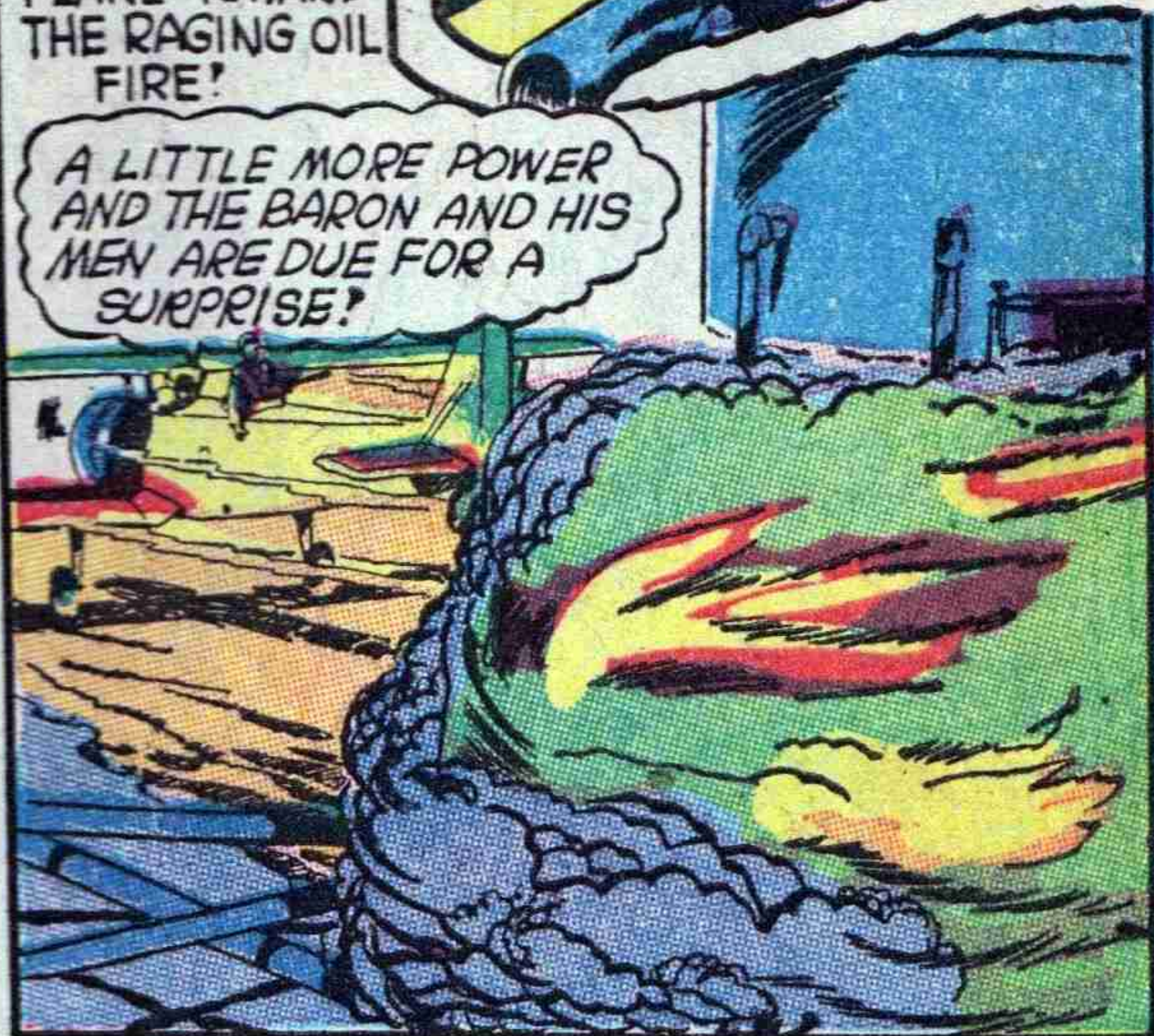
A WELL-AIMED BOMB  
SHATTERS THE TANK AND  
TEMPORARILY HALTS THE  
NAZIS!



CAP! WATCH OUT  
OR WE'LL HIT  
THE TANK!

SLOWLY HE  
BACKS HIS  
PLANE TOWARD  
THE RAGING OIL  
FIRE!

A LITTLE MORE POWER  
AND THE BARON AND HIS  
MEN ARE DUE FOR A  
SURPRISE!



ONWARD MEN!  
WE'LL GET  
THEM THIS  
TIME!

GUNNING THE MOTOR THAT SENDS THE  
PROP SPINNING AT TOP SPEED, CAP CREATES  
A BACKWIND THAT DRIVES THE SEARING  
FLAMES INTO THE NAZI RANKS!

NICE GOIN'  
CAP-- GIVE  
IT TO 'EM!

YIIII!  
HELP!

ACH,  
HIMMEL!

WE'RE BEING  
SCORCHED!





IT IS IMPOSSIBLE, HERR BARON, WE CANNOT GO THROUGH THOSE FLAMES!

THEN WIPE OUT THE YANKEE DEVIL THAT STARTED THIS!



SCHWINE!

CAP, THEY'RE COMING RIGHT FOR US!

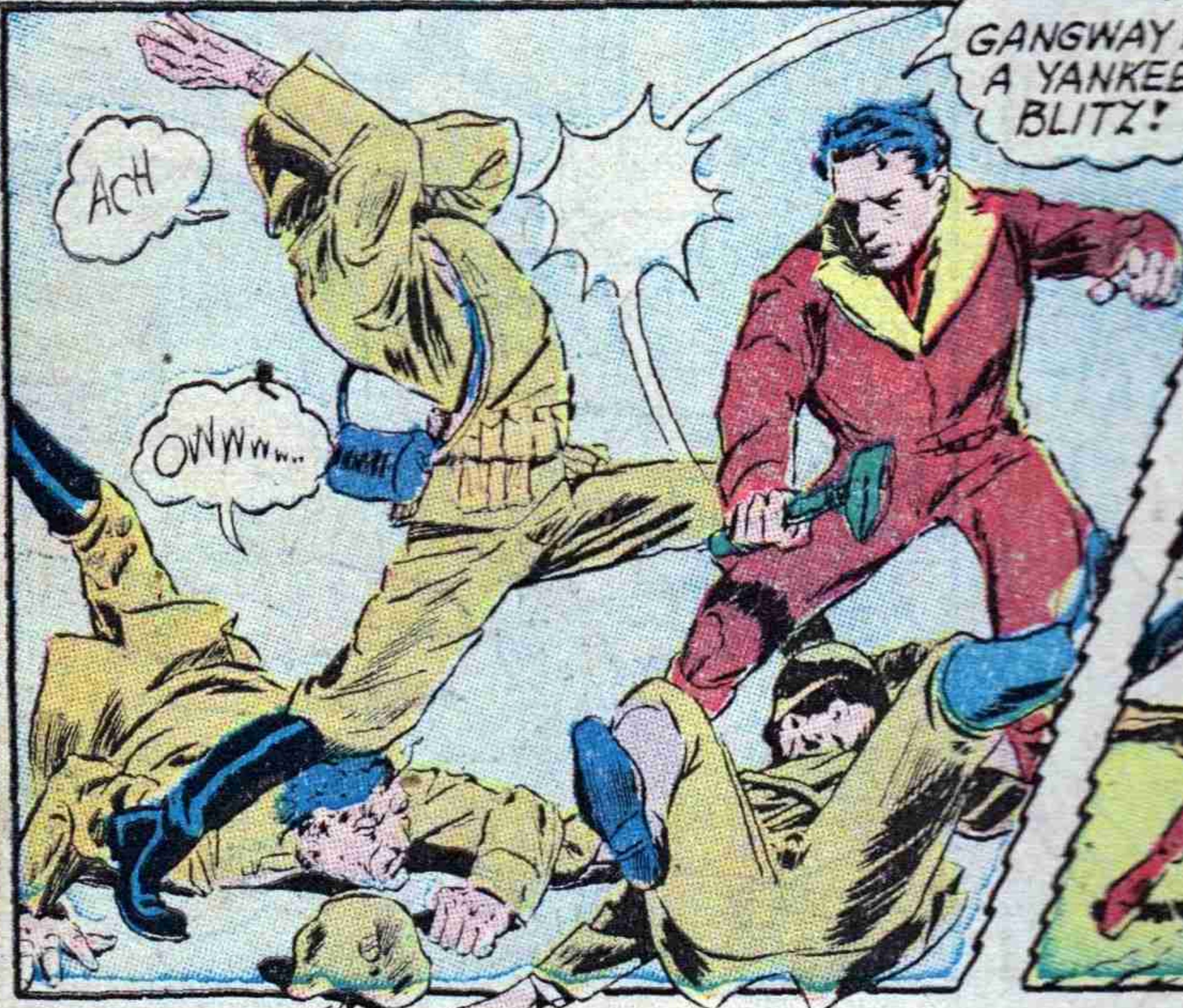
CAN'T TAKE THE PLANE FROM HERE-- WE'VE GOT TO KEEP THE BRITISH ESCAPE COVERED-- HERE WE GO-- AGAINST THE WHOLE NAZI ARMY!



GANGWAY FOR A YANKEE BLITZ!

QUICK! CUT HIM DOWN!

VE GIFF HIM DER BAYONETS IN HIS BACK!



BUT AGAIN A SUDDEN HAIL OF LEAD CUTS DOWN THE SNIPERS!



OH NO YOU DON'T!

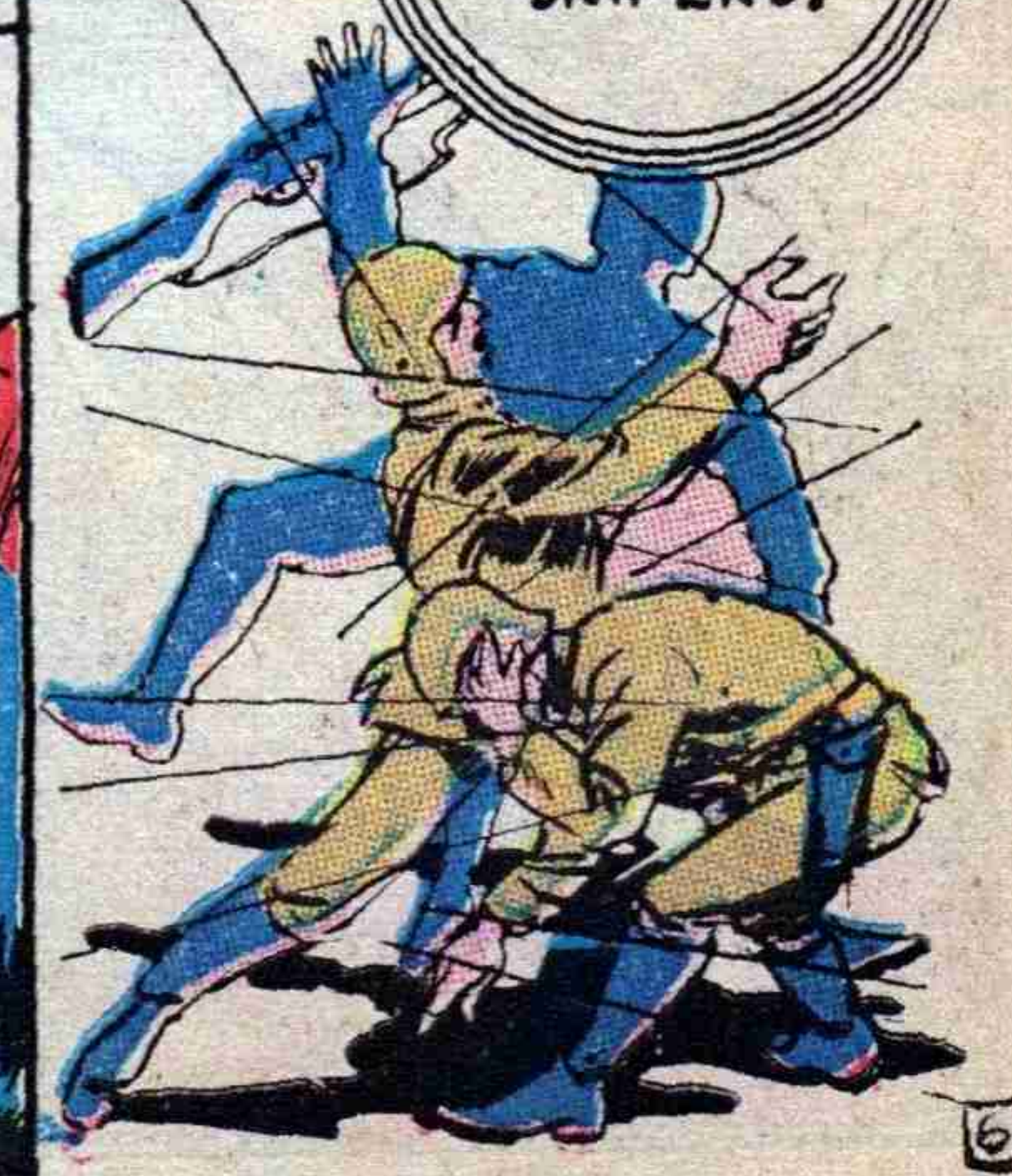
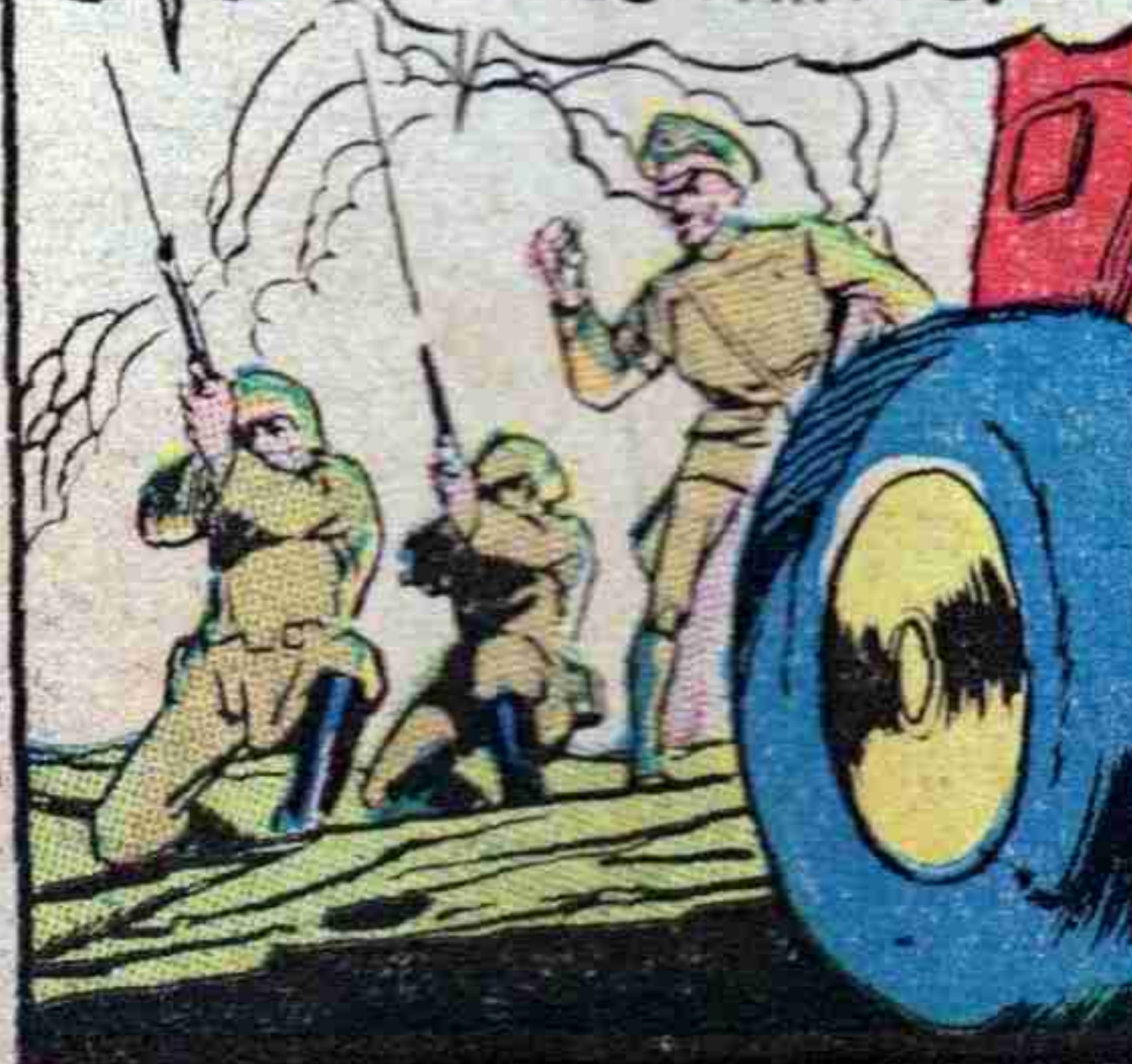
OWWW

ARRGH

BUT UNSEEN, THE BLACK BARON HAS MANEUVERED HIS RIFLEMEN INTO POSITION--!

JA, JA MEIN HERR!

PICK THEM OFF--VE SHOW THEM HOW THE BLACK BARON DOES THINGS!





THE SURPRISED CAPTAIN AERO AND BUSTER TURN TO FIND--

CAP, LOOK!--THE  
RATZIS ARE  
ON THE RUN!

IT'S GENERAL MIKAILVITCH AND  
HIS GEURRILLAS--WONDER  
HOW THEY GOT HERE?

LATER, AFTER THE  
NAZIS HAVE FLED--

SURPRISED, EH?  
YOUR FIRING THE  
OIL TANK WARNED  
US, SO I ORDERED  
TO ATTACK!

EXCELLENT, GEN.  
NOW THE COMM-  
ANDOS CAN  
DESTROY THE  
PORT OF  
BOSNICK!

QUICKLY, THE COMMANDO UNIT  
WRECKS ALL MILITARY OBJECT-  
IVES AND RETURN TO THEIR BOATS!

GOOD-BYE MY COMMANDO  
FRIENDS, COME AGAIN  
SOON-- I ENJOY THESE  
PARTIES!

BOY, WHAT  
A MESS!

WE ARE RETURNING TO  
CAMP BY WAY OF THE WEST  
ROAD BY THE SIDE OF THE  
DAM!

O.K. GENERAL,  
BUSTER AND I WILL  
KEEP AN EYE ON  
THINGS FROM  
THE SKY!

GOSH, I'LL BET THE  
BLACK BARON'S  
PLENTY UPSET  
ABOUT THIS! I  
SURE WOULD  
LIKE TO SEE  
HIS FACE!

IF YOU'RE  
HINTING THAT  
WE VISIT THE  
BARON'S CAMP  
AND JOIN HIM  
IN SINGING  
THE BLUES, I'M  
WITH YOU!

A  
SHORT  
WHILE  
LATER!

LET'S FOLLOW HIS RETREAT!  
ALL THIS JUNK HE LEFT  
BEHIND MAKES A GOOD  
TRAIL!

THERE'S HIS CAMP, BUT  
THAT BALLOON-- HE'S  
UP TO SOME TRICK?

SWIFTLY, THE YANKEE PALS  
PLUNGE INTO THE STREAM!



ON THE OPPOSITE SIDE, THE BARON SPEAKS TO HIS BALLOON OBSERVERS!

WHAT ROAD IS GENERAL MIKAILVITCH TAKING TO THE HILLS?

HE'S TAKING THE FOREST ROAD ON THE WEST SIDE OF THE ROAD!

THE FOREST ROAD, EH?--GOODT, AT LAST I SHALL DESTROY THE GEURRILLA ARMY!

THE TWO PLANES YOU ORDERED ARE READY, HERR BARON!

GOOD! LOAD ONE OF THEM WITH DYNAMITE--THE OTHER WILL FOLLOW CLOSE--I WILL AIM THE DYNAMITE LADEN PLANE AT THE DAM, THEN I WILL LEAP INTO THE OTHER ONE!

EXCELLENT HERR BARON, BUT DO NOT MISTAKE THE EAST FOR THE WEST, OR WE'LL BE FLOODED INSTEAD!

QUIET FOOL, MY SENSE OF DIRECTION IS BETTER THAN YOUR SENSE OF HUMOR!

BUT NEARBY, A SMALL CLUMP OF WEEDS SUDDENLY COME TO LIFE!

WOW! DID YOU HEAR THAT, CAP?

AND HOW! WE'VE GOT TO WARN MIKAILVITCH PRONTO!

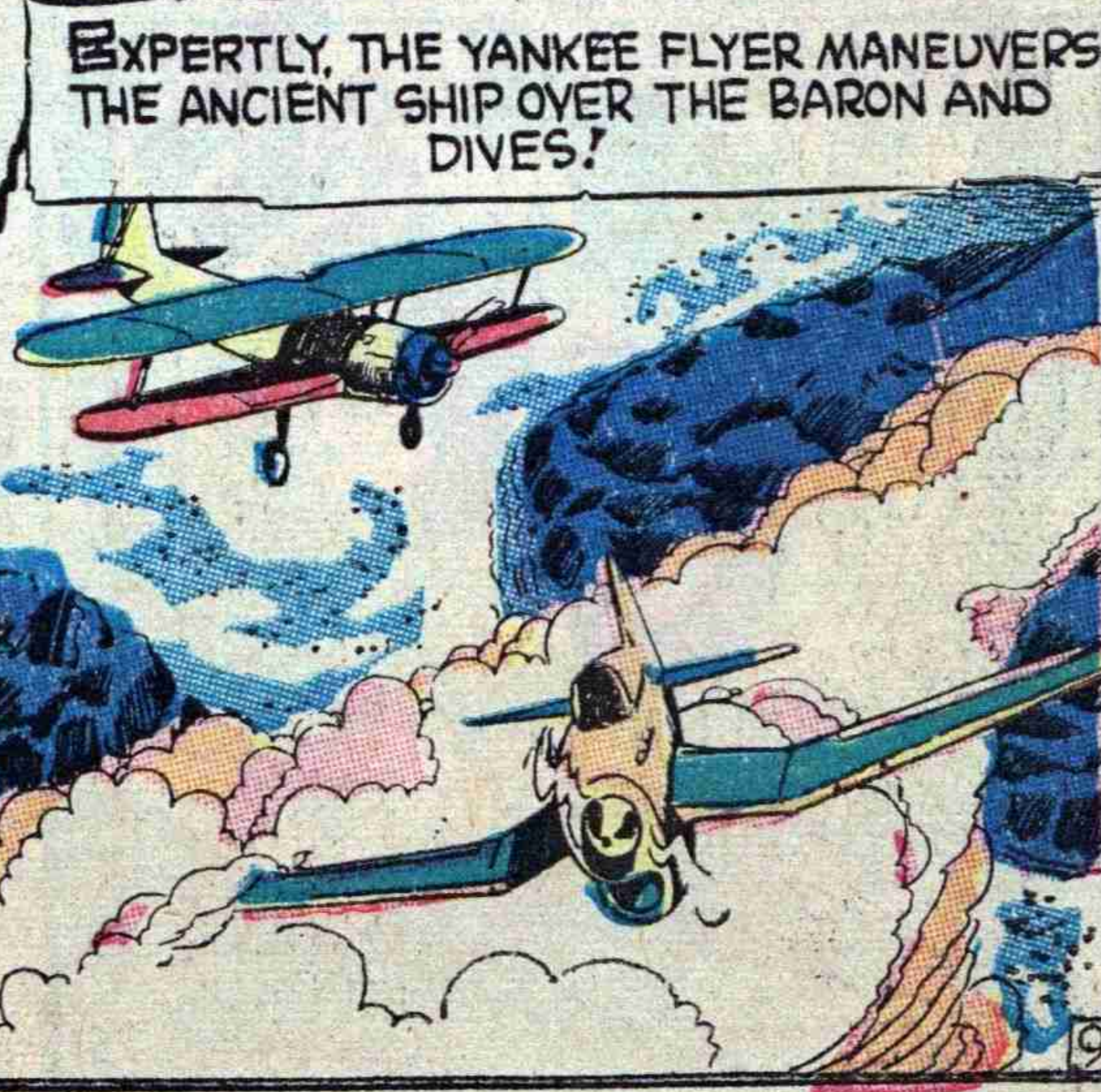
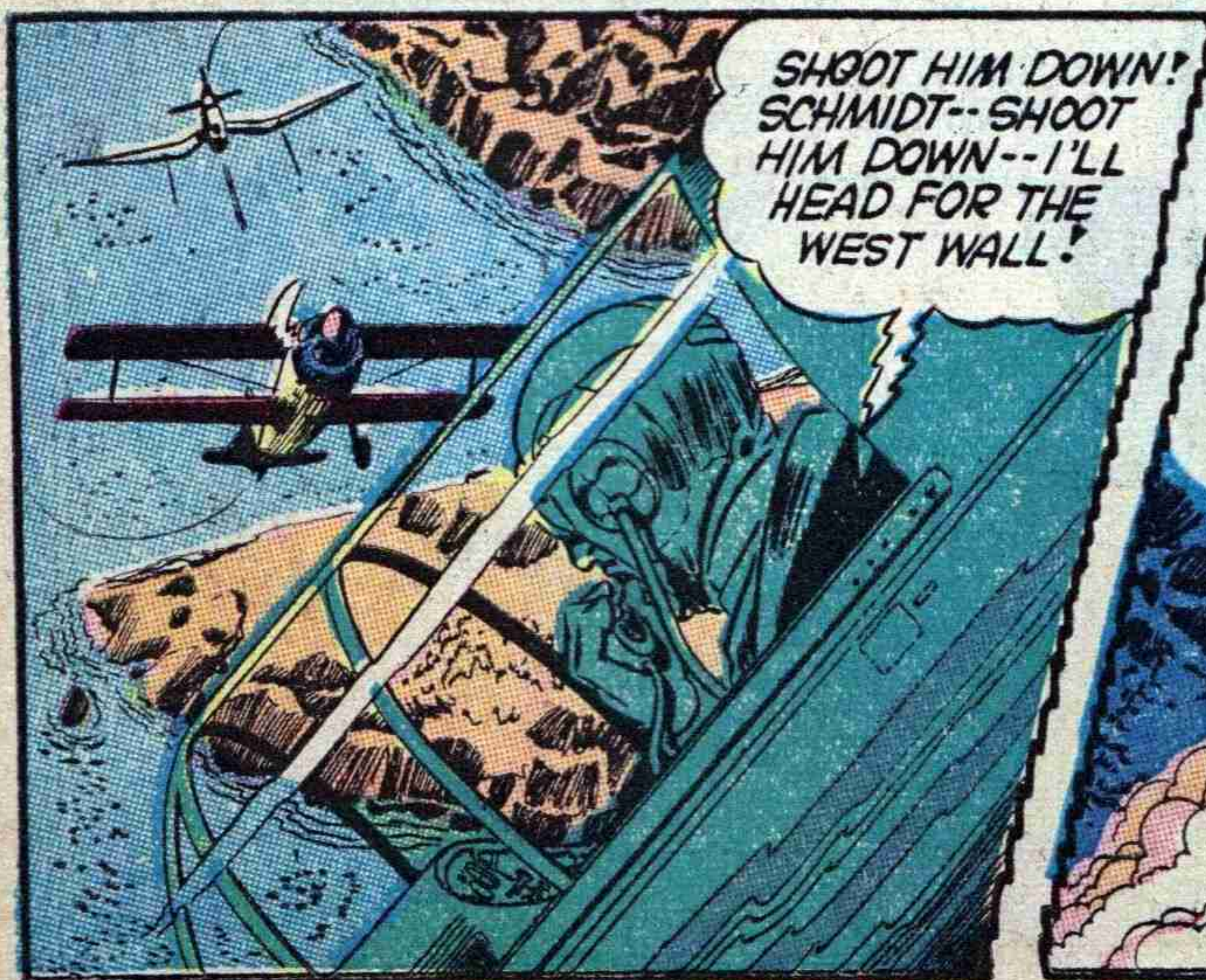
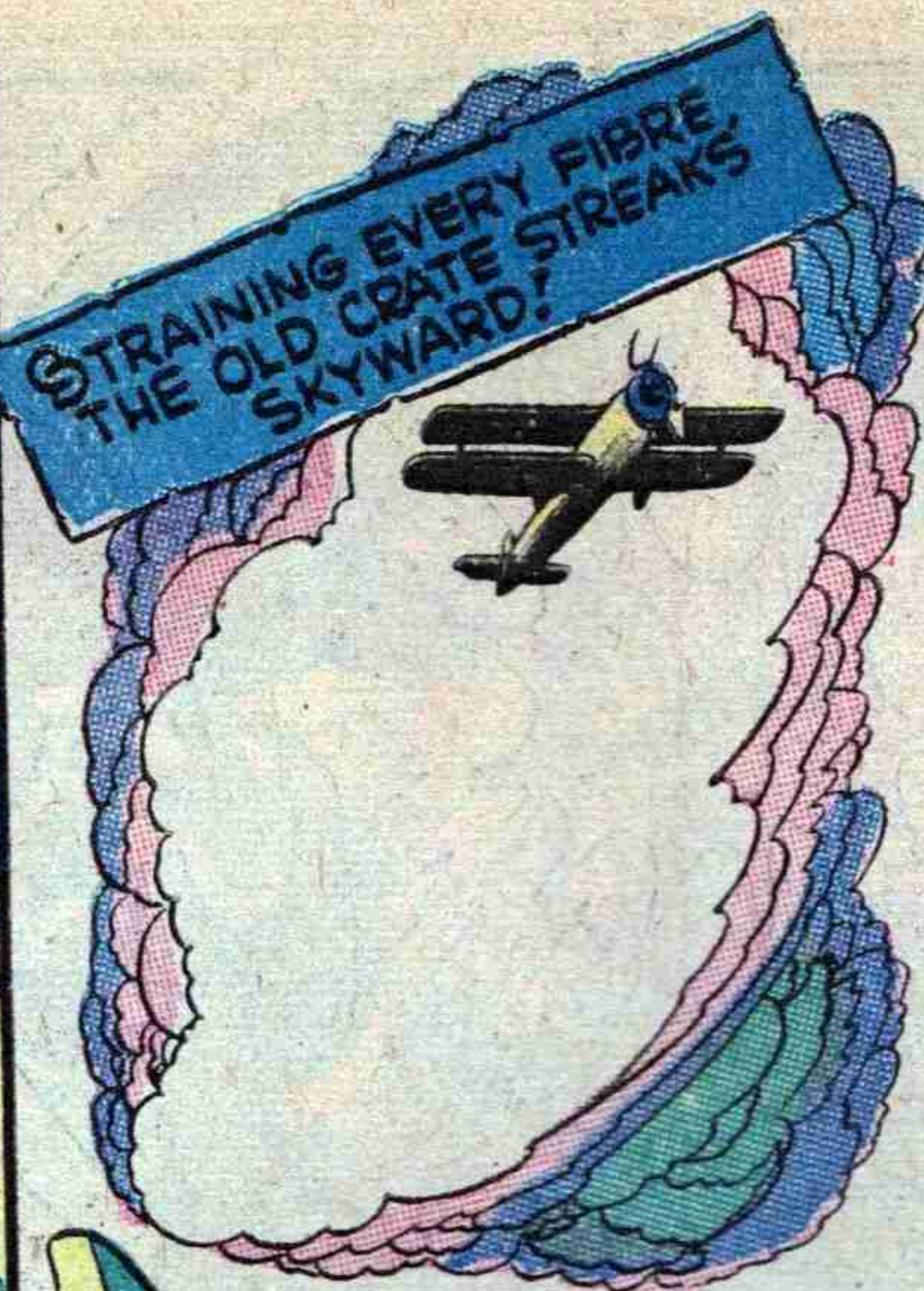
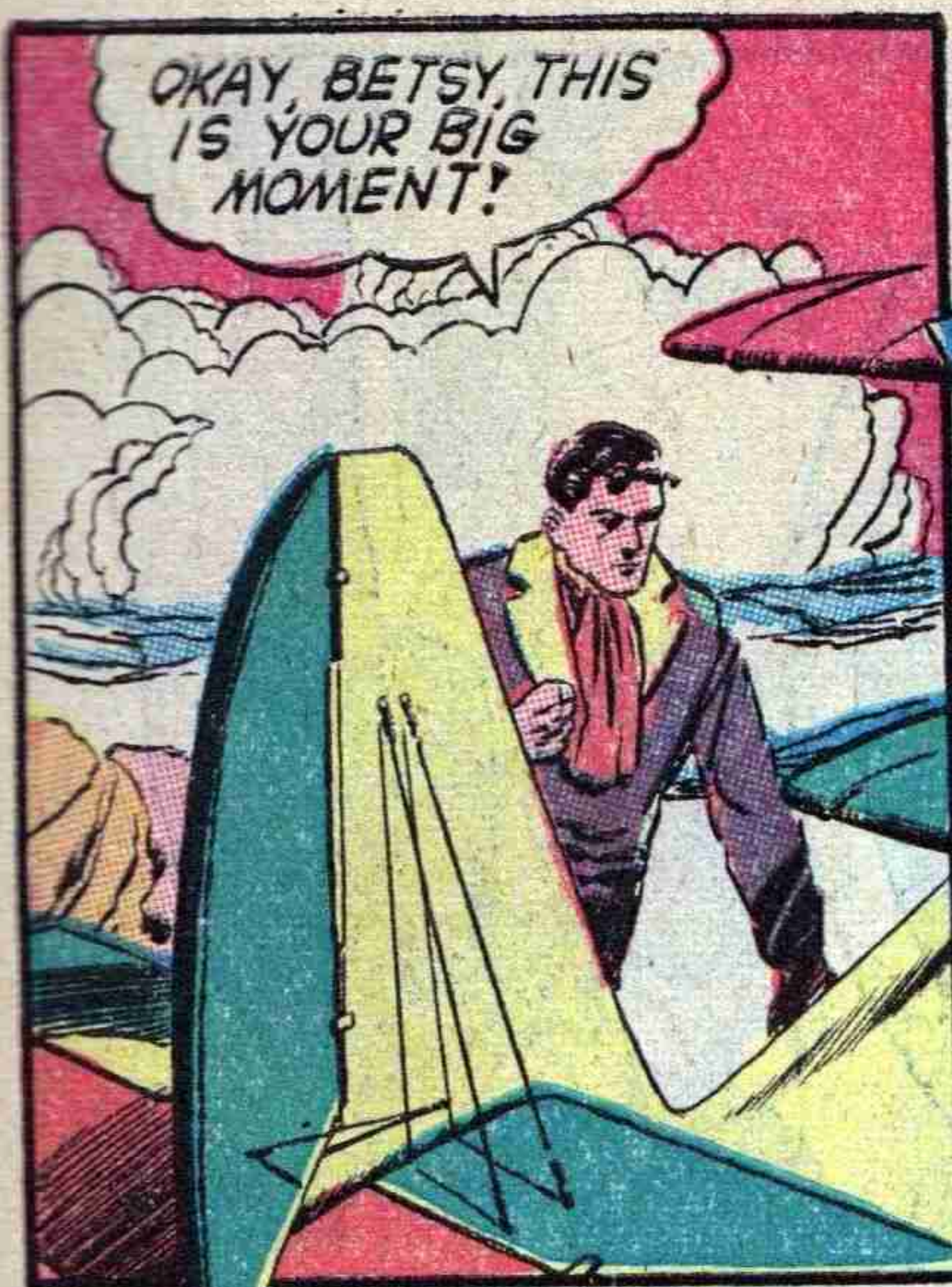
COME ON, KID--FASTER!

GOSH, IF THIS WERE THE OLYMPICS--I'D GET A MEDAL!

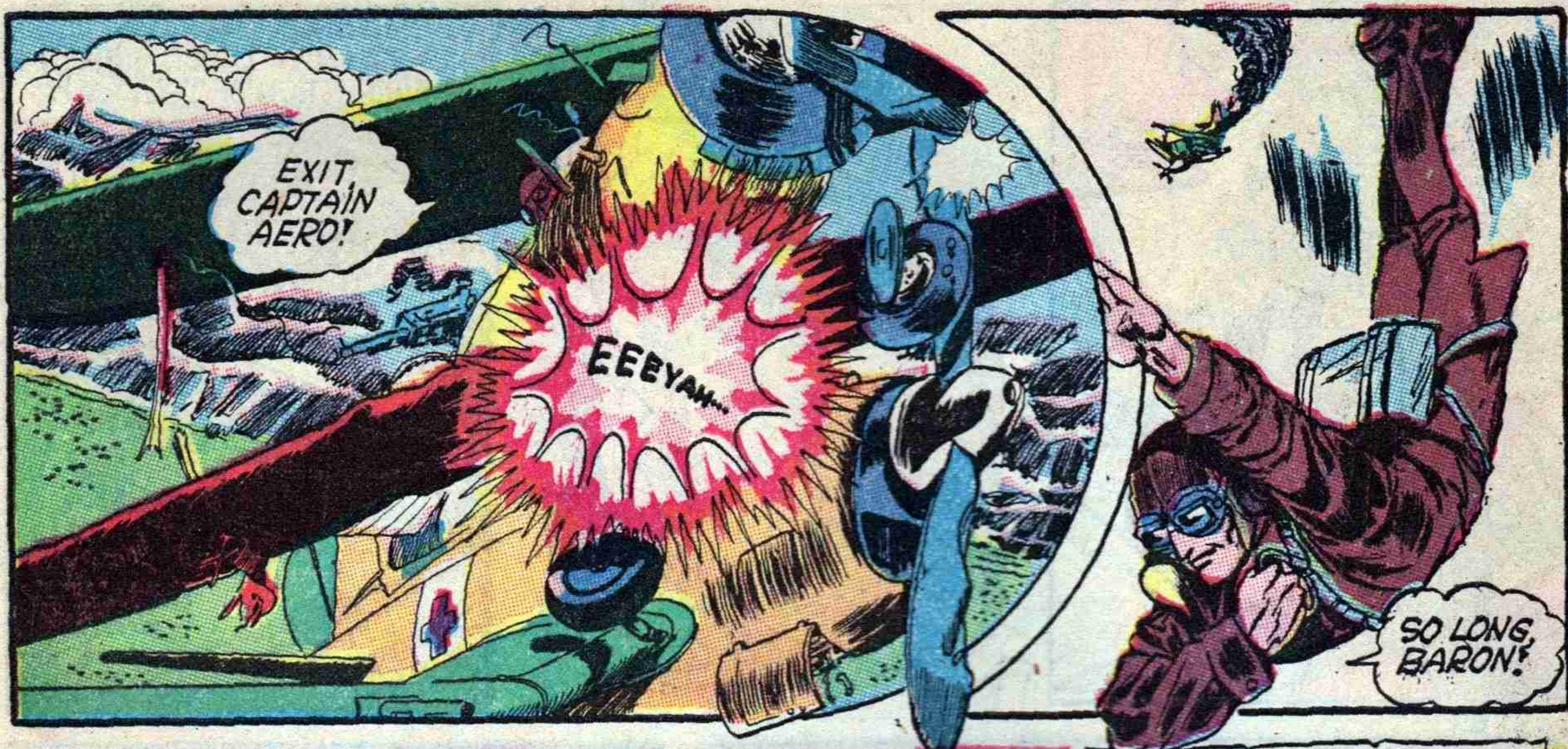
RUN FOR IT, BUSTER--TELL MIKAILVITCH TO TURN BACK, I'LL GET THE PLANE AND TRY TO STOP THE BLACK BARON!

RIGHT!









EXIT,  
CAPTAIN  
AERO!

EEYAH...

SO LONG,  
BARON!



OH, OH! THAT MONKEY  
DOESN'T INTEND TO  
LET ME GET AWAY!

HE KILLED DER  
BARON--FOR DOT  
I BLAST HIM!

BLAST IT--I  
CAN'T OPEN MY  
CHUTE, NOW--HE'D  
RIDDLE ME!

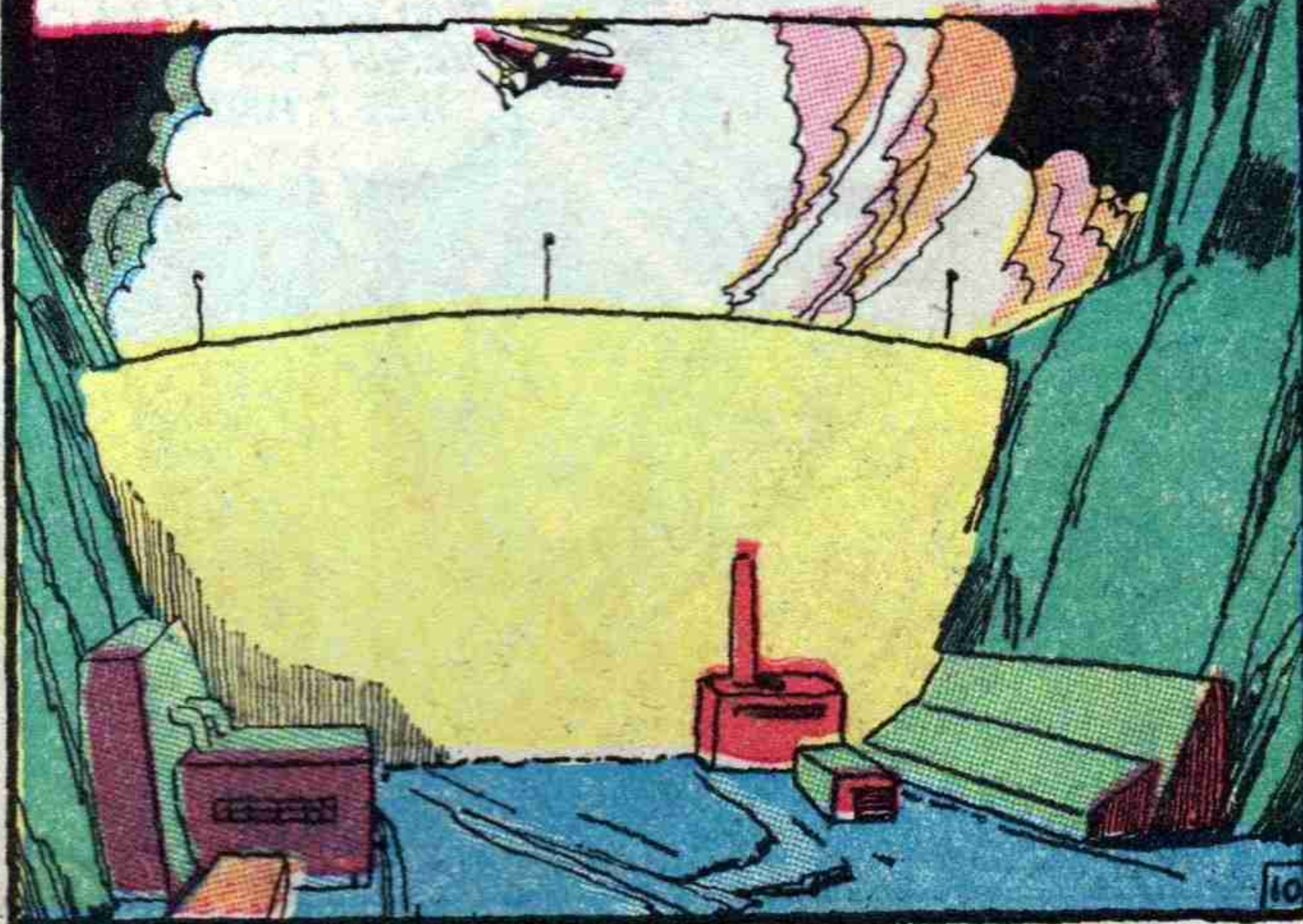
IN HIS EAGERNESS TO KILL  
AERO, SCHMIDT DOES NOT  
NOTICE HIS NEARNESS TO  
THE GROUND!

BOY, THAT MUG, HE  
CAN'T PULL OUT OF  
THAT DIVE IN TIME!

WOW-- HE  
DOOD IT!



MEANWHILE, THE LOCKED PLANES STREAK  
DOWNWARD TOWARD THE DAM!







A MIGHTY FLOOD IS RELEASED AND THE TORRENTIAL WATERS RACE MADLY TOWARD THE NAZI CAMP!

RUN! RUN FOR YOUR LIVES!

ACH! HIMMEL! DER BARON CRASHED DER WRONG SIDE OF DER DAM!



DOT FOOL BARON DIDN'T KNOW DER VEST SIDE FROM DER EAST SIDE!

LATER, AT MIKAILVITCH'S BASE---

P..POOR CAP.. HE'S D-DEAD...

BUT HE DIED LIKE THE GREAT FLYER HE WAS-- A HEROIC DEATH, MY BOY, A HERO'S ADIEU!



WE'LL MISS HIM TOO, SONNY, VERY MUCH!

MISS WHO?



AERO! CAPT. AERO! YIPEE THEY DIDN'T GET YOU--OH BOY--GEE--GOSH!

CAPTAIN AERO-- THANK GOD!

WATCH FOR ANOTHER BREATH-TAKING ADVENTURE OF CAPTAIN AERO and BUSTER IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF "Captain Aero Comics"





A SALOON ON  
THE WATERFRONT

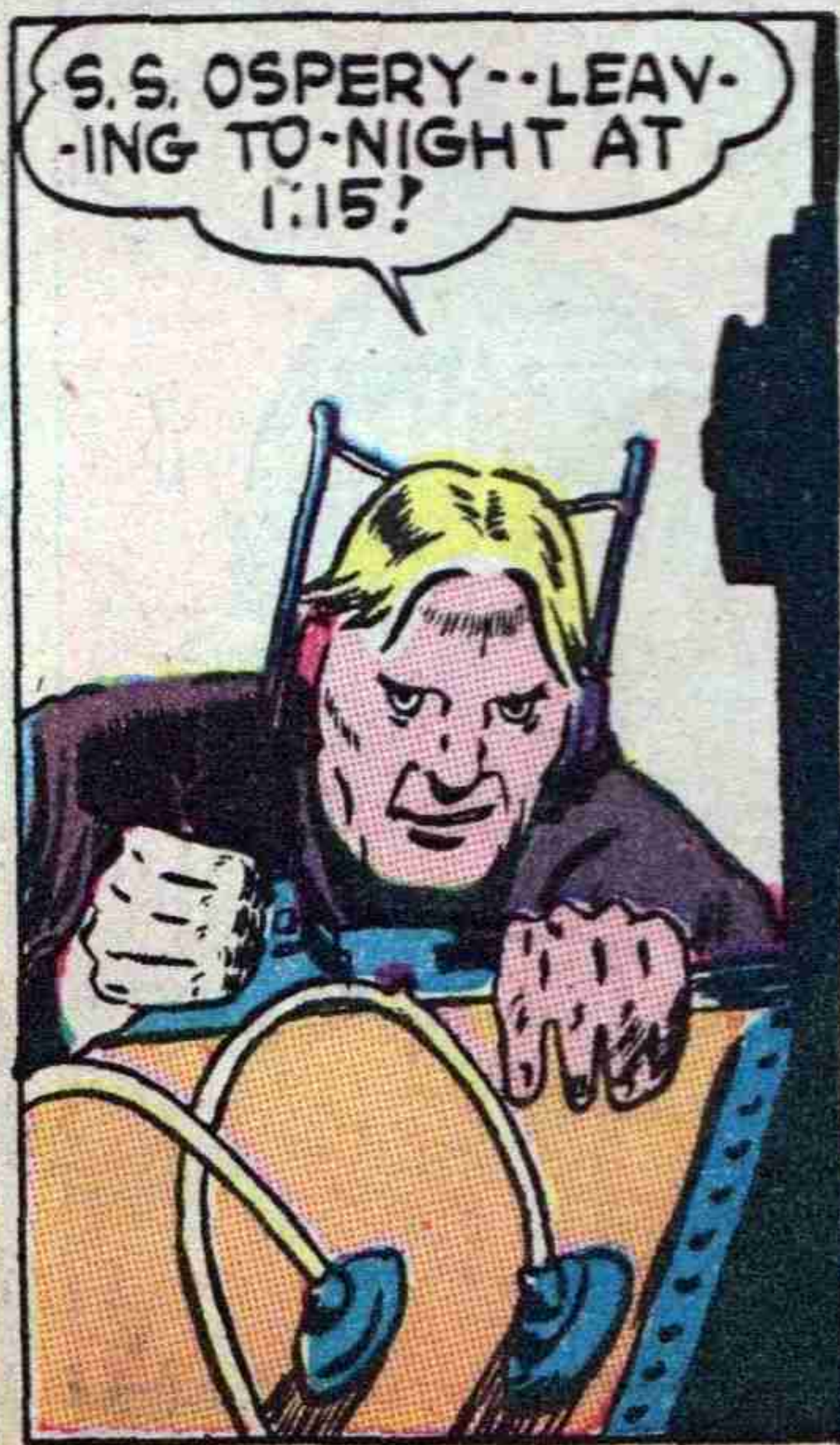
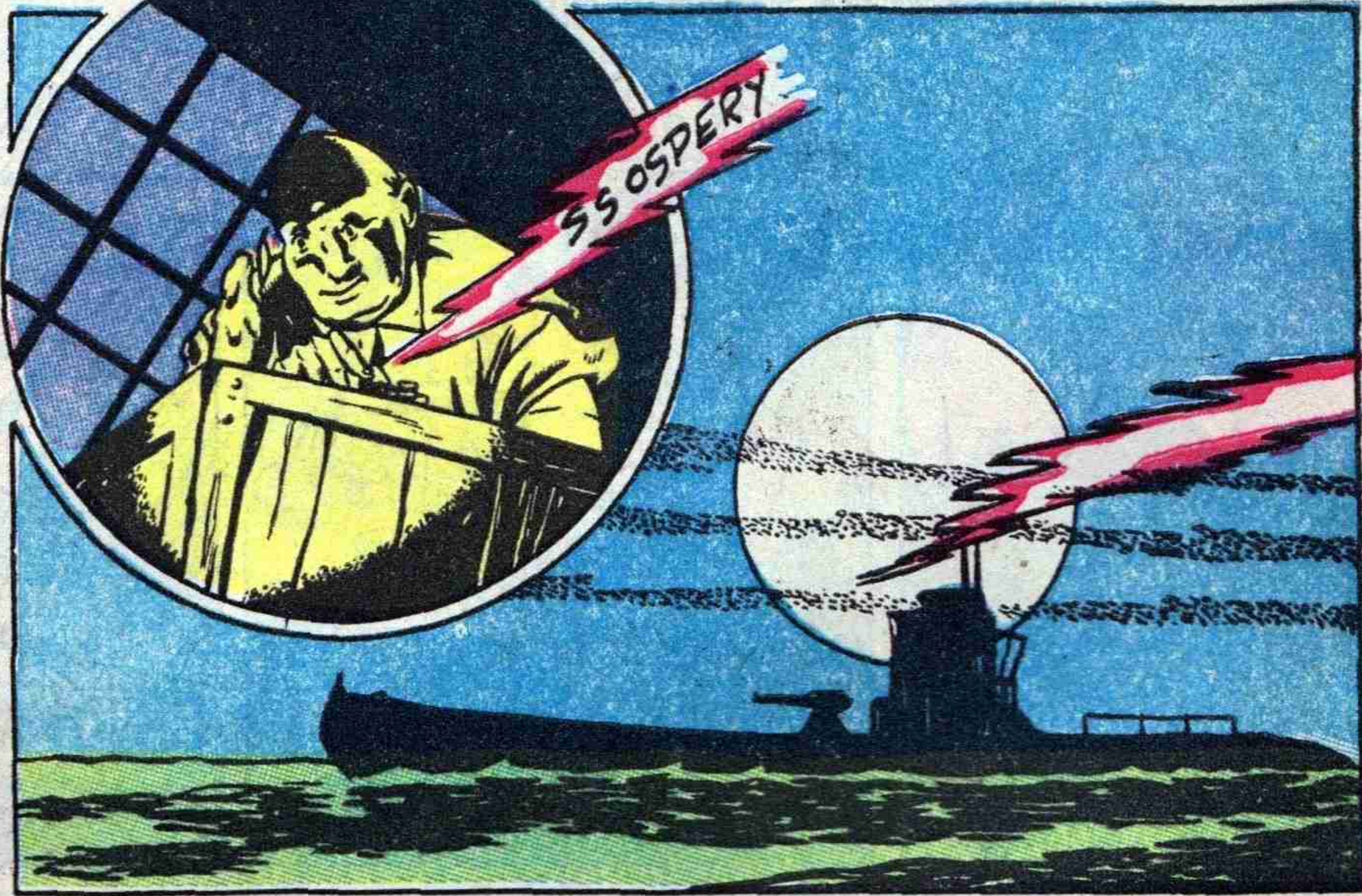
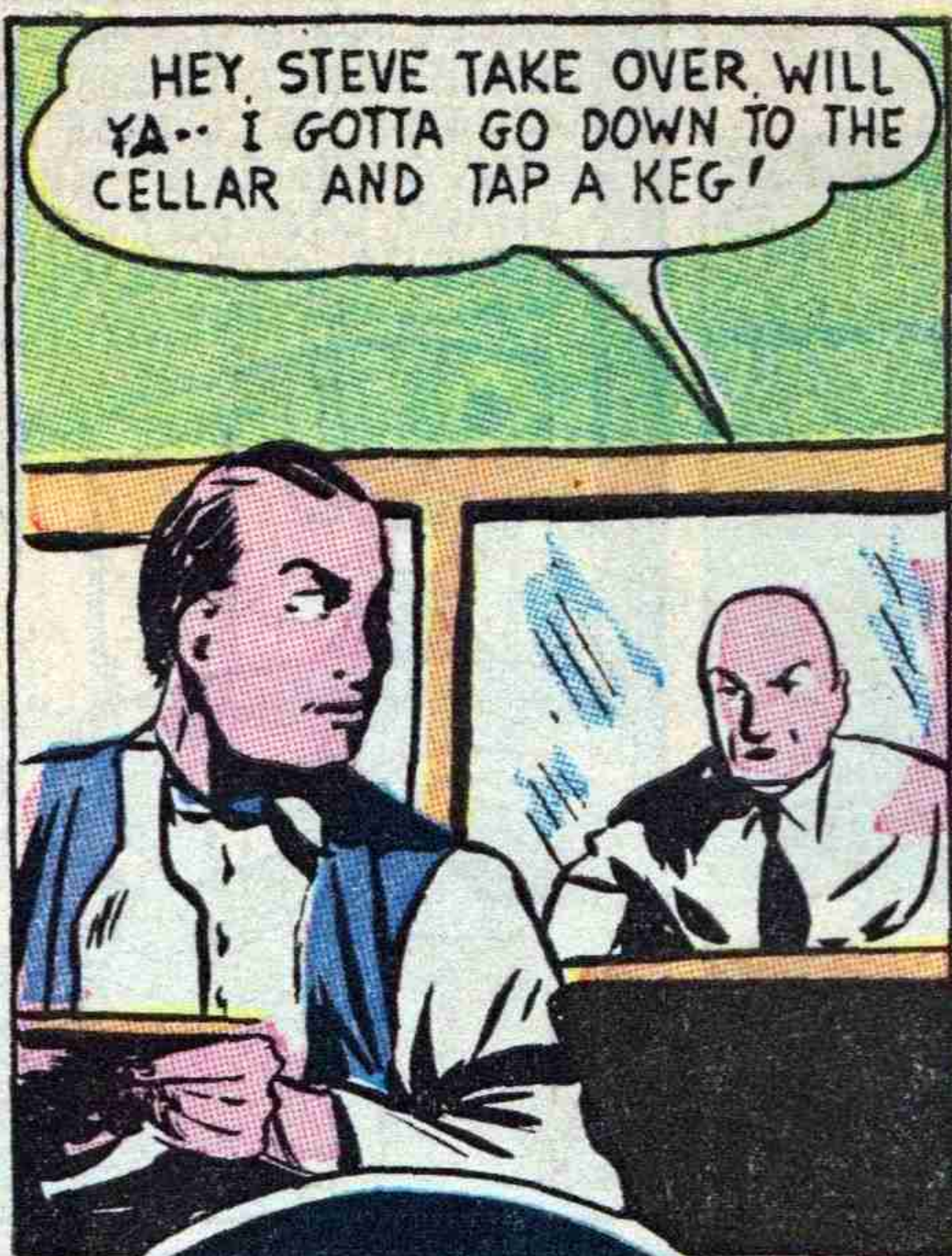
WHADDA Y' MEAN THE  
WAR EFFORT IS **SLOWIN' DOWN**  
WHY EVERY DAY SHIP LOADS OF  
**SUPPLIES** ARE LEAVIN' FOR  
ENGLAND !!!



YEAH, AN' WHAT'S  
MORE MY SHIP IS  
**LEAVIN' TONIGHT**  
FOR **LIVERPOOL**  
WITH **PLANES** FOR  
THE A.E.F.... SEE ..

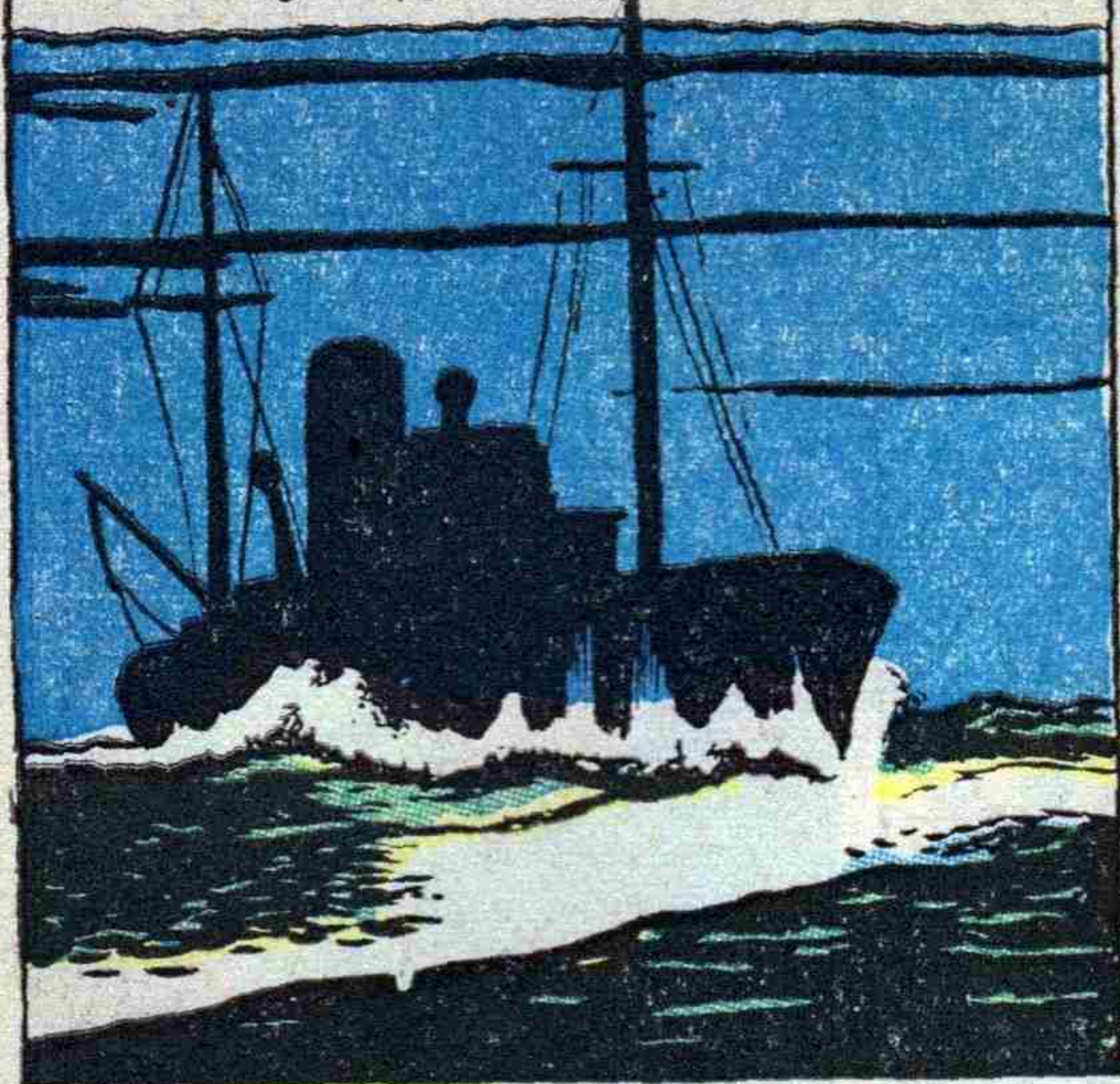








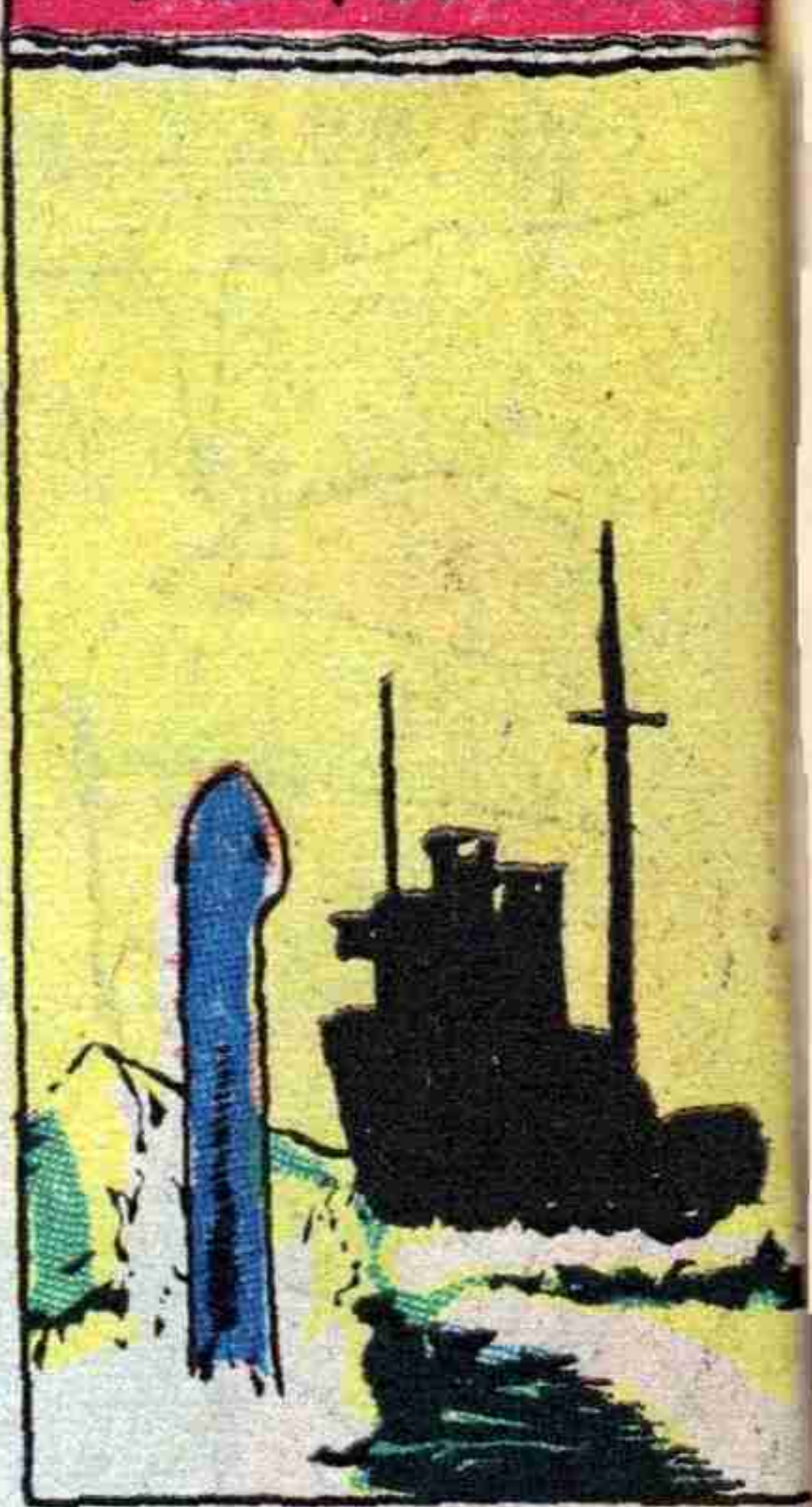
1:15 -- THE S.S. OSPREY PUTS  
OUT TO SEA!



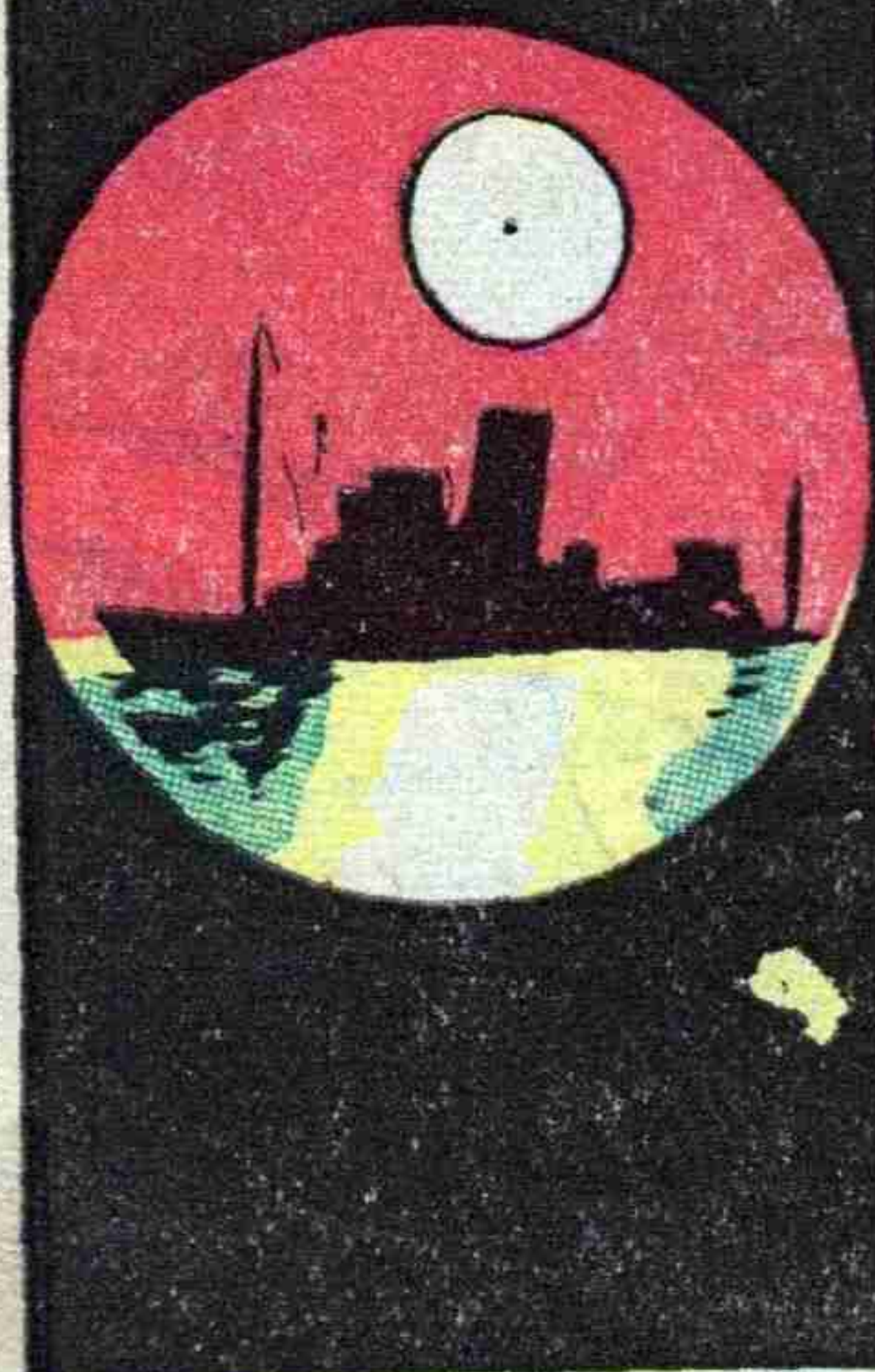
WE'LL HAVE TO SAIL WITH  
OUT ESCORT TO BAY LIGHT-  
HOUSE -- WE'LL MEET THE  
CONVOY THERE -- KEEP A  
SHARP LOOKOUT -- THE  
WATERS ARE ALIVE WITH  
ENEMY SUBS!



AN HOUR PASSED  
THEN, SUDDENLY



A TORPEDO RIPS INTO THE  
SIDE OF THE SHIP AND EX-  
PLODES WITH A THUNDER-  
OUS ROAR!



THAT'S THE THIRD SHIP THIS  
WEEK -- SOMEONE HAS BEEN  
RELAYING SHIPPING INFOR-  
MATION TO THE ENEMY SUB-  
MARINES!



OPERATOR,  
OAKDALE  
473!

YES,  
SIR!



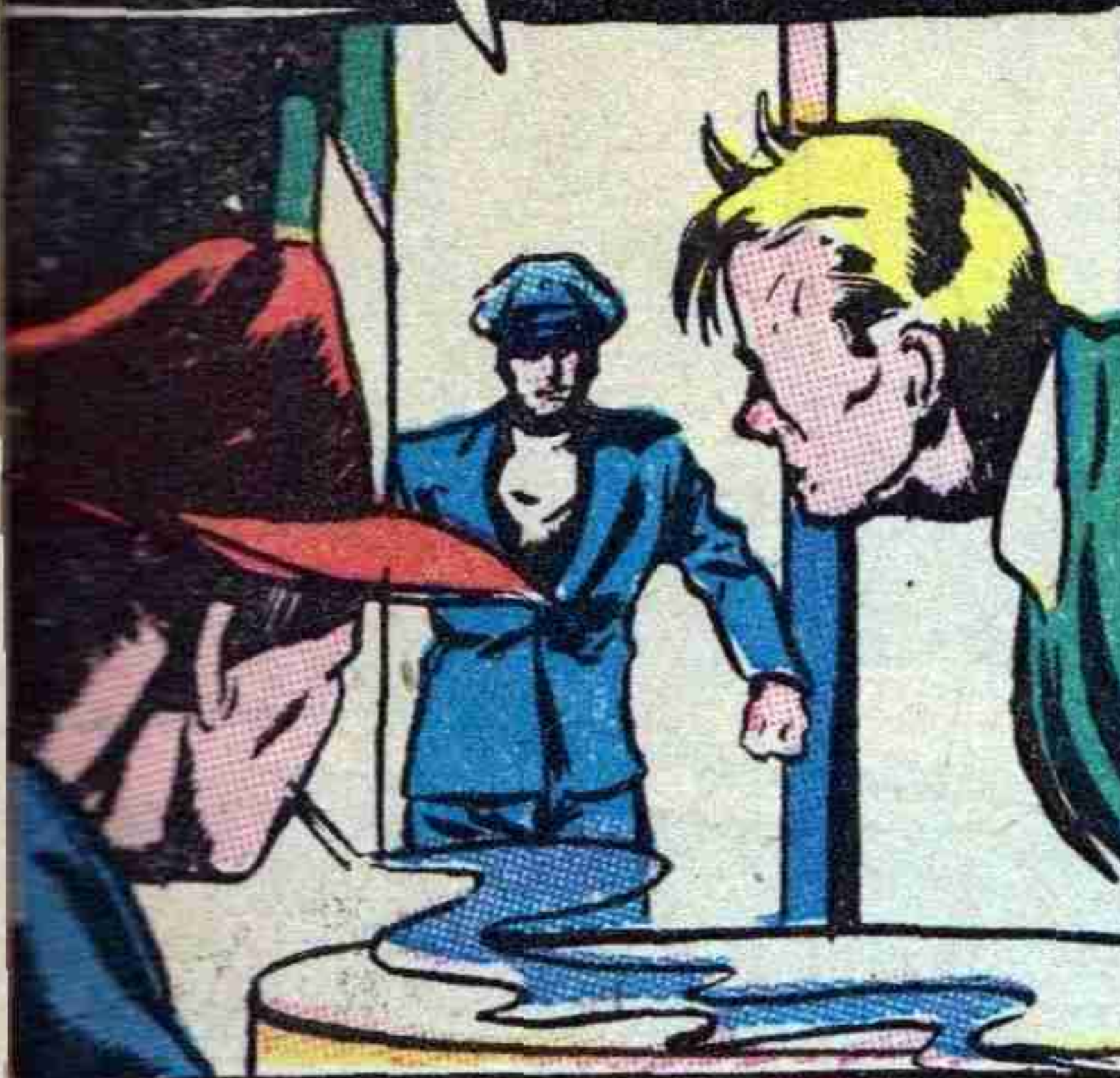
HELLO, ALIAS  
X SPEAKING,  
WHAT CAN I  
DO FOR YOU?





THE NEXT NIGHT A GRIZZLED SEAMAN ENTERS THE WATER FRONT SALOON...

HI 'YA' MATEYS!

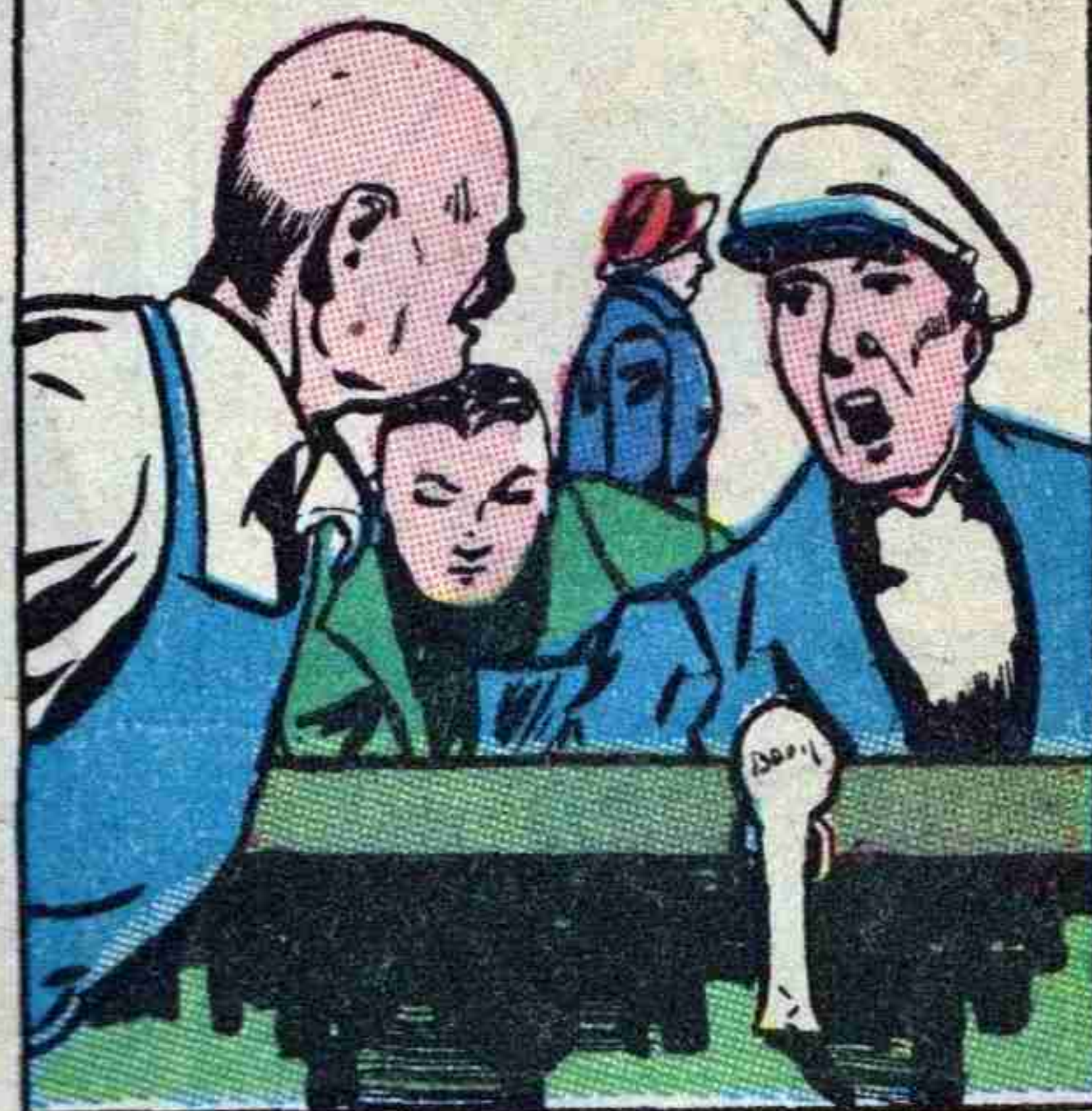


STEP UP AND HAVE A DRINK ON ME!  
C'MON BARTENDER  
SET 'EM UP!



JUST BLOW INTO PORT SAILOR?

YEP! BUT I'M PULLIN' RIGHT OUT AGAIN TO-MARRA NIGHT!



TOMMARA NIGHT EH?  
WHAT SHIP ARE YA  
SIGNIN' ON?

THE S.S. HERON  
WE SAIL AT  
TWO P.M.



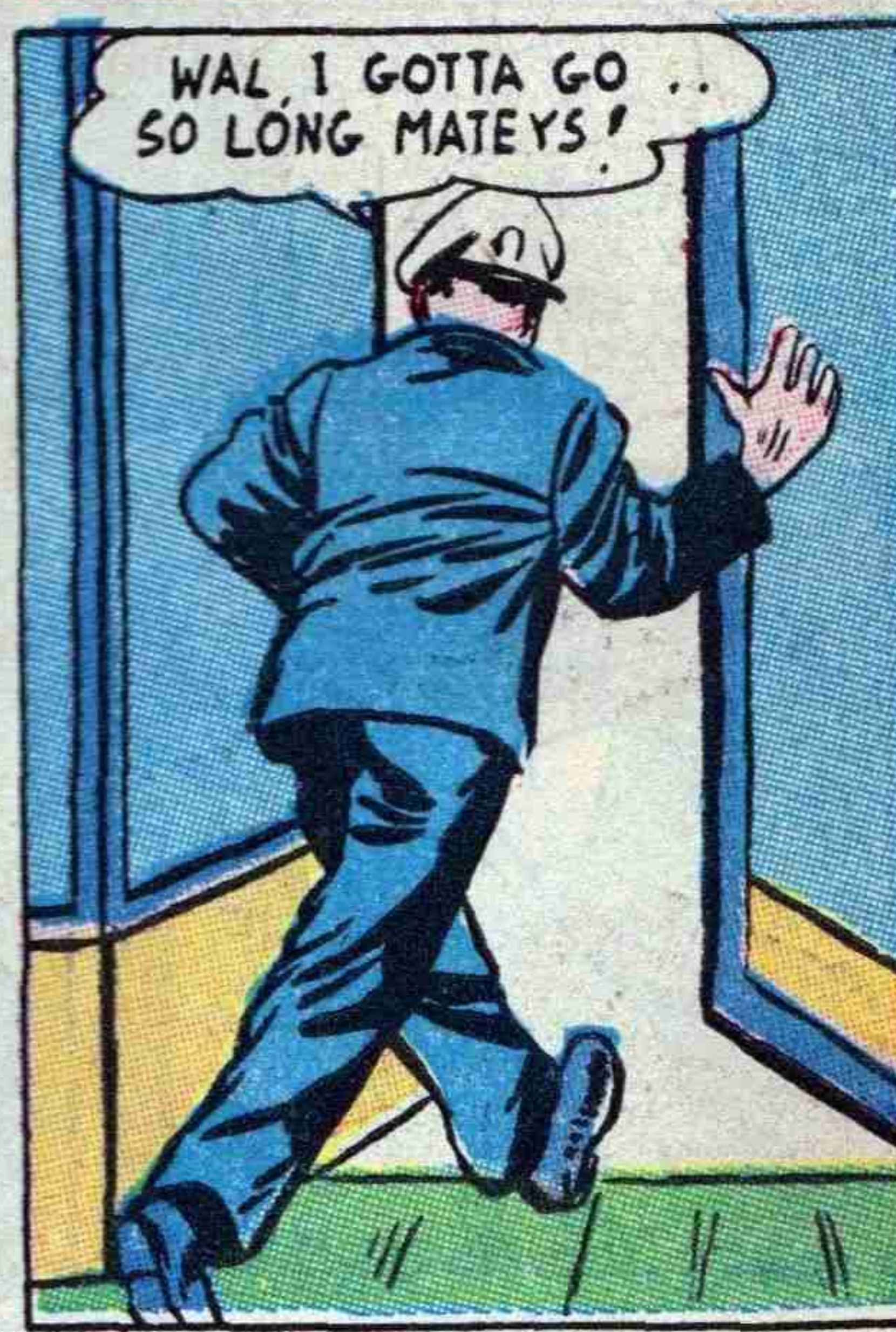
HEY STEVE! TAKE OVER, WILL YA?  
I'VE GOTTA GO DOWN TO THE  
CELLAR AND TAP A KEG!

O.K. BOSS!

HHMM



WAL, I GOTTA GO ...  
SO LONG MATEYS!



AN HOUR LATER.... AT NAVAL  
HEADQUARTERS ....

HEY WHAT DO  
YOU WANT?

THAT'S A FINE WAY  
TO TALK... YOU CALLED  
ME YESTERDAY AND  
ASKED ME TO GET  
YOU SOME IMFOR-  
MATION!



YOU'RE ALIAS X! FORGIVE ME  
THERE WAS NO  
WAY I COULD  
RECOGNIZE YOU

FORGET IT.  
I'VE DISCOVERED WHERE THE  
SHIPPING INFORMATION IS  
BEING TRANSMITTED FROM!

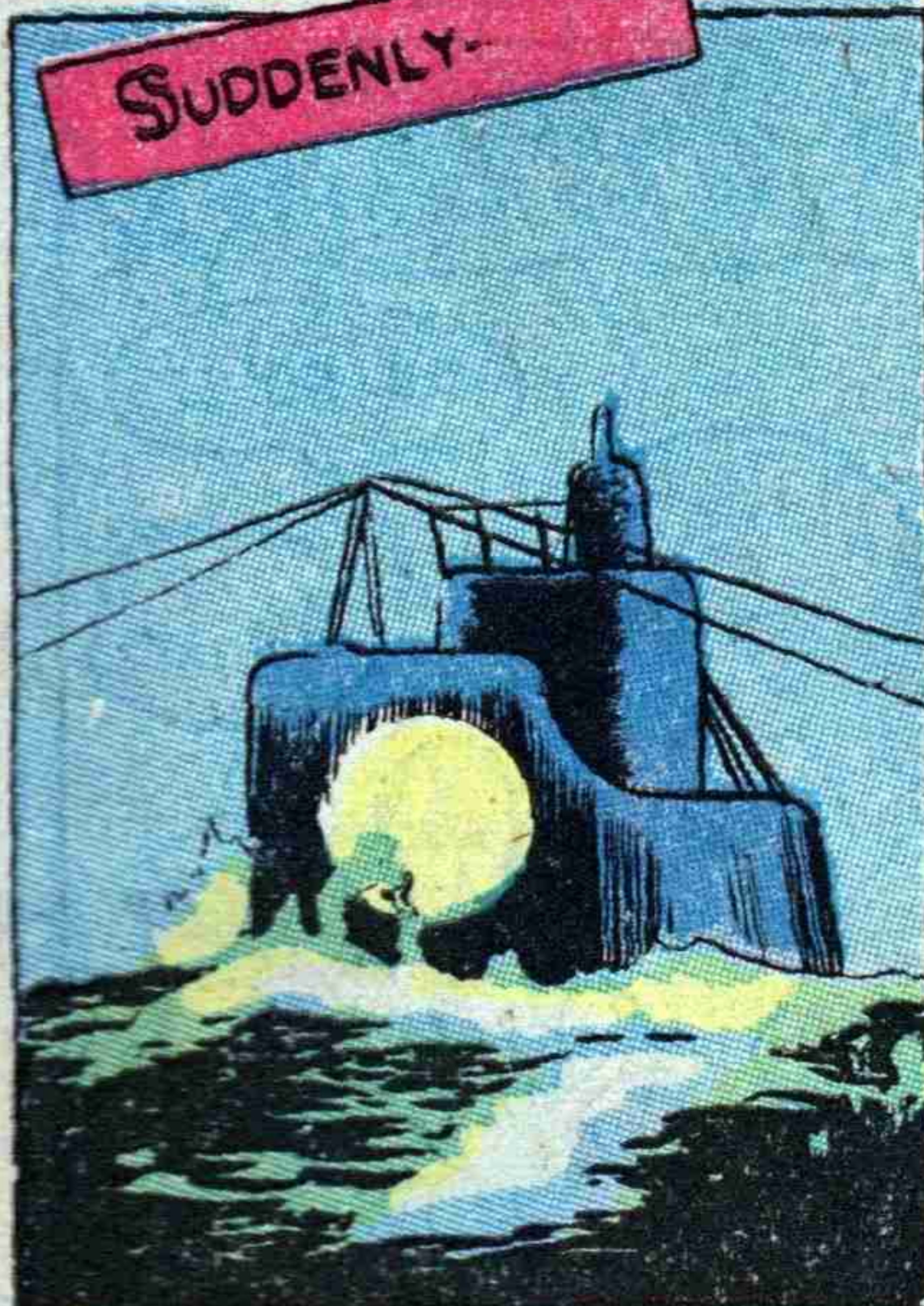
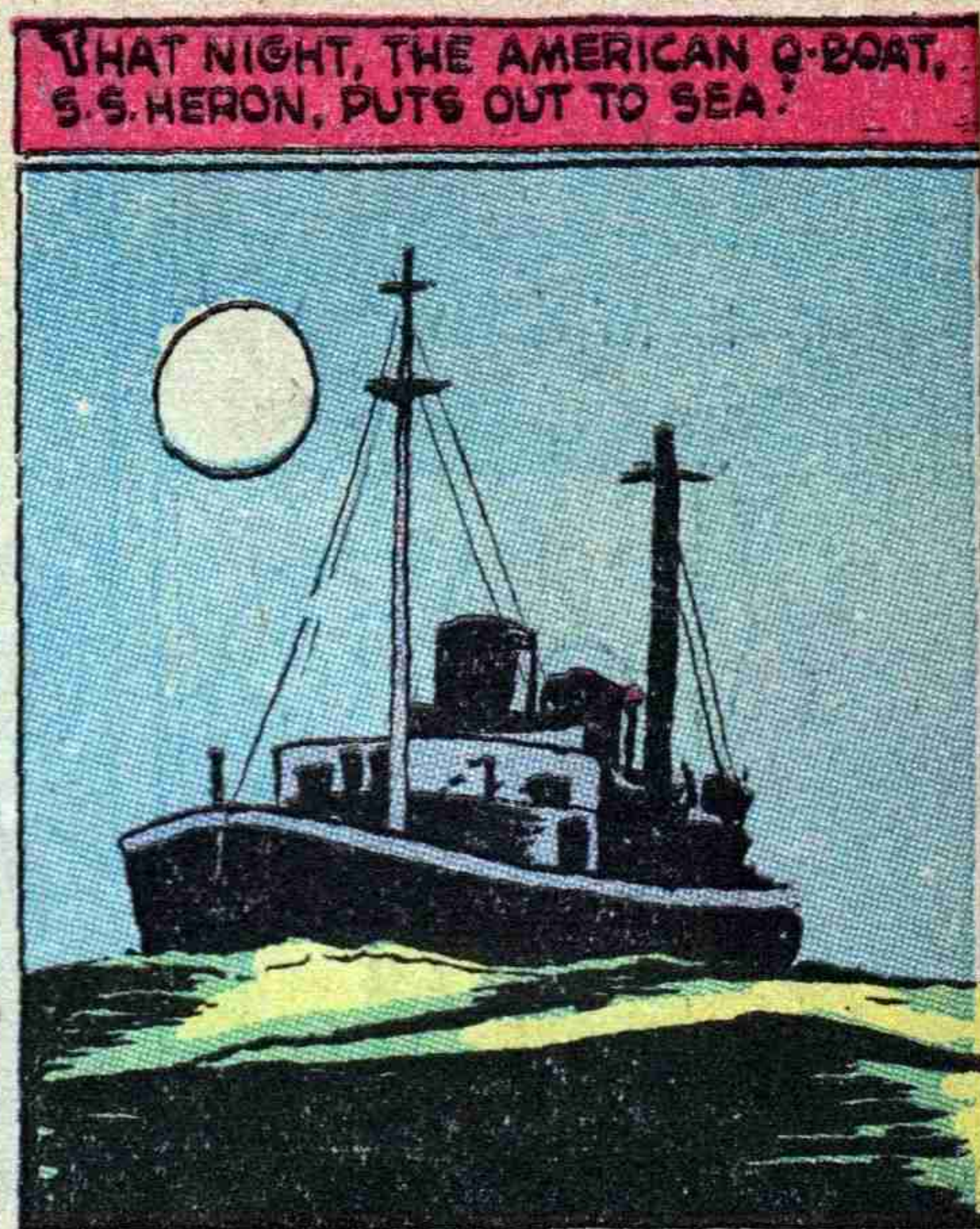
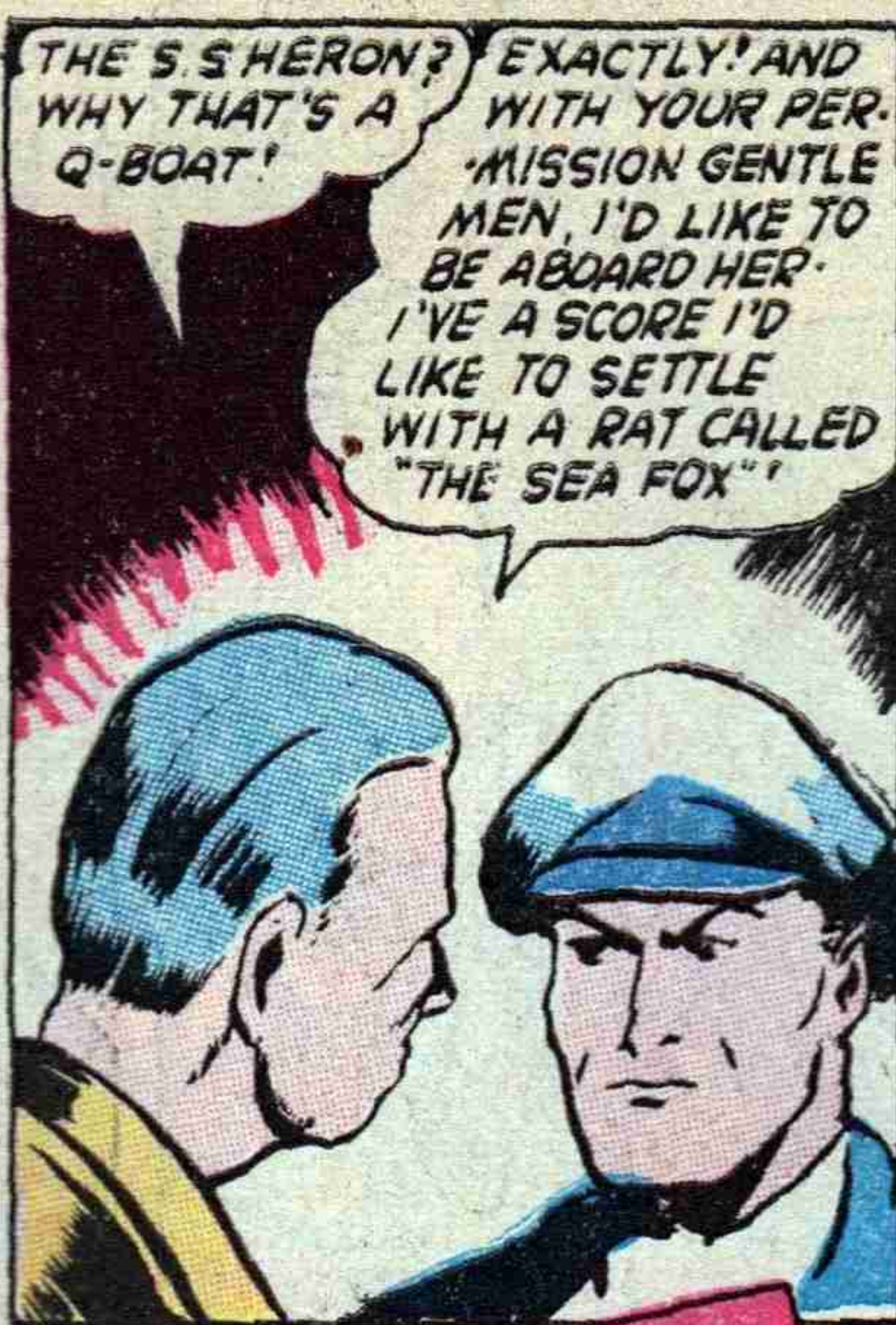


GOOD WORK I'LL CALL THE F.B.I.  
AND WE'LL HAVE THOSE SPIES  
BEHIND BARS IN AN HOUR!

NO... WAIT I HAVE  
A BETTER PLAN!









**THE SAILORS THROW BACK THE FALSE SHELL OF THE Q-BOAT--?**

THERE'S THE SIGNAL!  
CLEAR THE DECKS FOR  
ACTION, MEN!

**-- AND THE MERCHANT SHIP  
IS REVEALED TO BE A YANK  
-EE MAN O' WAR?**

ACH!  
YASS  
1ST!

HOW DO YOU LIKE  
THE ARTILLERY,  
SEA FOX?

YOU YON'T GET AWAY  
MITT DIS' DER  
SEA FOX IS NO  
FOOL!

EASY, FOXY,  
YOU MIGHT  
BUST A BLOOD  
VESSEL!

FIRE!

**AS THE SUB OPENS FIRE, THE GUNS OF THE Q-BOAT  
RETALIATE!**

LET EM  
HAVE IT,  
BOYS!

**A DIRECT HIT BLASTS  
THE SUBMARINE TO  
ATOMS!**

**A FEW MOMENTS LATER,  
X AND HIS PRISONER  
ARE HELPED ABOARD  
THE Q-BOAT!**

**--AND STILL LATER  
WHEN THE Q-BOAT  
DOCKS!**

EXCELLENT WORK OLD  
MAN- WE CLEANED  
OUT THAT WATER  
FRONT SALOON  
ABOUT AN HOUR  
AGO!

WELL I  
GUESS  
WE WON'T  
HAVE TO WORRY  
ABOUT SPIES NOW!

**NEXT  
MONTH  
ANOTHER  
"SPY"  
THRILLER  
WITH  
ALIAS X  
IN  
CAPTAIN  
AERO  
COMICS!**



# Miss VICTORY



TO HER FRIENDS AND ASSOCIATES; JOAN WAYNE IS JUST ANOTHER TIMID LITTLE STENOGRAPHER EMPLOYED ON CAPITOL HILL... BUT... TO THOSE WHO PERPETRATE ANY CRIMES AGAINST DEMOCRACY, SHE IS THE SYMBOL OF SWIFT JUSTICE... A DREADED BUNDLE OF FEMALE DYNAMITE!... THE BEAUTIFUL AND MYSTERIOUS MISS VICTORY!

BY  
CHAS. M.  
QUINLAN



AT THE  
OFFICE OF THE SEC.  
OF COMMERCE IN WASH. D.C.

REMAIN WHERE  
YOU ARE THIS IS NOT  
A STICK-UP BUT IF  
YOU RESIST YOU WILL  
BE SHOT INSTANTLY!





THE SHOTS WILL NOT BE HEARD-- OUR GUNS ARE EQUIPPED WITH SILENCERS-- AND NOW, MISS VICTORY, YOU'RE COMING WITH US!

MISS VICTORY?

YES, WE HAVE BEEN THWARTED IN OUR PLANS ONCE TOO OFTEN-- SO WE HAVE DECIDED THAT YOU MUST DIE!

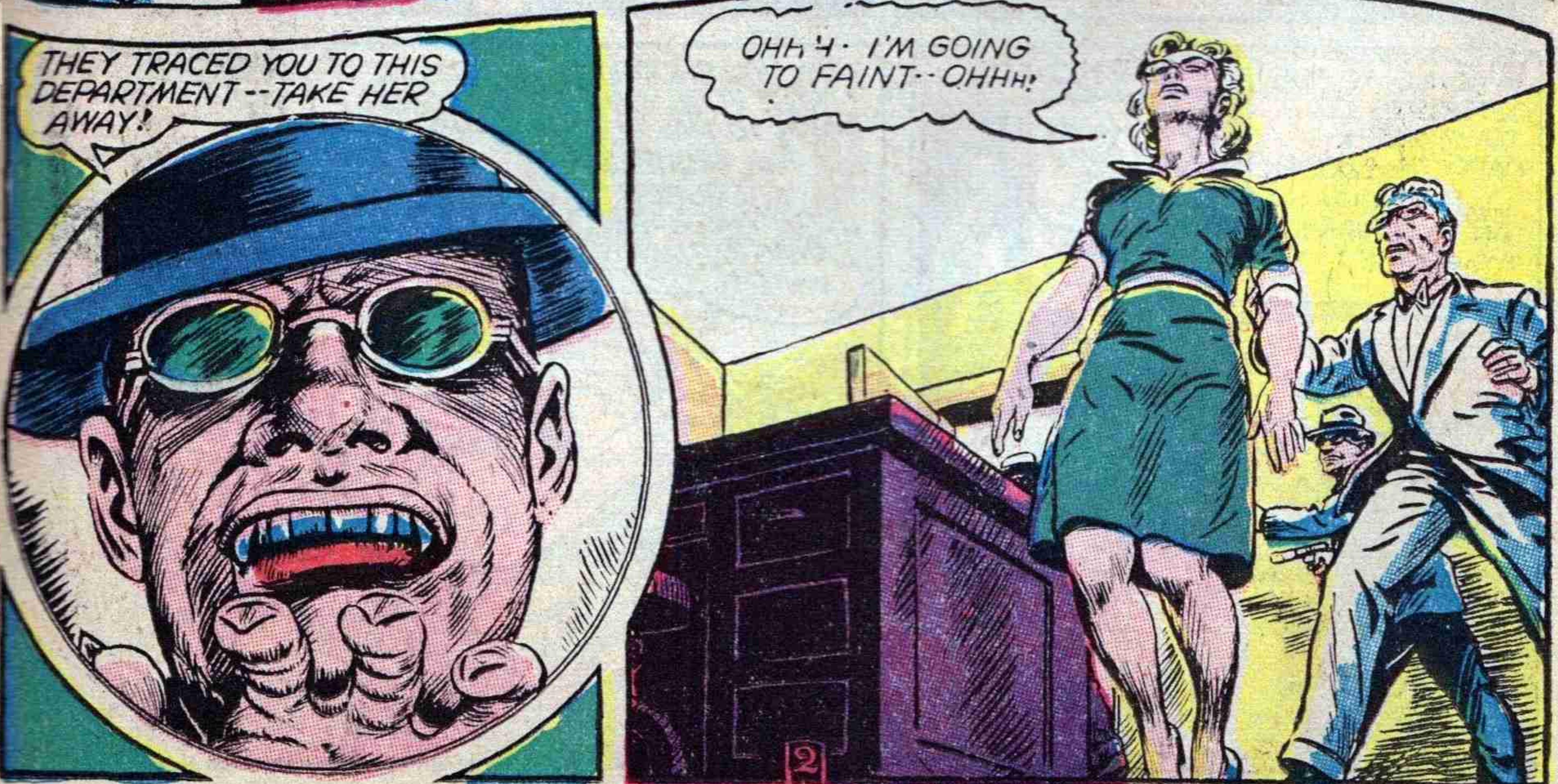
WHAT IS THIS, A GAG?



ALLRIGHT BOYS, SIEZE HER, AND IF EITHER OF YOU MAKE A MOVE, SHE DIES INSTANTLY!

LET ME GO YOU FOOLS-- I'M NOT MISS VICTORY! OW!

NATURALLY WE EXPECTED YOU TO DENY IT-- BUT OUR AGENTS WERE VERY CAREFUL TO CHECK YOUR ACTIVITIES AND--



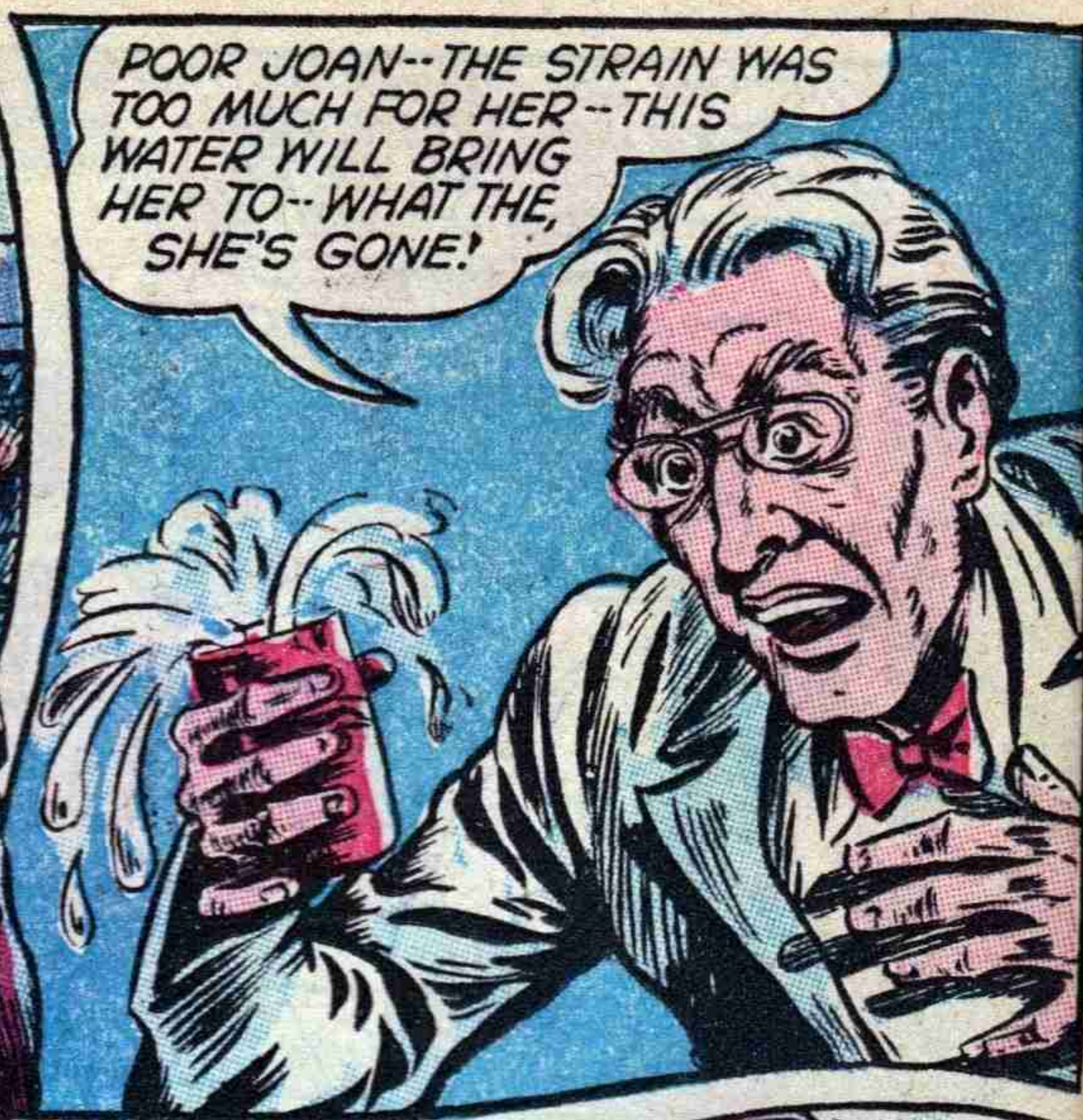
THEY TRACED YOU TO THIS DEPARTMENT-- TAKE HER AWAY!

OHH! I'M GOING TO FAINT-- OHHH!





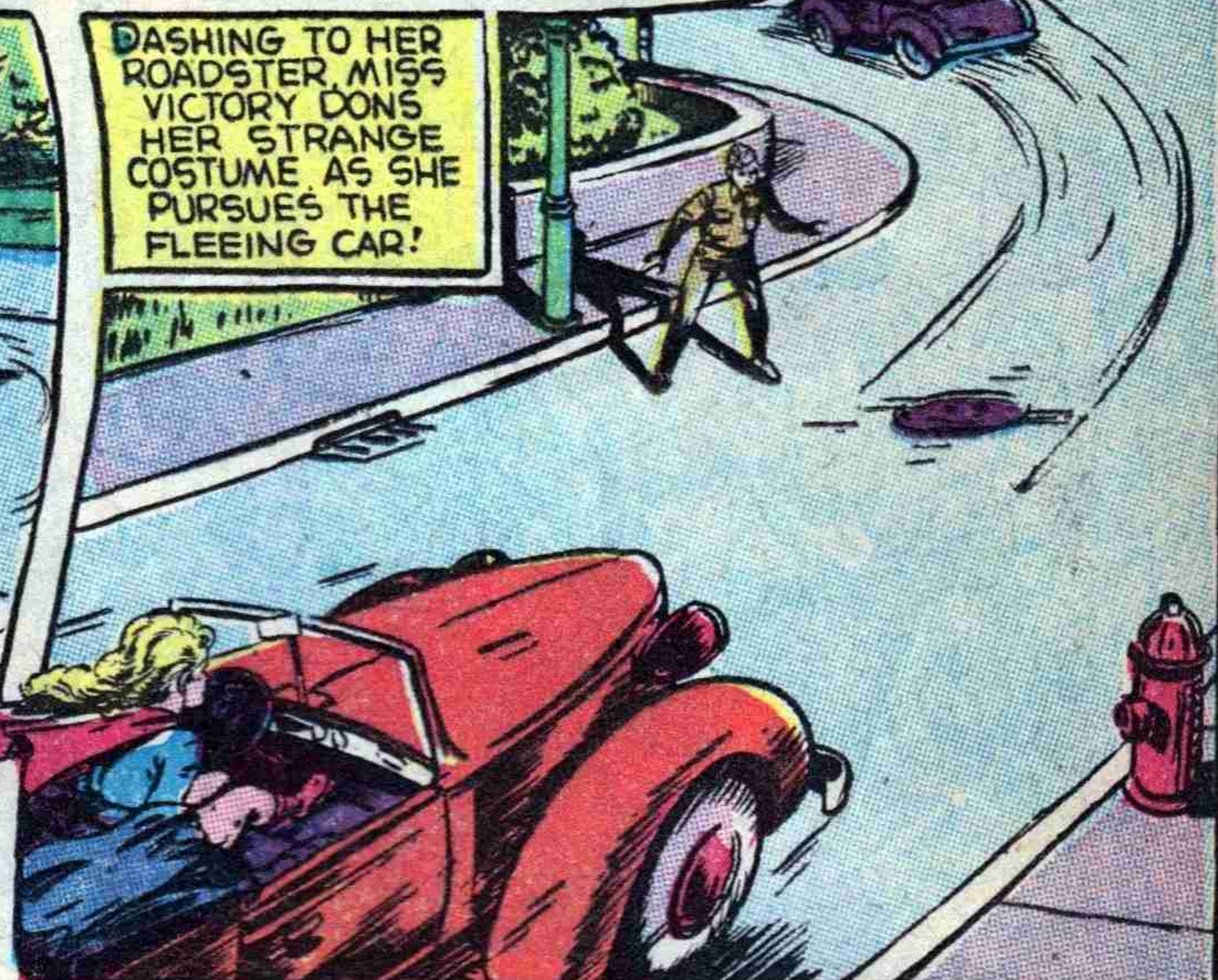
GOOD! THAT OTHER GIRL FAINTED-  
THAT WILL KEEP THE OLD GUY BUSY!  
WE'LL MAKE A CLEAN GETAWAY!



POOR JOAN--THE STRAIN WAS  
TOO MUCH FOR HER--THIS  
WATER WILL BRING  
HER TO-- WHAT THE,  
SHE'S GONE!



WHAT A BREAK!  
THOSE DOPES  
MISTOOK ELLA  
FOR ME--OH,  
OH THERE  
THEY GO!



DASHING TO HER  
ROADSTER, MISS  
VICTORY DONS  
HER STRANGE  
COSTUME AS SHE  
PURSUES THE  
FLEEING CAR!



RACING TO THE  
OUTSKIRTS OF  
TOWN, THE KID  
NAPPER SUDDE  
NLY PULL UP AT  
AN OLD WARE  
HOUSE!



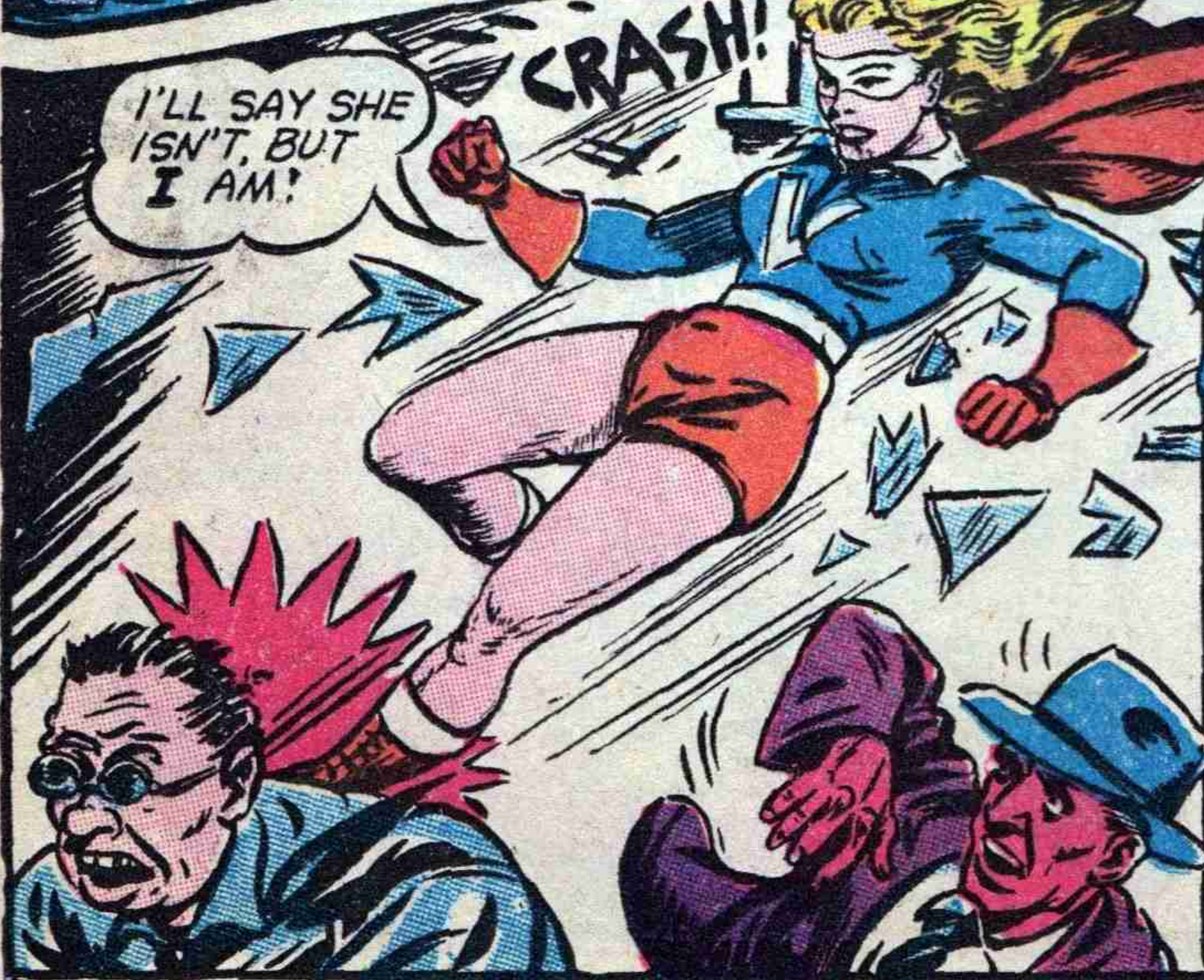
HA HA HA  
WELCOME  
MISS  
VICTORY!



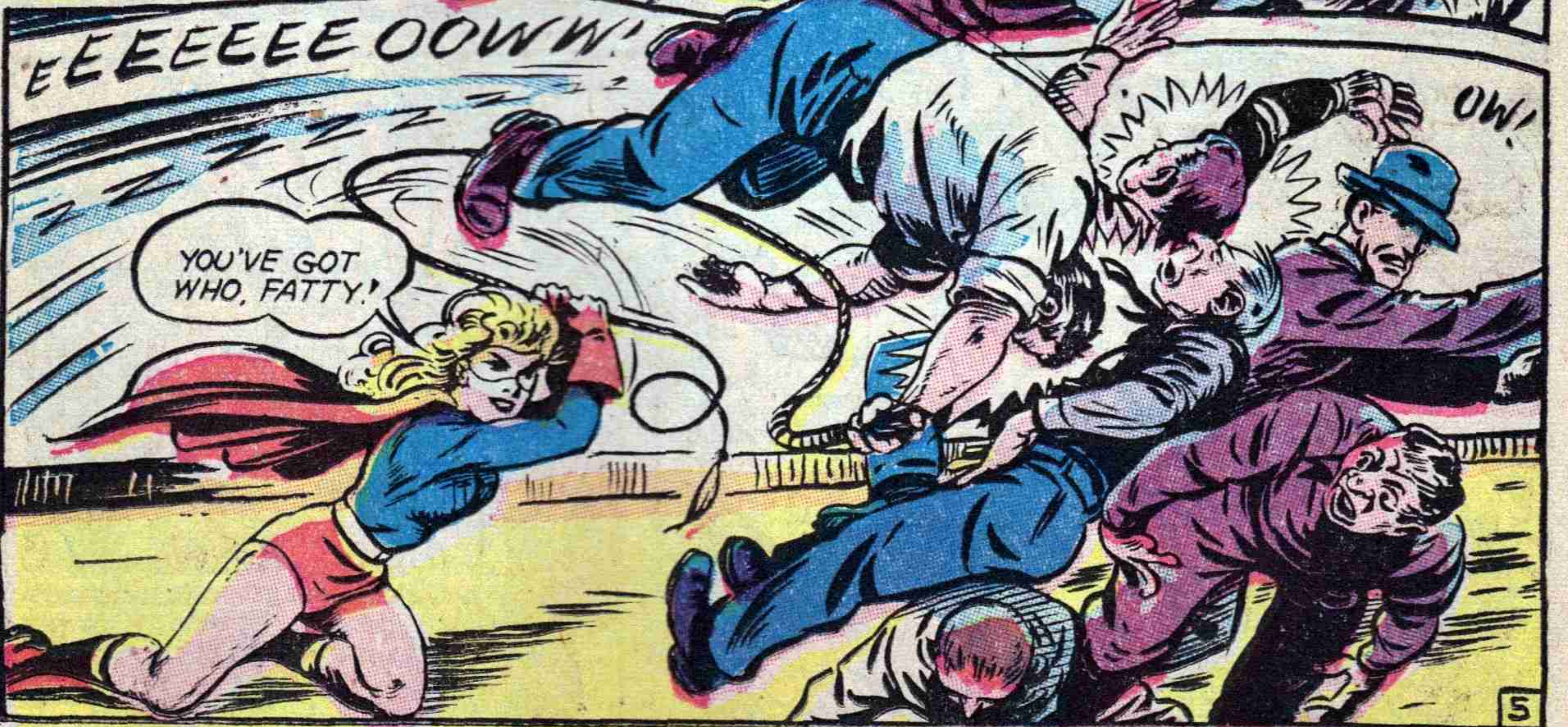
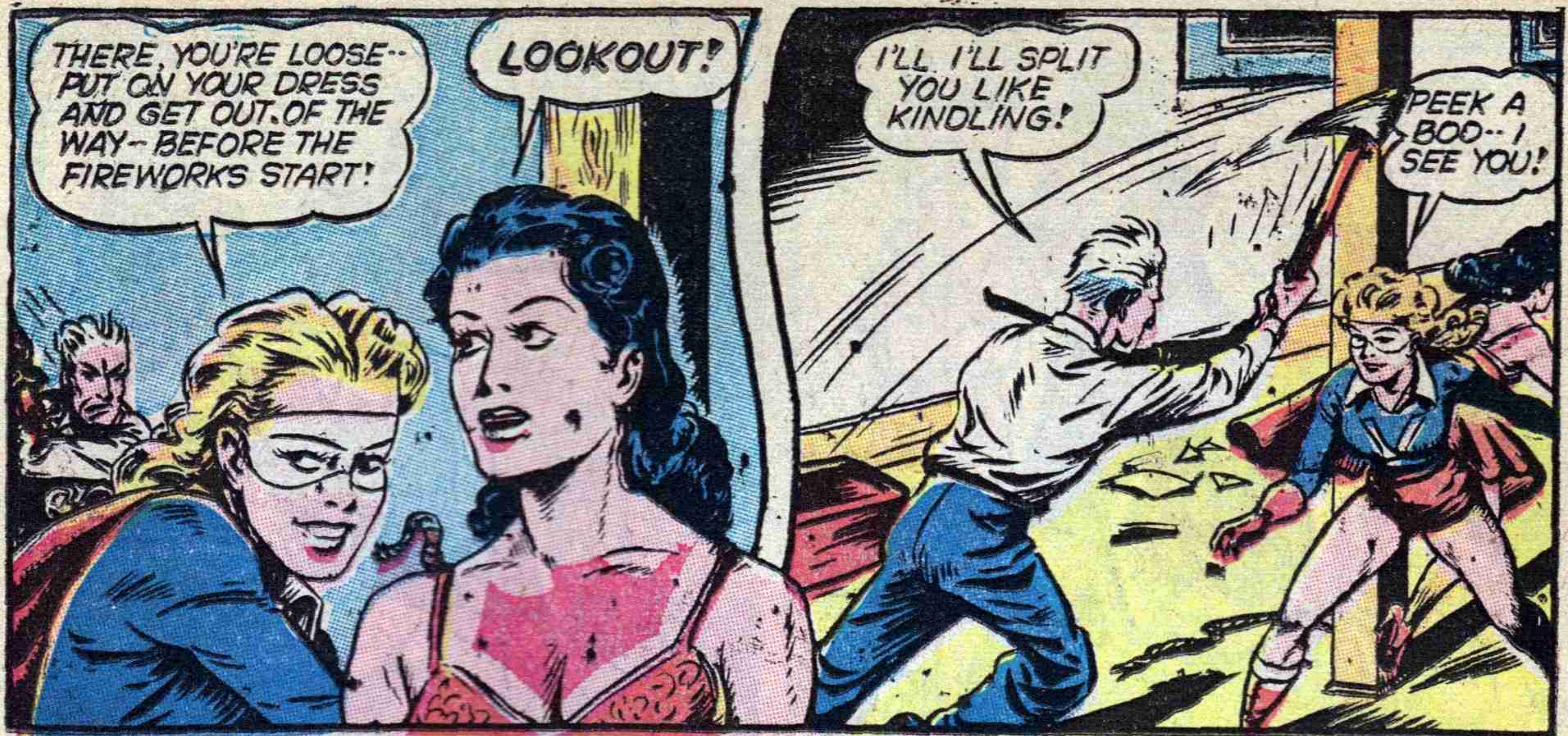
NOW, YOU SNOOPING  
LITTLE FOOL, YOU'RE  
GOING TO PAY FOR  
ALL THE TROUBLE  
YOU'VE CAUSED  
US IN THE PAST.  
BRING ME MY  
WHIP!

NO, NO. PLEASE  
HELP!









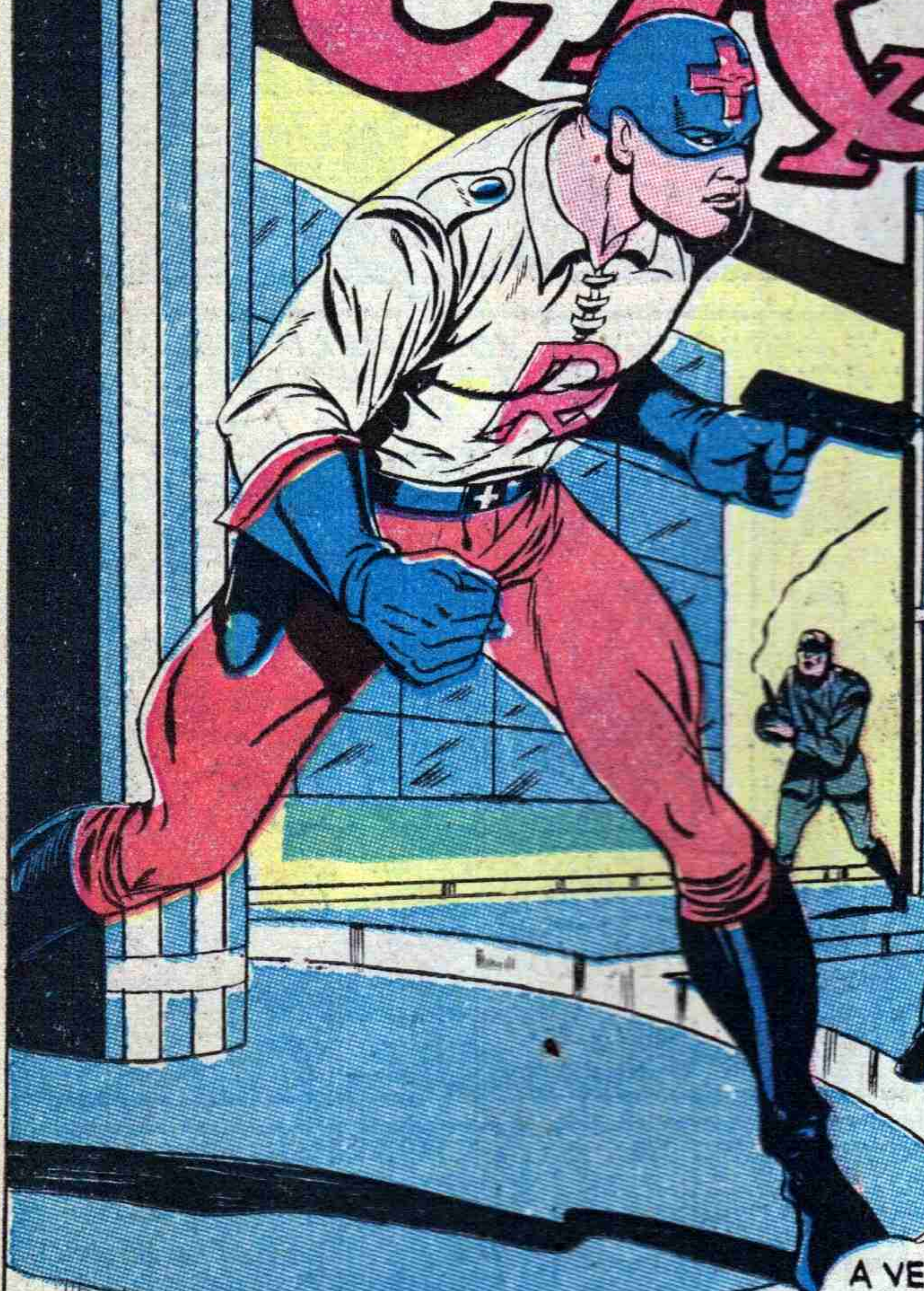




FOLLOW THE ADVENTURES OF THE DAZZLING 'MISS VICTORY' EVERY MONTH IN CAPTAIN AERO COMICS



# RED CROSS



ART AND ED.  
BY  
CHAS. NICHOLAS  
AND  
SOL BRODSKY

A VERY NICE PRINTING  
JOB PIERRE! I WANT  
IT DISTRIBUTED  
IMMEDIATELY!

ALTHOUGH FRANCE'S SOIL HAS  
BEEN CONQUERED, THE FASCIST  
HEEL HAS NOT BEEN ABLE TO  
CONQUER HER HEART!!

LEAD BY JON DUREZ, A FRENCH-  
MAN, AND AIDED BY THE **RED  
CROSS**, FRANCE'S GREAT UNDER-  
GROUND MOVEMENT SPREADS  
PANIC, HORROR AND DESTRUC-  
TION AT THE ENEMY OF  
**FREEDOM!**

## FRENCHMEN

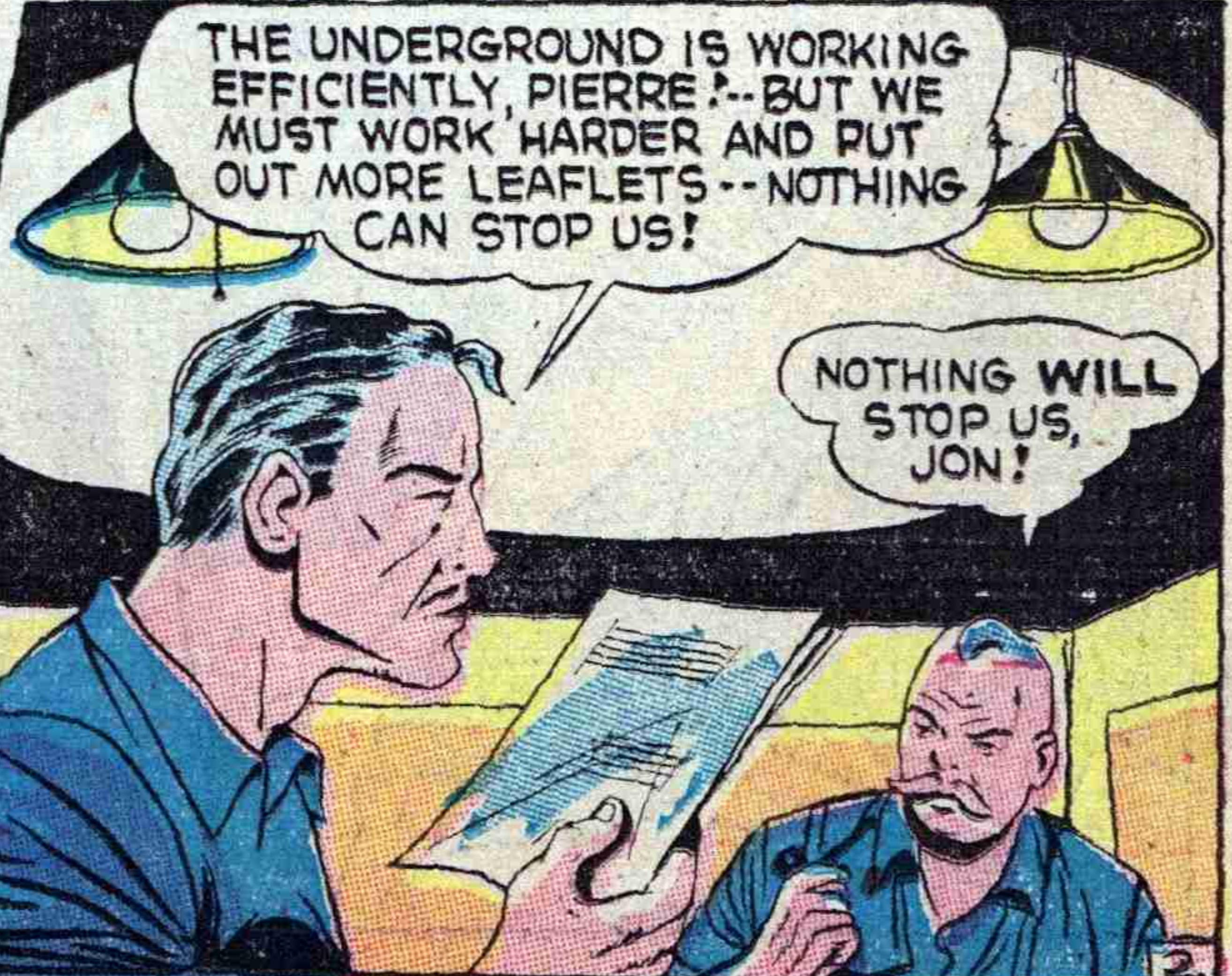
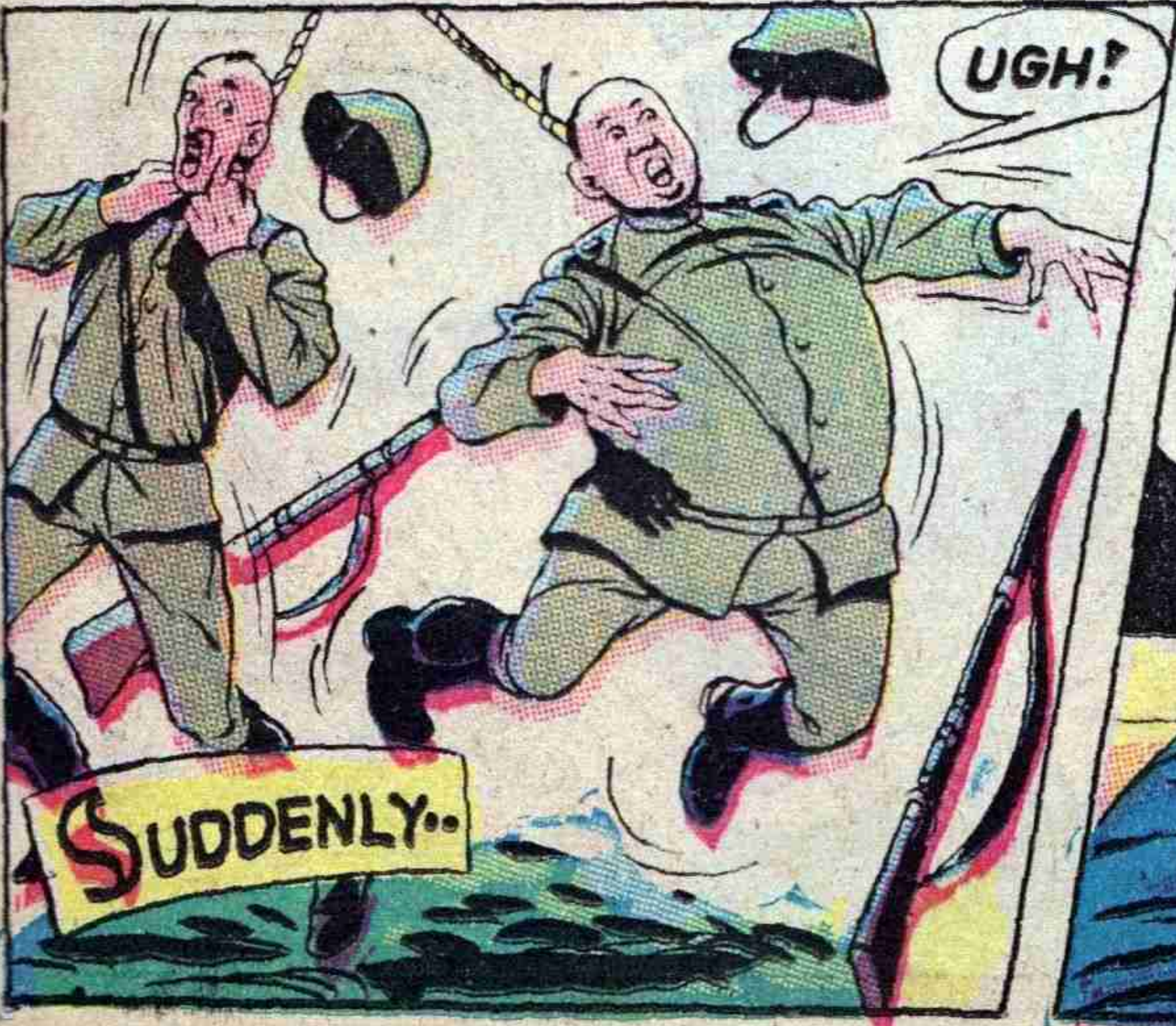
ON SUNDAY AFTER-  
NOON, GERMAN  
SOLDIERS WILL BE  
HAVING A PICNIC AT  
RENEE GARDENS!  
EXACTLY FIFTEEN  
MINUTES AFTER  
TWO, THEY WILL BE  
DESTROYED!

Jon Durez

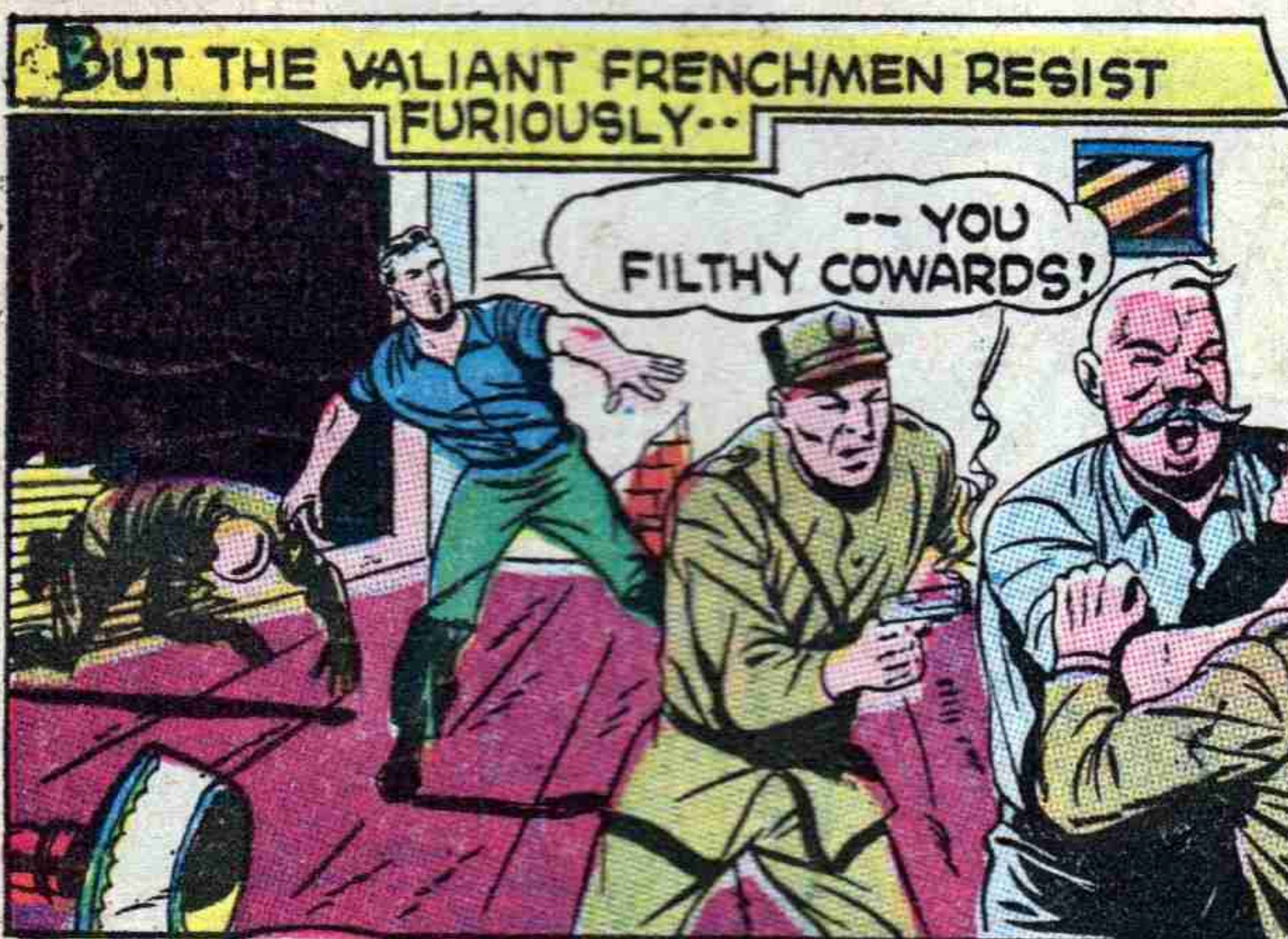
YES  
SIR!













ATTENTION! YE HAFF JUST CAPTURED JON DUREZ! THIS STUPID UNDERGROUND MOVEMENT MUST STOP IMMEDIATELY UNDER PENALTY OF DEATH TO JON DUREZ!

SOMEWHERE IN ENGLAND, A YOUNG AMERICAN ARMY DOCTOR, PETER HALL, LISTENS TO HIS SHORT-WAVE SET!

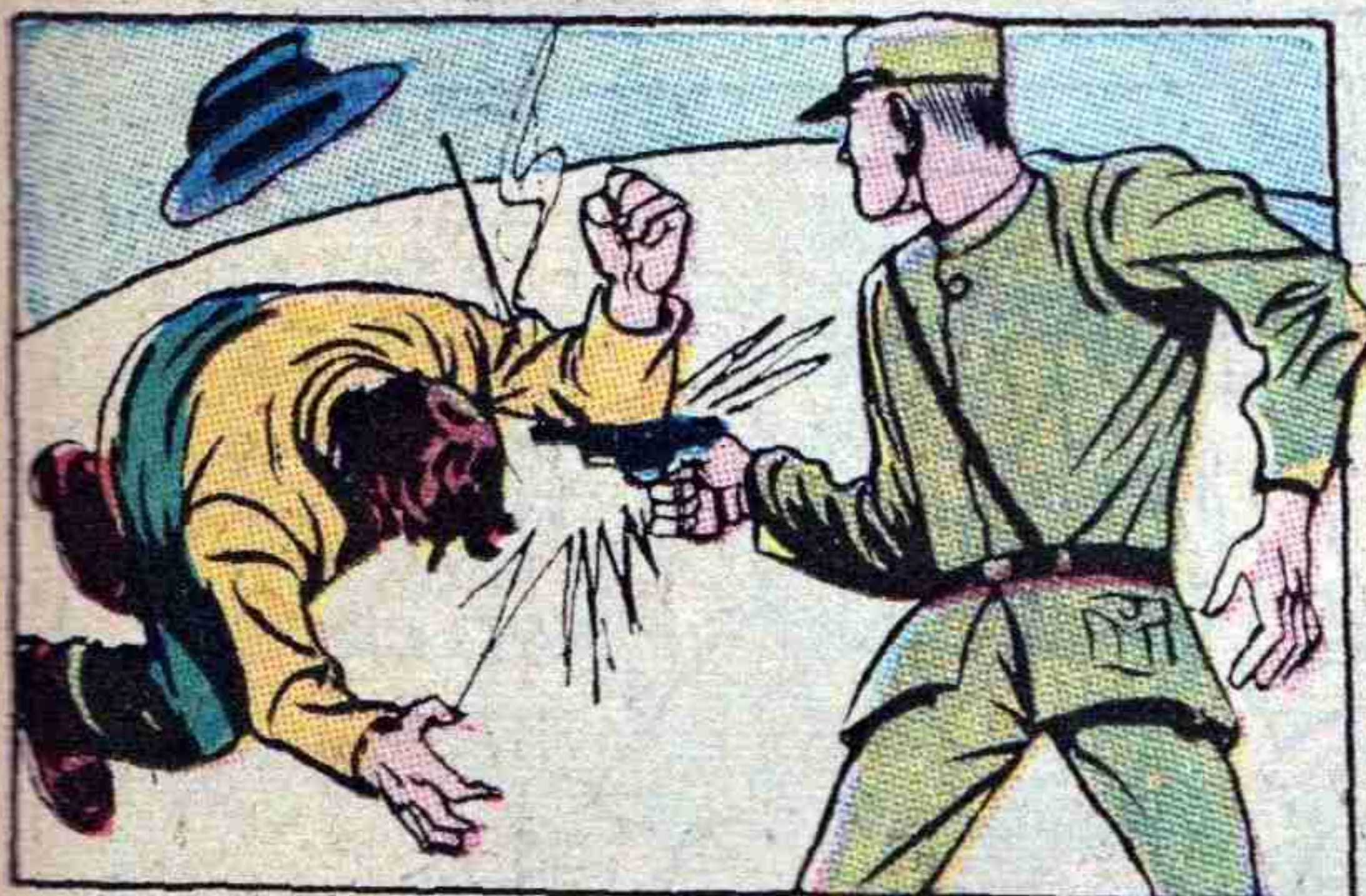
JON DUREZ! GREAT SCOTT! THE NAZIS WILL PROBABLY GO ON A RAMPAGE-- AND WITHOUT DUREZ, THE FRENCH WILL DO NOTHING!



AND RIGHT HE WAS! -- WITH NOTHING TO FEAR, THE NAZI HEELS PLUNDER, LOOT, AND STEAL --



-- DEPRIVING WOMEN AND CHILDREN OF THEIR DAILY RATIONED FOOD --

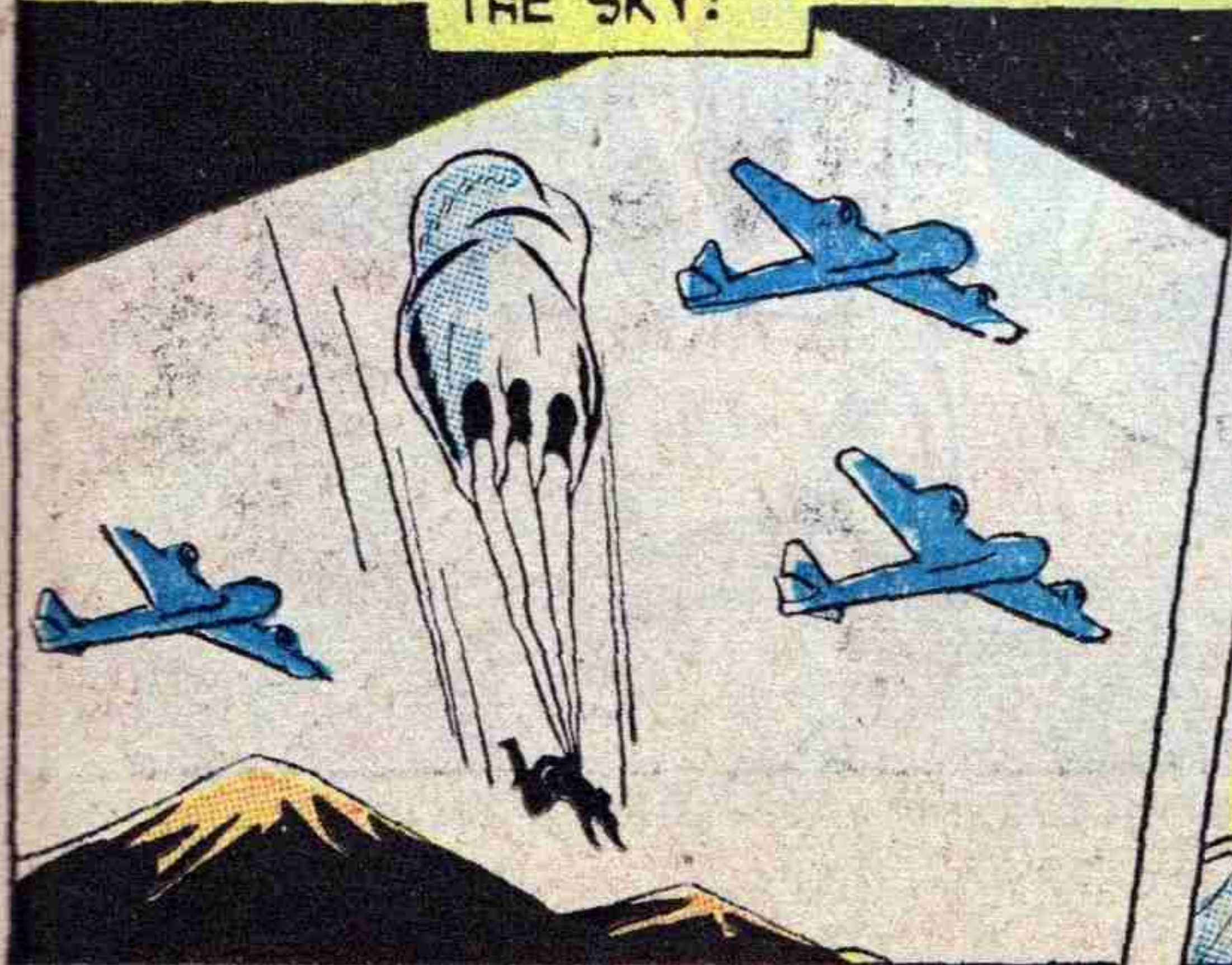


MEN, BRAVE ENOUGH TO RESIST, ARE SHOT DOWN IN COLD BLOOD!

WHILE OVER ON THE OTHER SIDE, THE R.A.F. IS OFF AGAIN ON ANOTHER OF THEIR GREAT RAIDS ON GERMANY!



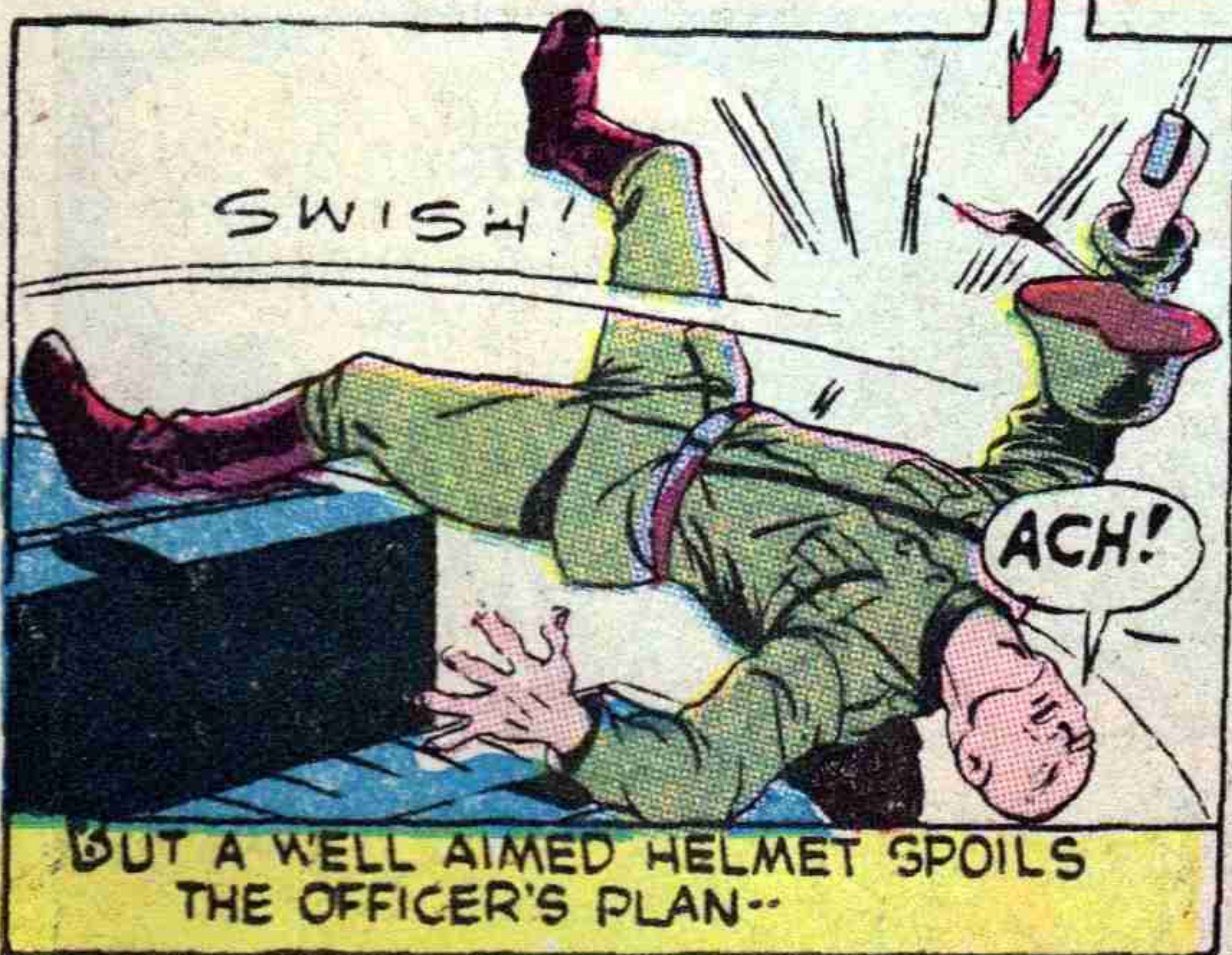
AS THE SQUADRON OF R.A.F. BOMBERS PASS OVER FRANCE ON THEIR WAY TO GERMANY, A LONE PARACHUTED FIGURE DROPS FROM THE SKY!



VOSS IST! QVICK, SHOOT-- IT LOOKS LIKE AN ENGLISH FLYER!



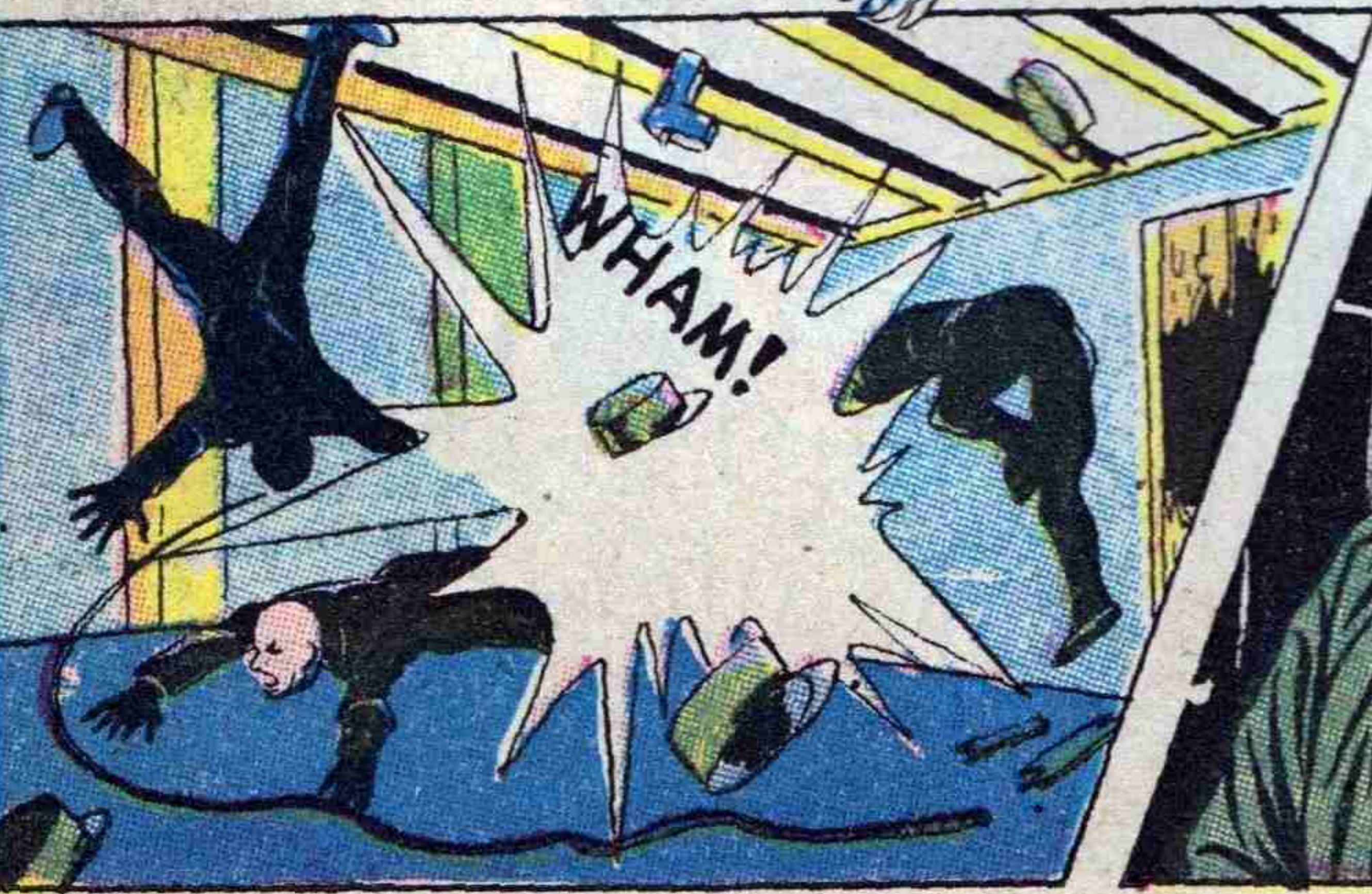
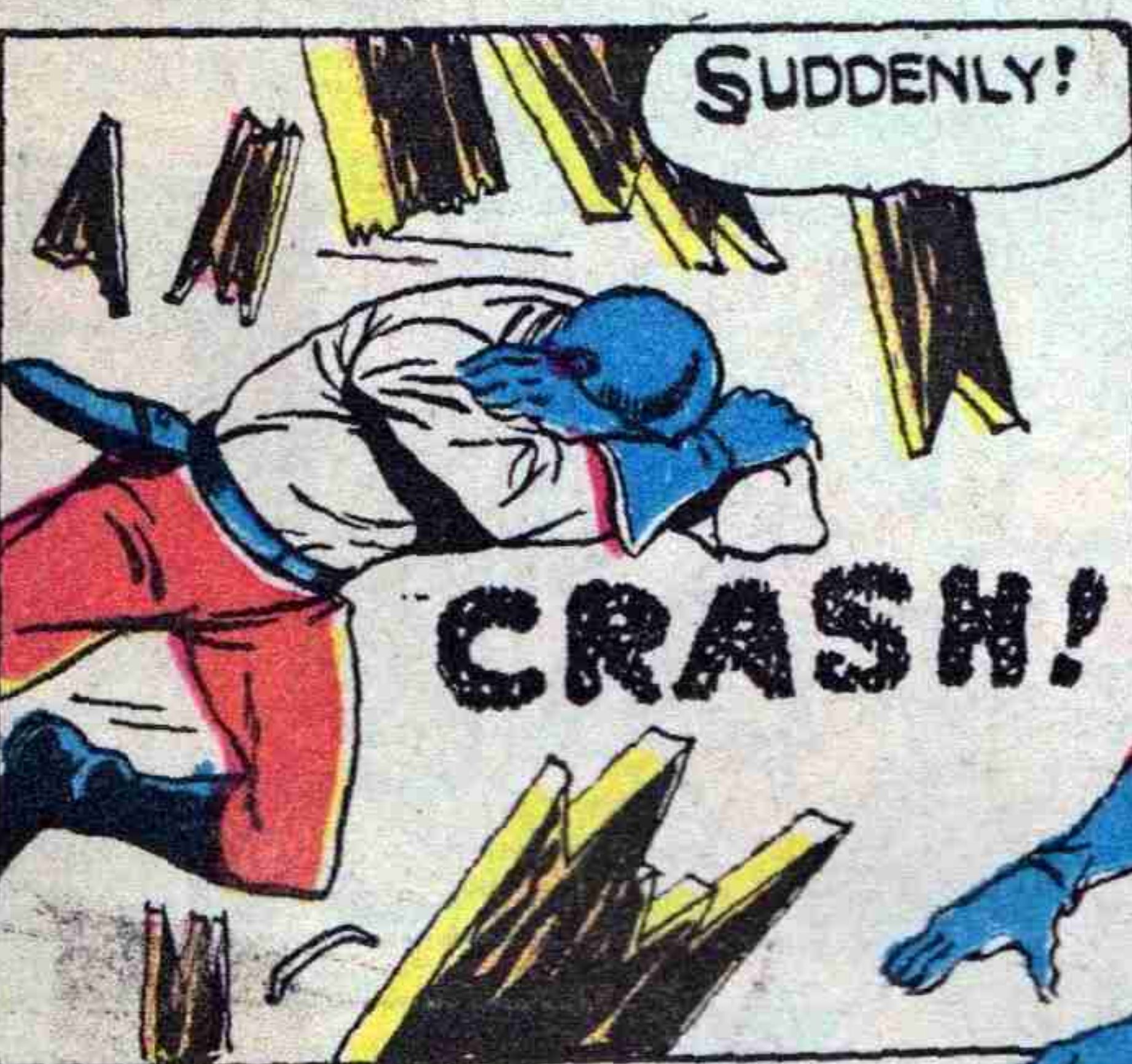
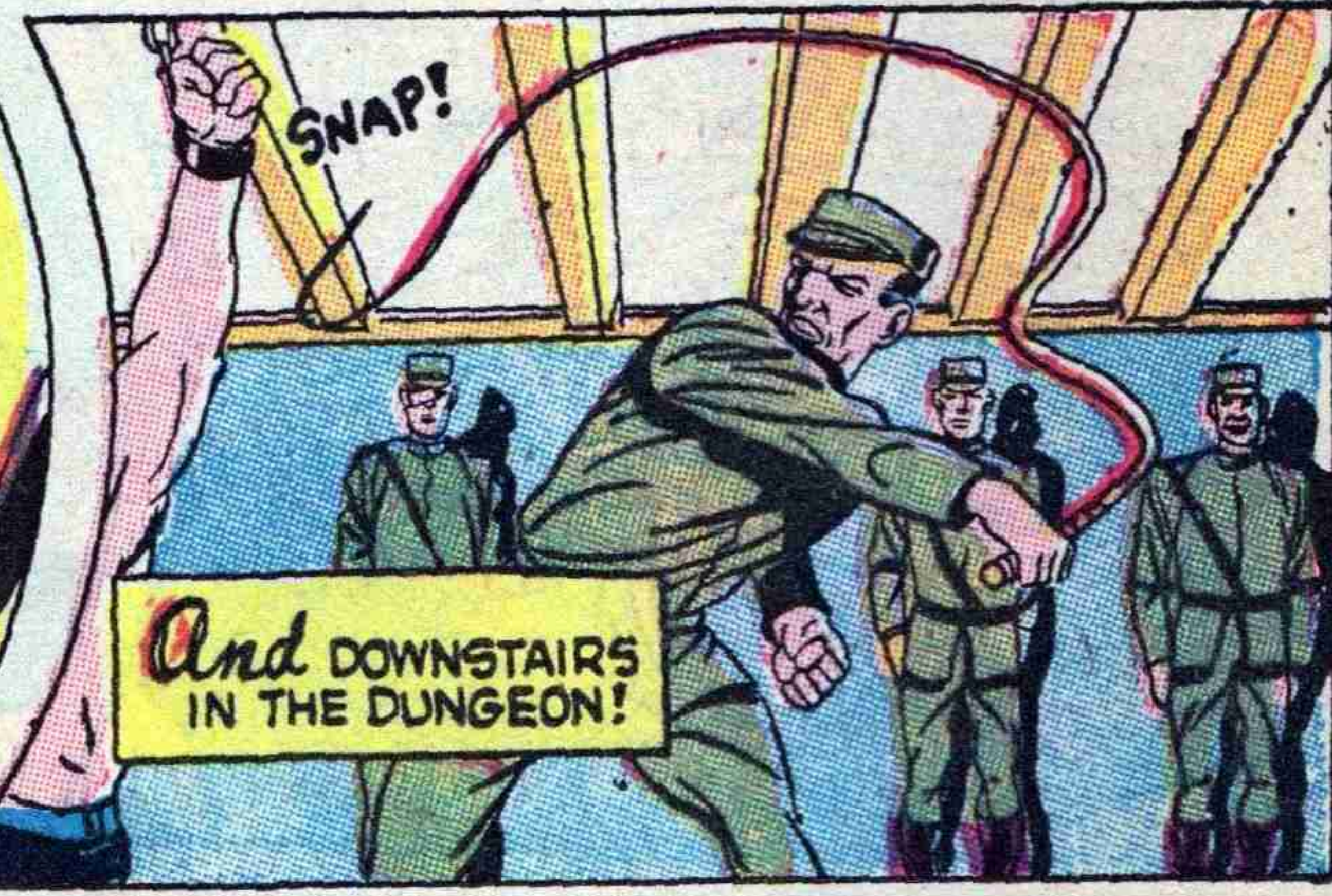




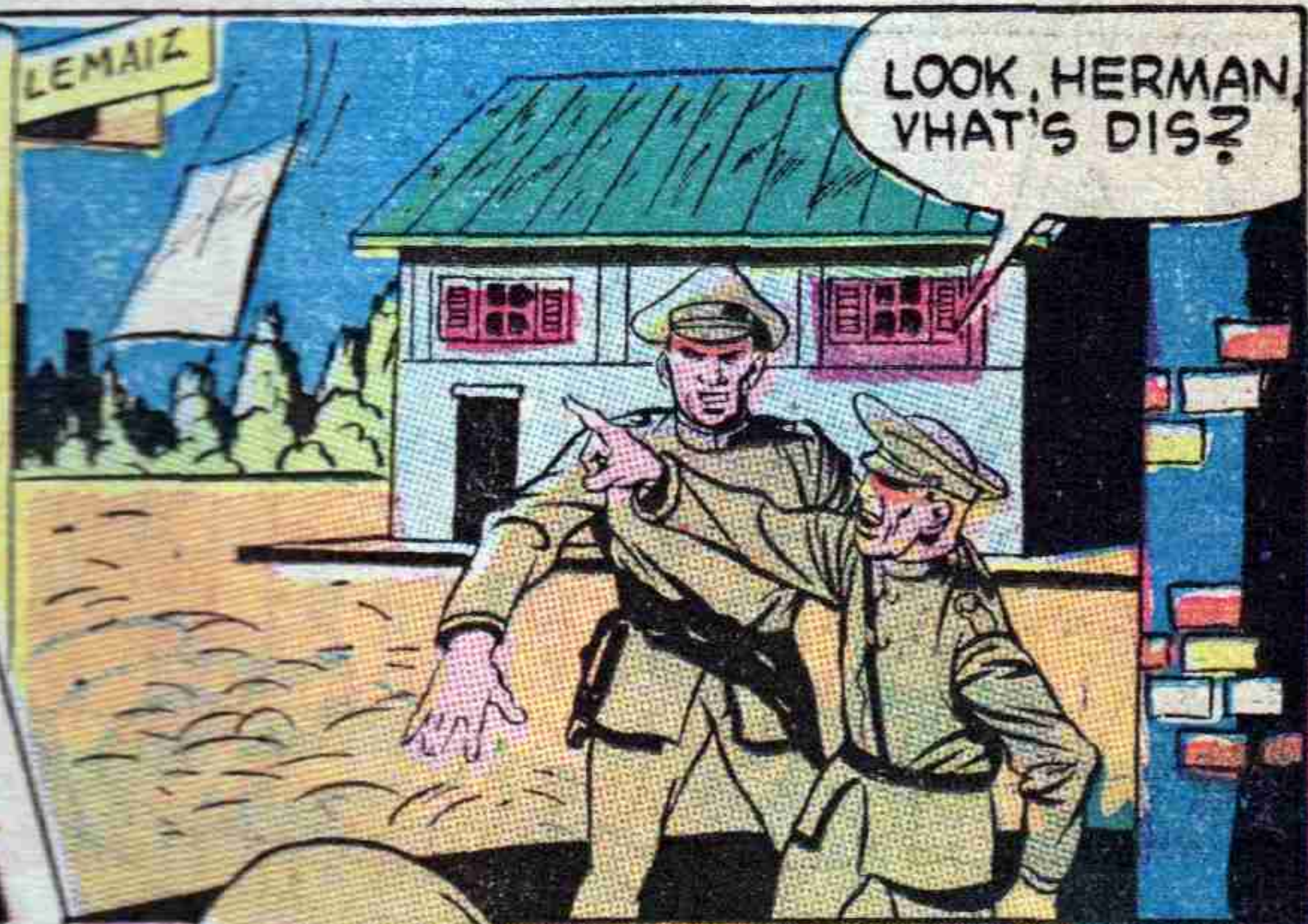
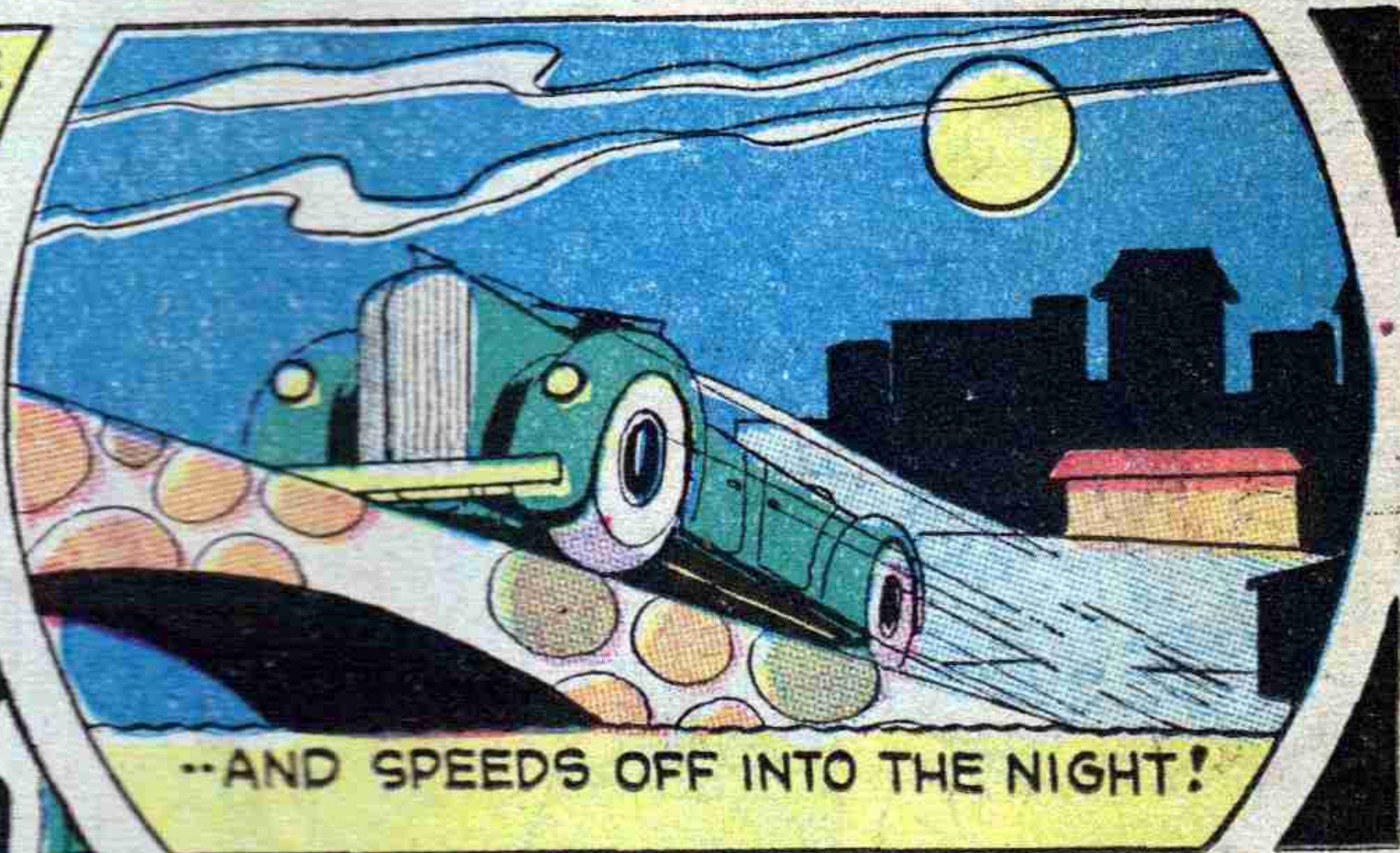
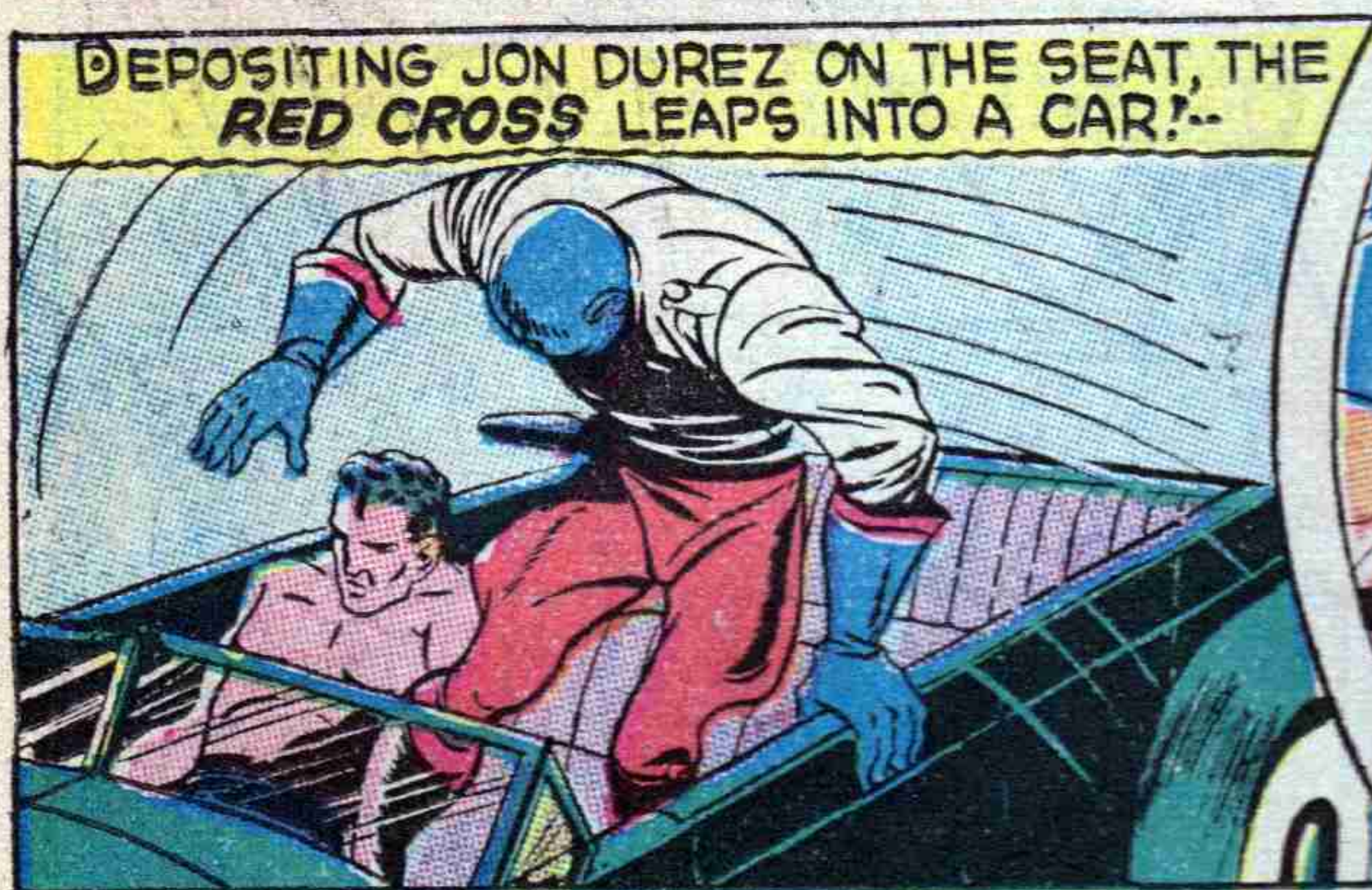
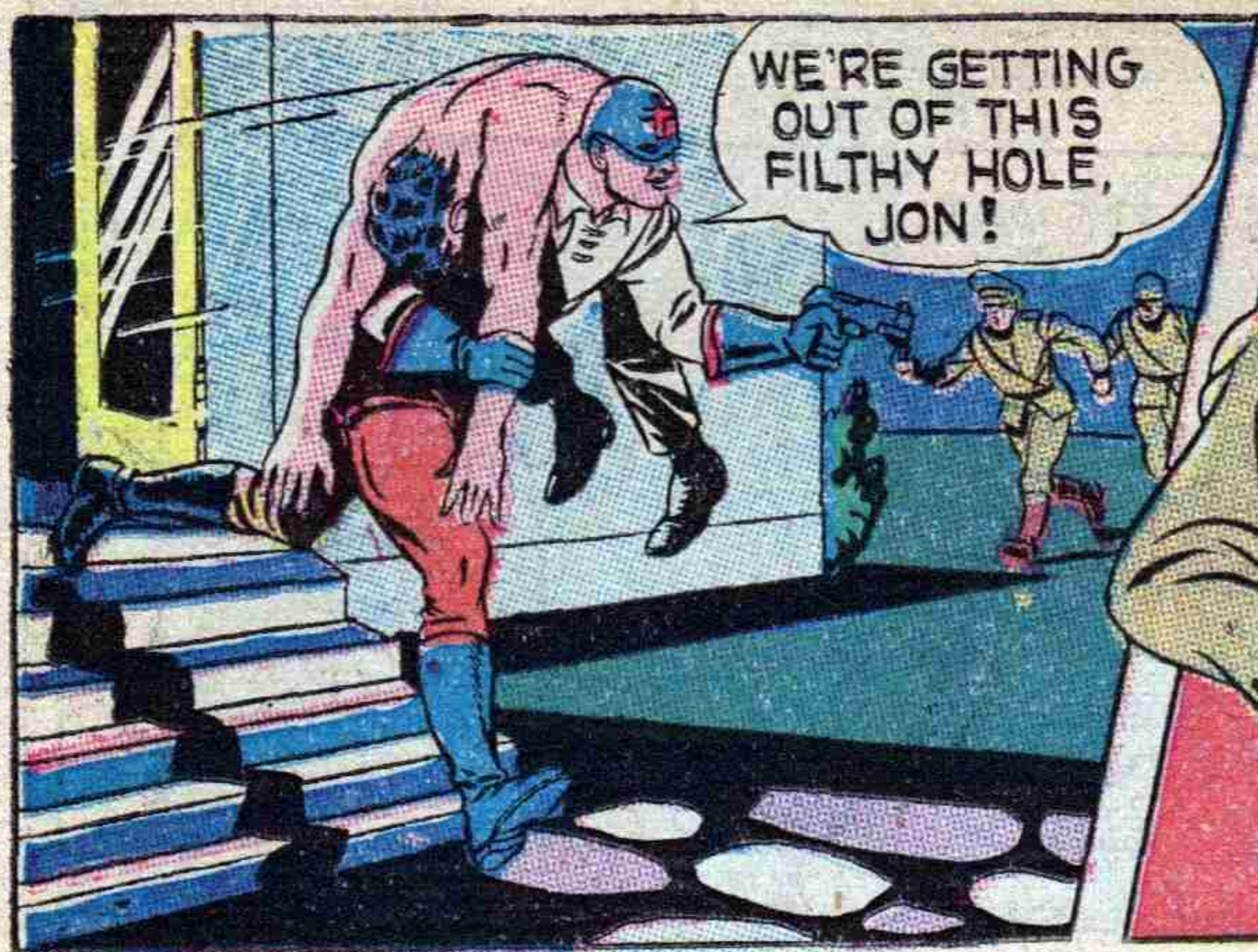
BUT A WELL AIMED HELMET SPOILS THE OFFICER'S PLAN--



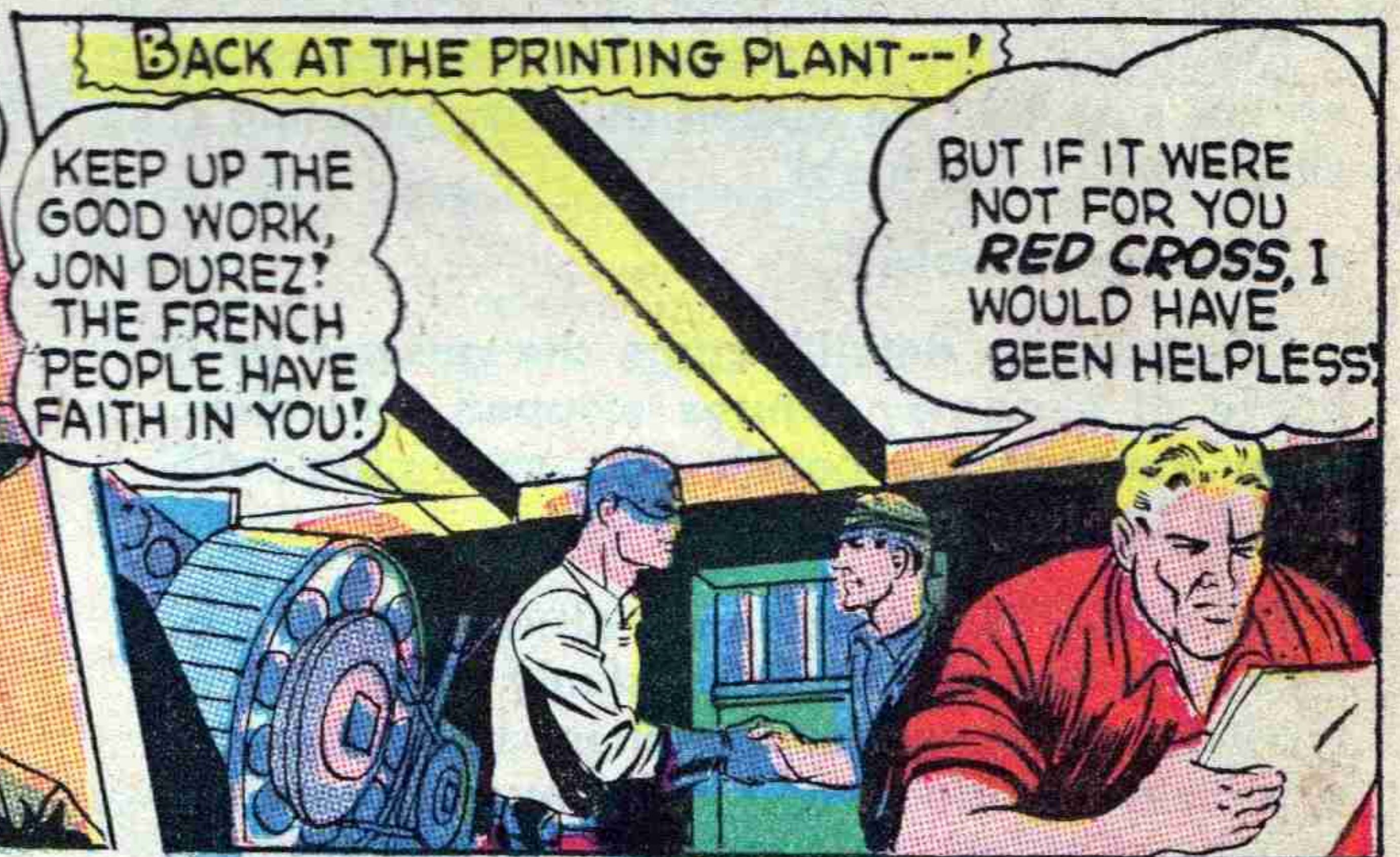
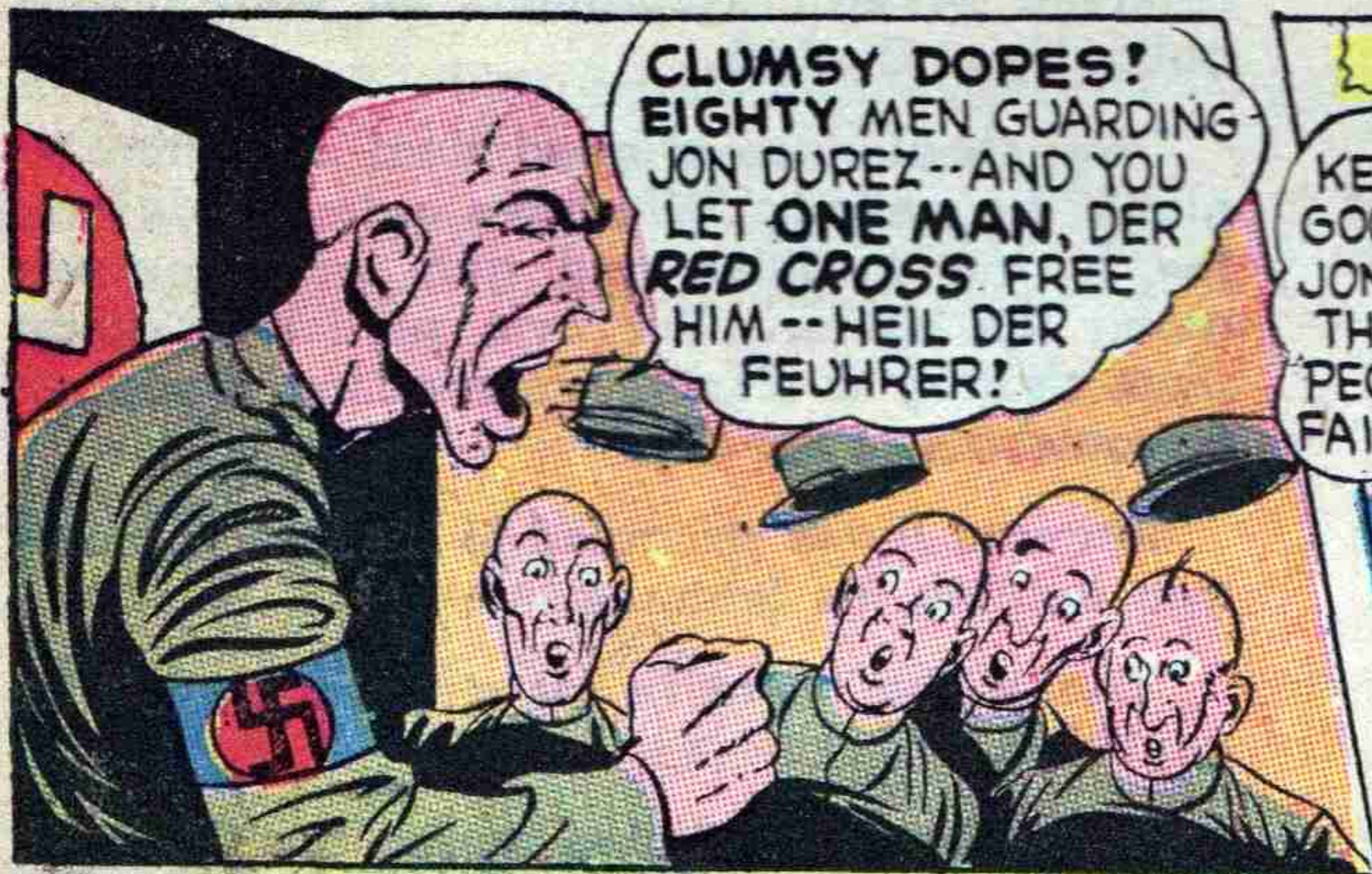
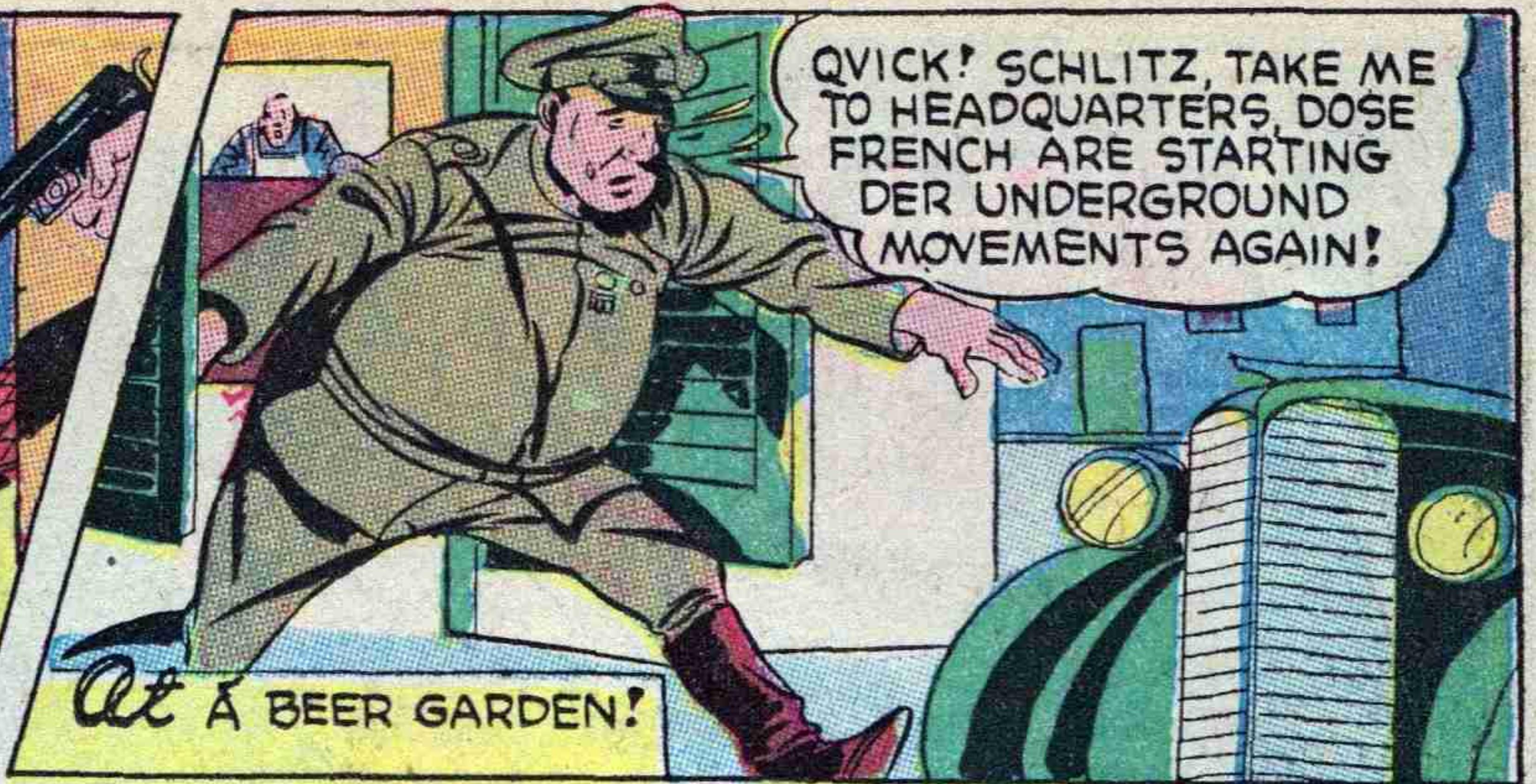




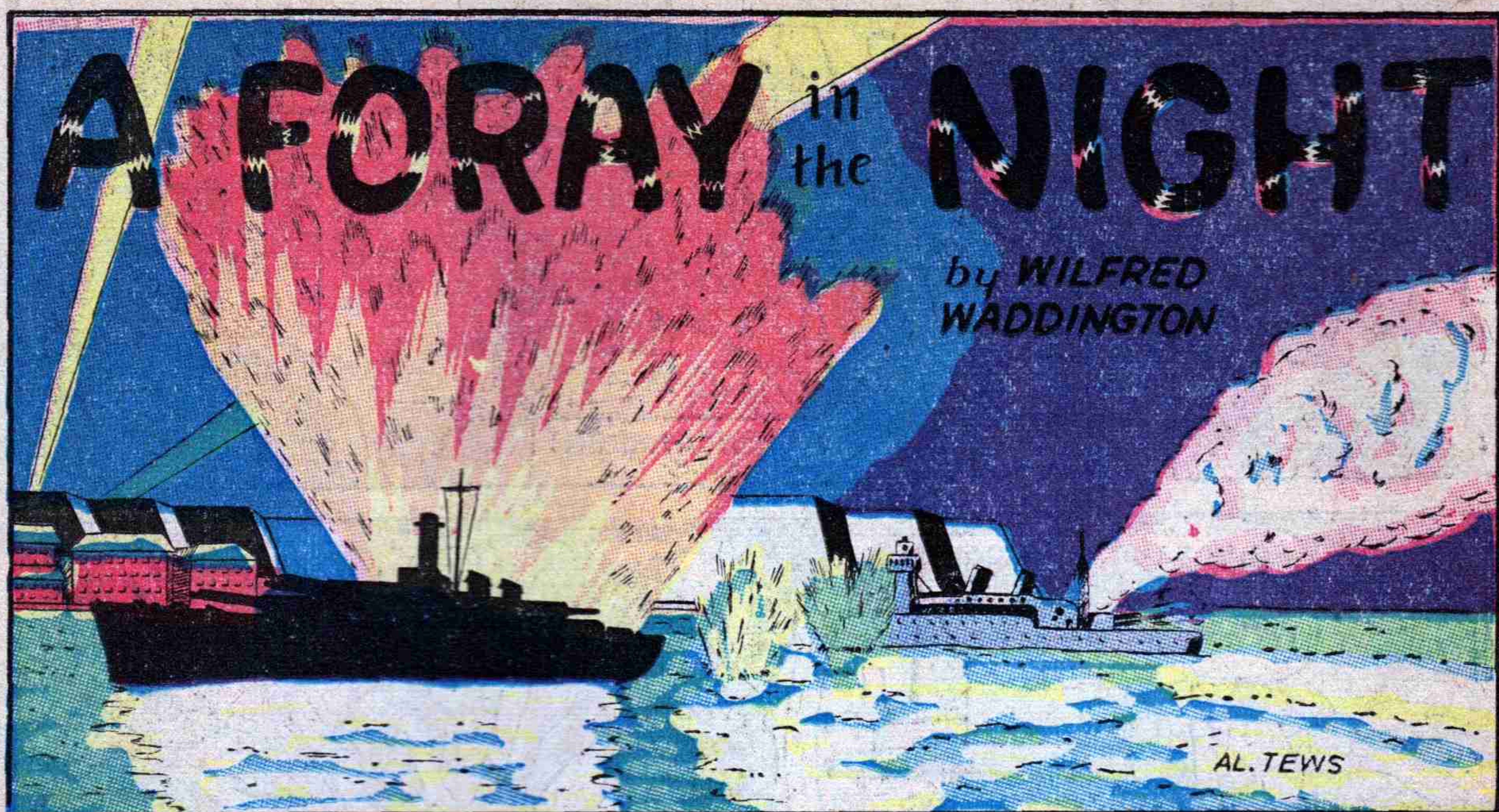












The fog had settled down on the English coast like a dense, impenetrable veil and the murky waters of the Channel rolled ceaselessly across the beach, the silence only broken by the crunching of the sentry's heavy tread as he paced his lonely post.

A sudden, metallic sound brought him to an abrupt stop and he turned quickly, shouting a challenge to the night.

"Who goes there?"

"Commando detail," came the answer as a horde of shadowy figures stepped into view. In a moment the beach was swarming with British fighting men.

An officer flicked a series of searchlight signals into the sky and presently a flotilla of medium sized motor launches, troop barges, and other assorted watercraft moved toward the beach. Further out, scarcely visible through the haze, lay an undiscernible number of destroyers.

"To the boats!" shouted the officer. "Step lively!"

The heavy tread of footsteps, the clank of guns and bayonets, and the other assorted sounds of battle equipment echoed along the coast as the Commandos moved toward the boats. A sudden chugging of motors started up, rose to a crescendo, and receded into the night. Once again the sentry walked his post alone.

Sergeant Cliff Byers leaned lazily against the side of the barge and watched the shores of Britain fade into the distance.

"What's our objective tonight?" he called to a young lieutenant on the other side.

"Sainte Nazaire," replied the officer.

Lieutenant Price walked over to where the sergeant was sitting. He was a tall, sober-faced young fellow who had seen continuous action since the outbreak of the war and had received several decorations for conspicuous gallantry at Dunkirk.

"We should see a good deal of action tonight," he smiled. "We have orders to destroy the harbor facilities and gun emplacements along the shore. Our own particular group must destroy a sizable ammunition dump on the outskirts of the city."

Sergeant Byers struggled to his feet, a broad grin lighting his features.

"Looks like we're in for a good party," he chuckled.

As the boats continued across the Channel, an expectant hush fell over the occupants. Hours passed, and finally the French coast loomed in the distance, indistinct in the fog.

"Sainte Nazaire," grunted Lieutenant Price. "On your feet, men!"

The soldiers jumped to their feet and lined the side of the barge, tense, silent, waiting. The flotilla moved onward. Now, the coast grew large in the near distance and the silhouettes of buildings loomed out of the night.

Suddenly, the enemy batteries on the shore opened up with a deafening salvo and the guns of the British destroyers belched an answer, laying down a heavy screen of shell-fire as the Commandos leaped from the barges and made for the shore. In the ensuing min-



utes the night echoed with the thunderous roar of battle, the earth shuddered, and great flashes of light streaked across the sky.

As Lieutenant Price staggered ashore, he heard the roar of engines as a squadron of Spitfires drummed overhead. The low whine of a shell caused him to drop flat on his face.

"That was pretty close, Lieutenant!" laughed Sergeant Byers who had come up behind him.

"Not close enough," grinned Price. "C'mon let's get that ammunition dump."

The company started up the beach at a brisk run. A long line of barbed wire impeded their progress; but in a few minutes, the pliers of the Commandos had cut a series of paths through the tangle.

Now they were running along the main street of the town, dodging in and out of doorways as German snipers picked at them from behind rude fortifications and the windows of the houses. Across the street, a machine-gun set up a staccato bark and a number of Commandos fell under the deadly fusillade.

"Get that fellow!" snapped Price.

Sergeant Byers pulled the pin from a grenade and heaved it at the machine-gun emplacement. A loud explosion was followed by silence from that quarter and the company again started up the street. At that moment a man in civilian garb came running toward them. Price raised his pistol.

"Bon nuit, Lieutenant," puffed the stranger. "I am a member of ze French Underground. Come, I weel show you where is ze ammunition dump!"

"Good, lead the way!" snapped the Lieutenant.

As the Commandos continued on their way, the guns on the shore became suddenly silent.

"Well, it looks as though our destroyers took care of Adolph's shore batteries in good order," laughed Byers.

Now they had turned a corner and a long line of low buildings came into view.

"Ze ammunition dump!" The Frenchman yelled, pointing ahead.

Immediately, a volley of gunfire came from

the walls surrounding the dump. Price gave the command and the British surged forward, firing as they ran. Across the street and through the gate they plunged, dislodging the defenders with accurately placed hand grenades.

"All right, men," shouted Price. "You know what to do. Get going!"

The Commandos split up in couples and, carrying explosive charges, surrounded the dump. Fifteen minutes later they returned to the spot from which they had started.

"Everyone accounted for?" inquired Price.

"Yes, sir," replied Byers.

"Set it off!"

A deafening explosion was followed by another, and the ammunition dump was reduced to a shamble. Whole sections of buildings rose into the air and fell to the earth with a terrible roar.

"Back to the boats!" shouted Price, and the company started back down the street at a run.

Suddenly a high-powered motor car sped round a corner and careened toward them. Two German privates were in the front seat and three officers sat in the rear. They ducked low when they saw the Commandos coming toward them.

"Stop that car!" yelled Price.

The Commandos raised their rifles to their shoulders and began firing at the automobile. A few of the bullets ripped into the tires and the car careened off the street and mounted the sidewalk. The Nazis scrambled out of the car and ran into a nearby building.

"After them!" commanded Lieutenant Price.

As the Commandos stormed the building they were met with sporadic bursts of gunfire and a number of them fell to the street. But the rest of them plunged through the doorway and led by Price and Byers, they charged up the stairs.

The two German privates and one of the officers, a lieutenant, were defending the head of the stairs and the English had to hug the walls to avoid the bullets.

"Squads three and four, surround the house!"



Make sure they don't get out the back way!" barked Price.

Sergeant Byers pulled the pin out of another grenade and heaved it toward the top of the stairs.

A shattering blast and agonized groans revealed that the grenade had taken proper effect. A series of shots from the rear of the house suggested that the other two Nazis were trying to leave by the back way.

"Bevins, Reynolds, Courtney, guard the front door. The rest of you come around to the rear!" commanded Price.

Reaching the back of the house, they beheld the two enemy officers walking down the back stairway with their hands raised in surrender and shouting, "Kamerad!" Upon closer inspection, Price saw that they were a major and a captain.

"Let's go, men. We're taking these fellows back to England," ordered the Lieutenant. But at that moment three shots rang out and the two German officers fell dead.

"Who did that?" demanded Price.

The Frenchman who had directed them to the ammunition dump stepped forward, blowing the smoke from the barrel of his revolver.

"Pardon, m'sieu," he grinned, "but I cannot control my hatred for these Nazi pigs."

"Don't you realize that we might have ob-

tained valuable information from these prisoners?" snarled Price.

"I am sorree, M'sieu Lieutenant, but I could not control myself."

Price went through the pockets of the dead Nazis and removed their papers.

"Back to the beach, men!" he ordered. Then turning to the Frenchman, "I'll take you to England if you wish. It's going to be pretty hot for you around here from now on."

"Non, Lieutenant. I have duties to perform here in France. Au Revoir!" And with that, the Frenchman walked away into the night.

"Fall in, men!" shouted Sergeant Byers. "Forward on the double!"

The dawn was breaking over the English coast, the waters of the Channel tumbled across the beach, and the sentry paced his lonely post.

A sudden, metallic sound brought him to an abrupt stop and he turned quickly.

The boats were returning from the night's foray. The troop barges pulled up to the shore. In a moment the beach was swarming with Commandos. The heavy tread of footsteps, the clank of guns and bayonets, and other assorted sounds of battle equipment echoed along the coast as the soldiers marched inland. Once again the sentry walked his post alone.





# ACTION! THRILLS! MYSTERY, and ADVENTURE!!

10¢

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NEWS-  
STANDS

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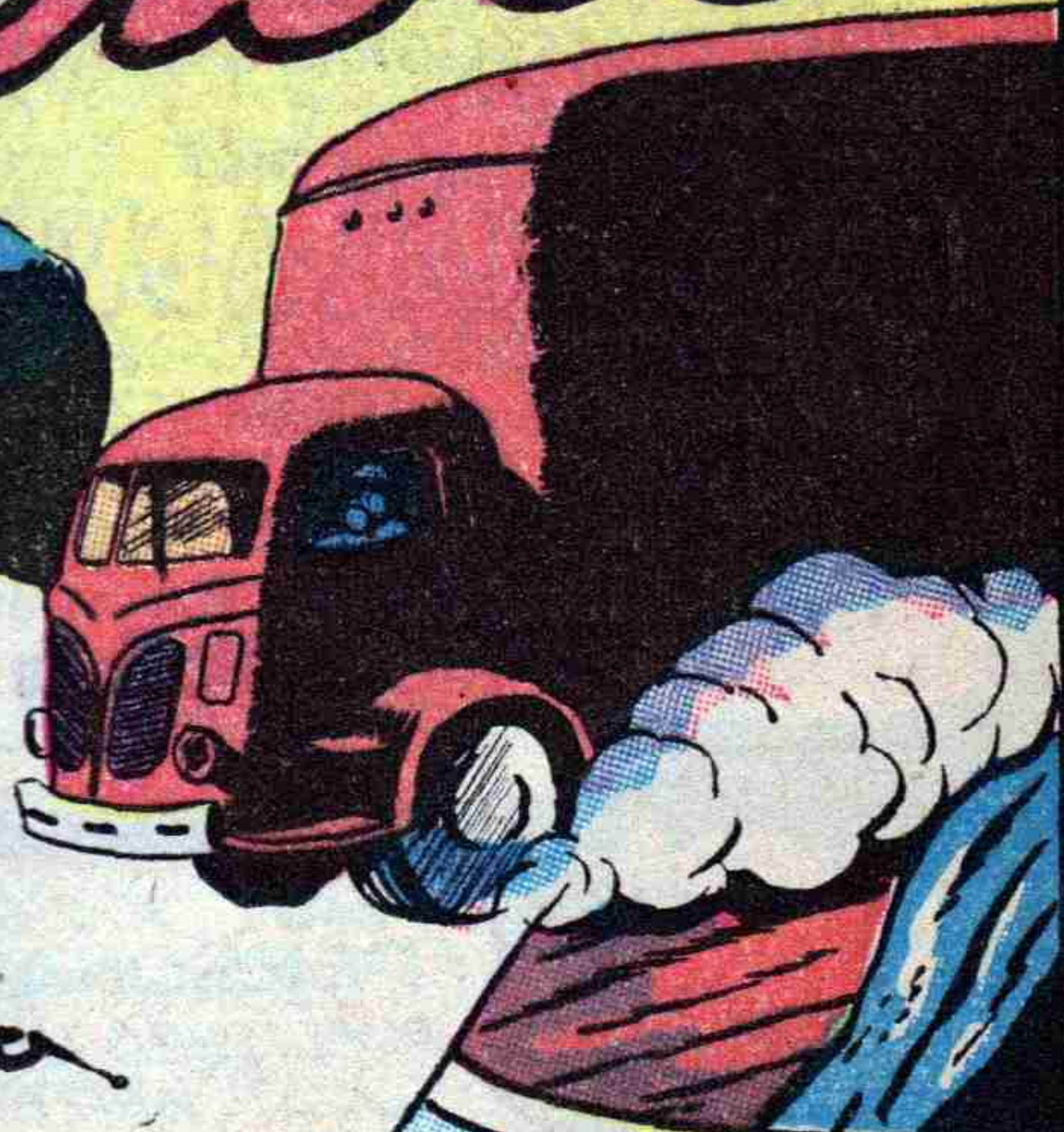


CAPTAIN  
AERO'S

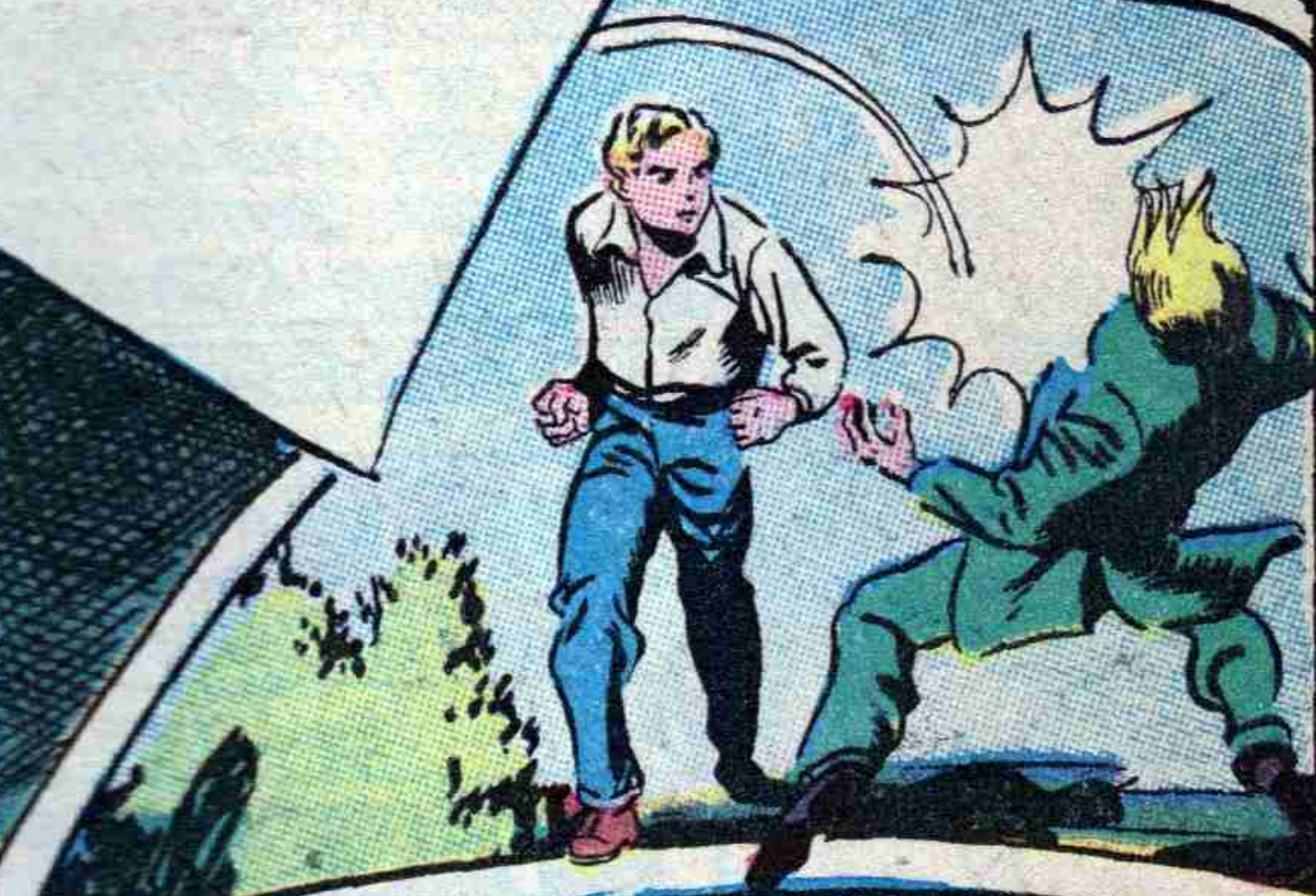
# Sky Scouts



To  
Captain Aero  
?



JIMMY AND BOBBY  
THOSE TWO ROOTIN'  
TOOTIN' SCOOTIN' SON'S  
OF ADVENTURE BRING  
YOU ANOTHER THRILLING  
YARN DIRECT FROM THE  
CASE FILES OF CAPTAIN  
AERO'S **SKY SCOUTS**!



A LUNCH WAGON ON THE STATE HIGHWAY!

GOSH BUT I'M  
HUNGRY!

YOU'RE ALWAYS HUNGRY!  
HURRY UP OR WE'LL  
NEVER GET TO THE  
AIRPORT!



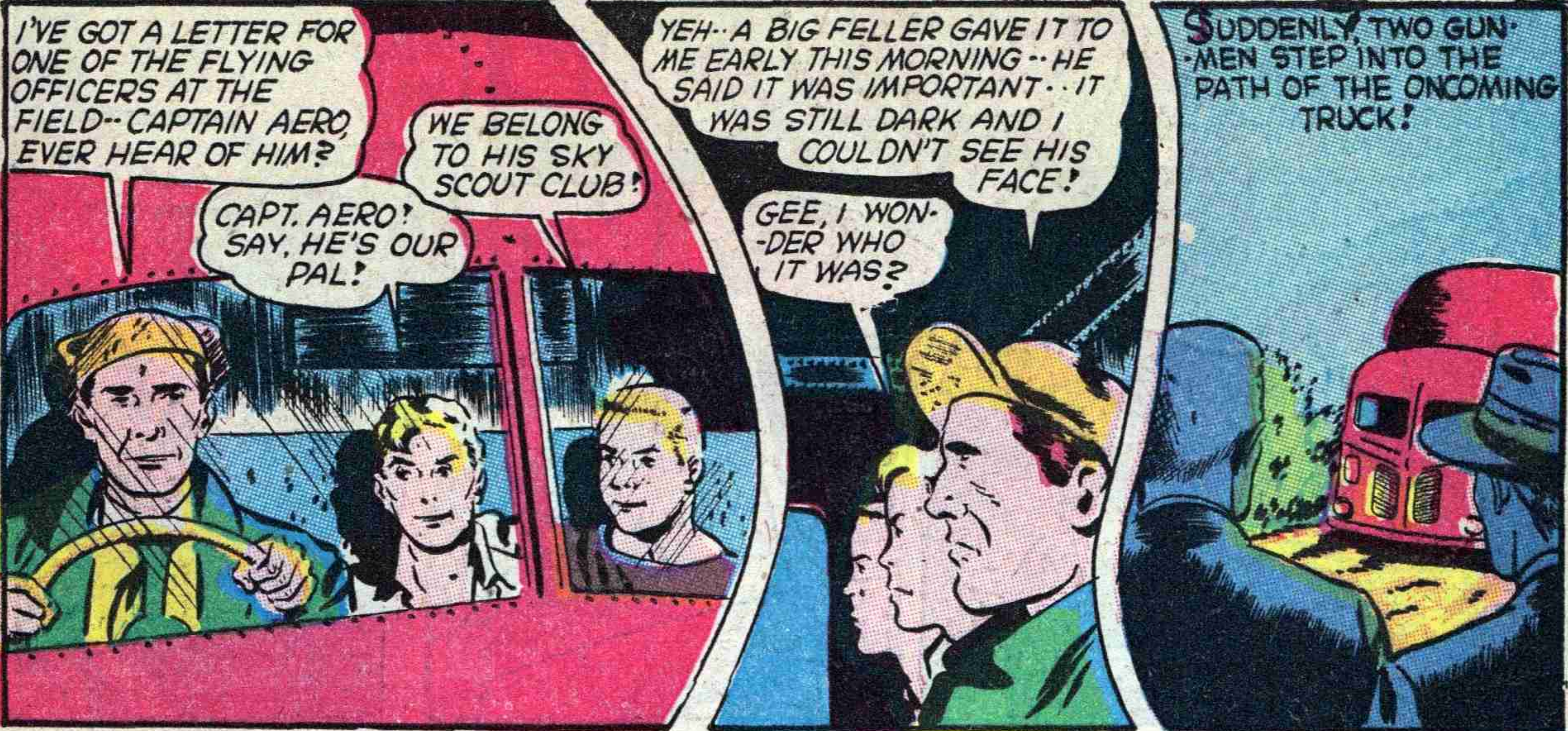
SAY, BOYS, I'M  
GOIN' OUT TO THE  
AIRPORT. YOU CAN  
RIDE WITH ME ON  
MY TRUCK!

GEE THANKS,  
MISTER!

SWELL!







I'VE GOT A LETTER FOR ONE OF THE FLYING OFFICERS AT THE FIELD-- CAPTAIN AERO, EVER HEAR OF HIM?

WE BELONG TO HIS SKY SCOUT CLUB!

CAPT. AERO? SAY, HE'S OUR PAL!

YEH-- A BIG FELLER GAVE IT TO ME EARLY THIS MORNING-- HE SAID IT WAS IMPORTANT-- IT WAS STILL DARK AND I COULDN'T SEE HIS FACE!

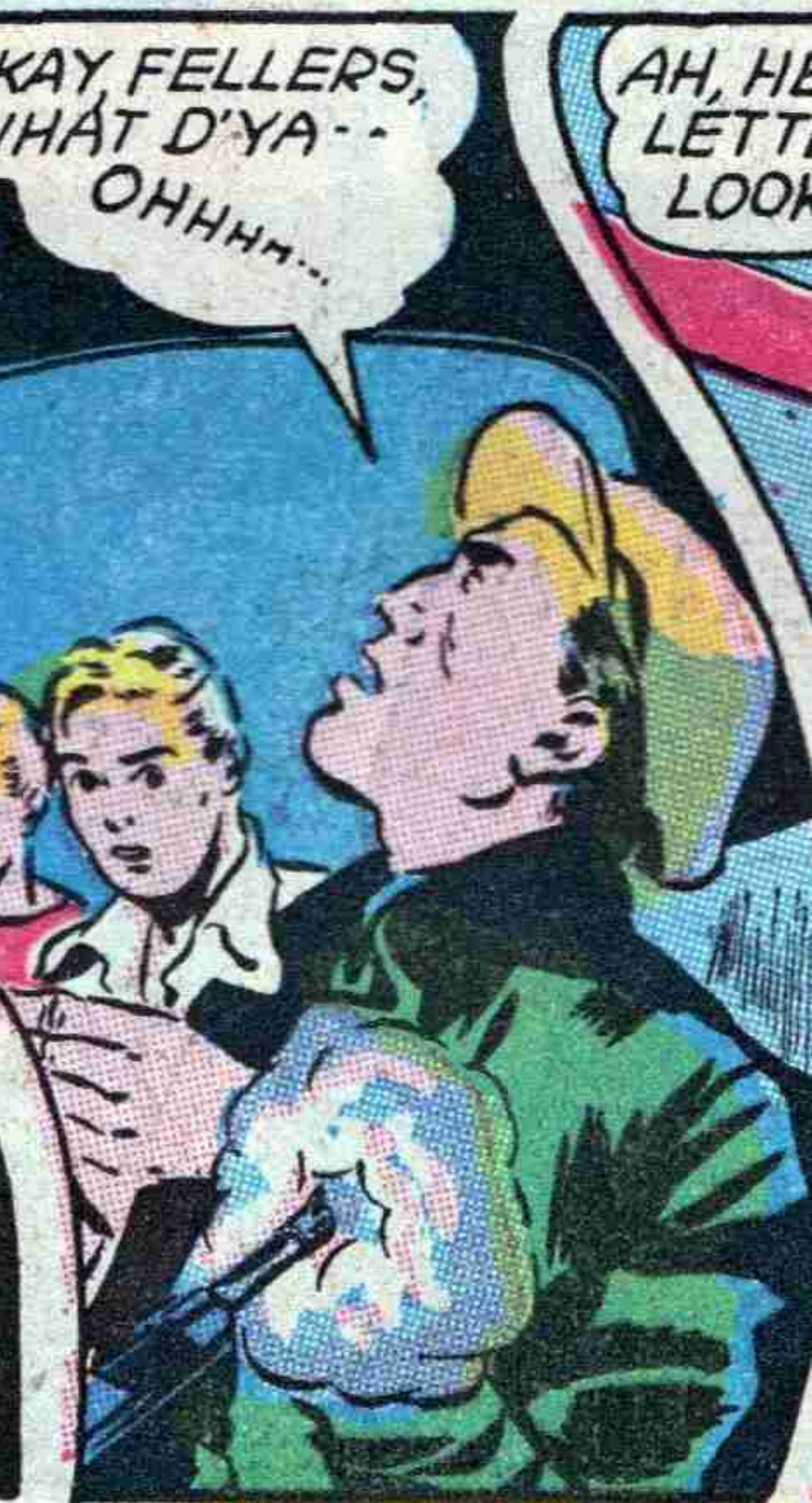
GEE, I WONDER WHO IT WAS?

SUDDENLY, TWO GUN-MEN STEP INTO THE PATH OF THE ONCOMING TRUCK!



HI-JACKERS, I BETTER STOP, THEY MEAN BUSINESS!

JEEPERS!

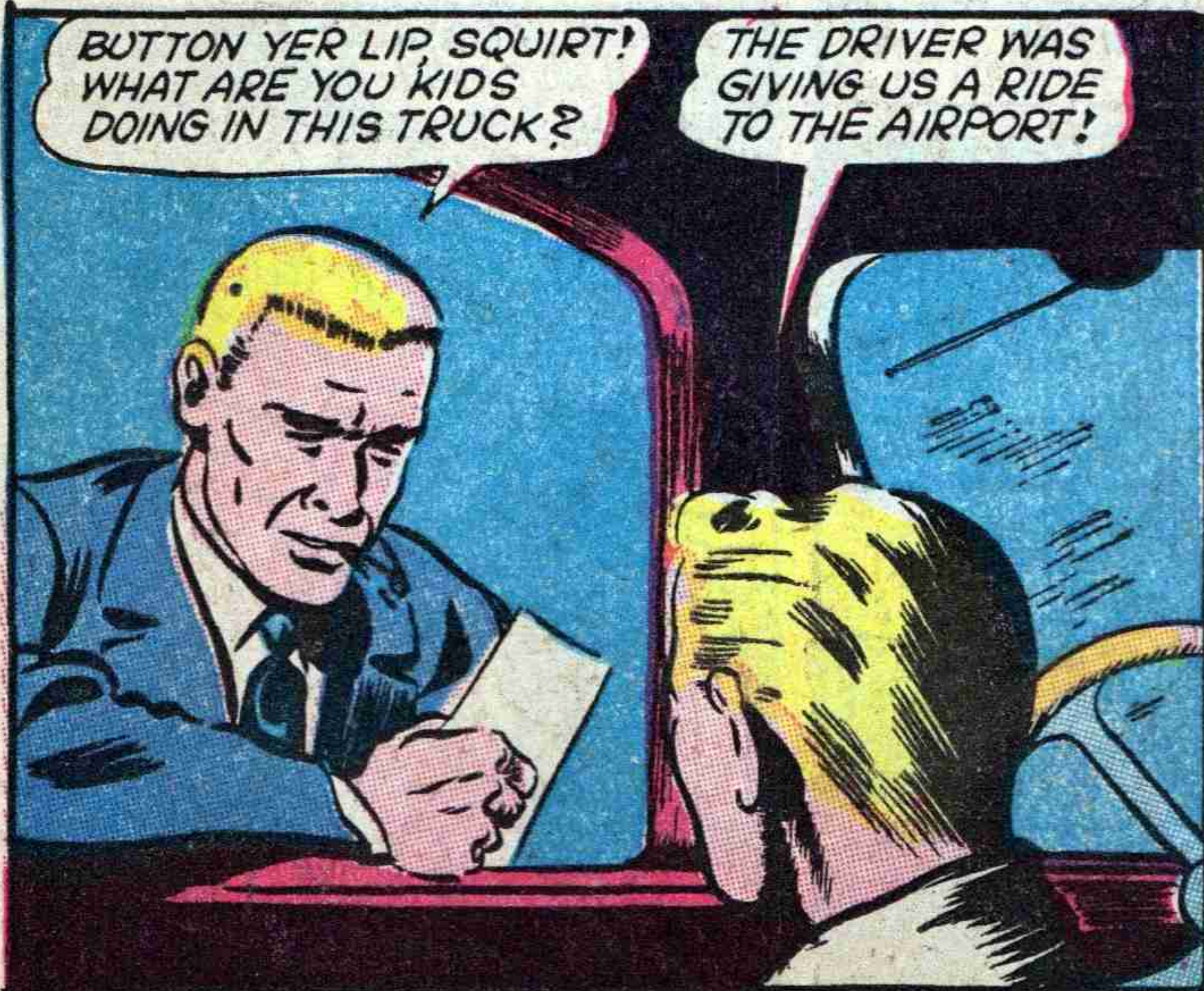


OKAY FELLERS, WHAT D'YA-- OHHHH...



AH, HERE'S THE LETTER WE WERE LOOKING FOR!

YOU FILTHY COWARDS!



BUTTON YER LIP, SQUIRT! WHAT ARE YOU KIDS DOING IN THIS TRUCK?

THE DRIVER WAS GIVING US A RIDE TO THE AIRPORT!

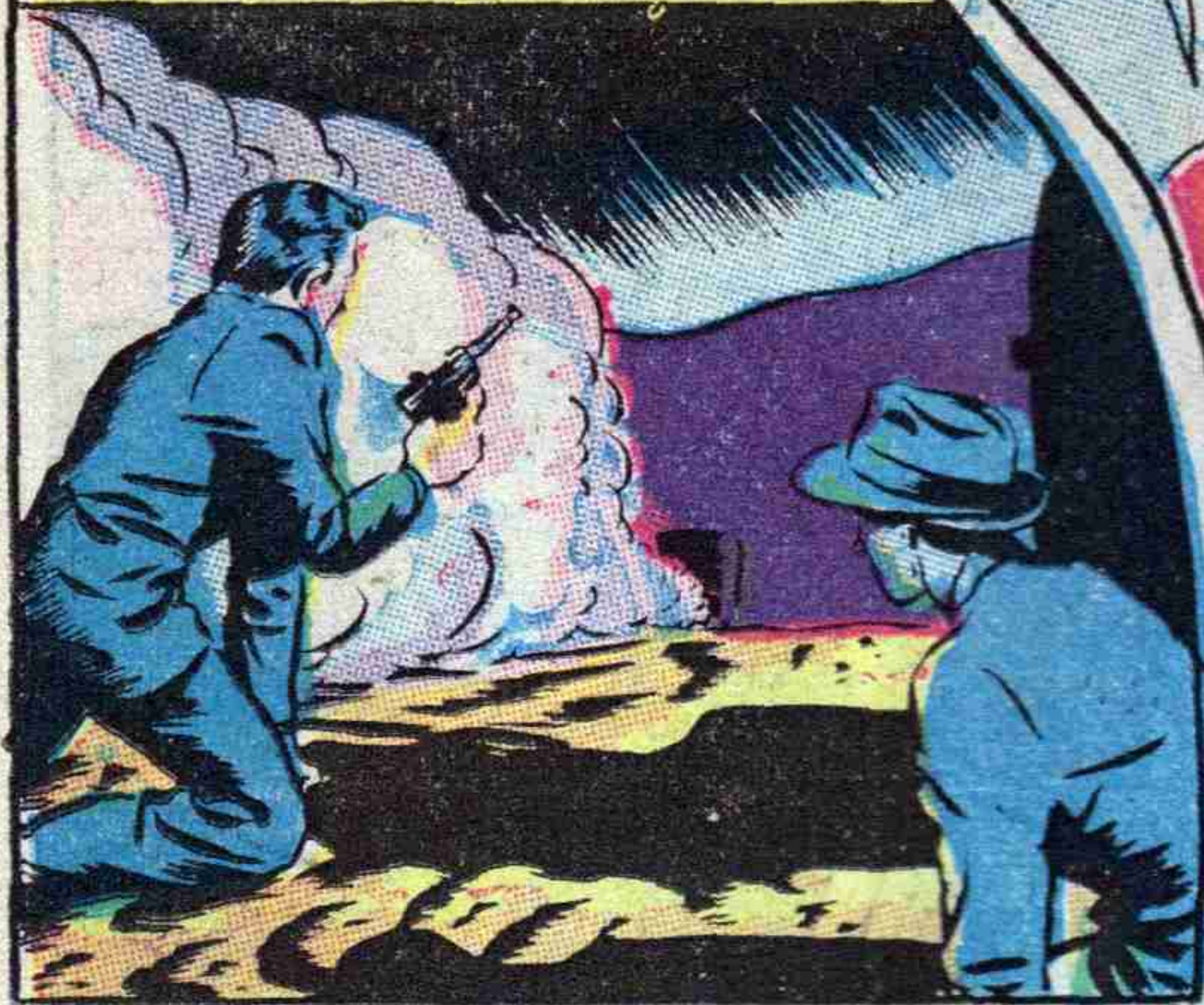


AND THAT'S JUST WHERE WE'RE GOING-- GIMME THAT LETTER!

WHY, YOU--!



BEFORE THE GUNMEN CAN RECOVER THEIR SENSES, BOBBY STEPS ON THE GAS AND THE TRUCK HURTTLES UP THE HIGHWAY--!



YIPPEE-- WE GAVE 'EM THE SLIP THAT TIME!

NOT YET, WE DIDN'T THEY'RE RIGHT BEHIND US!



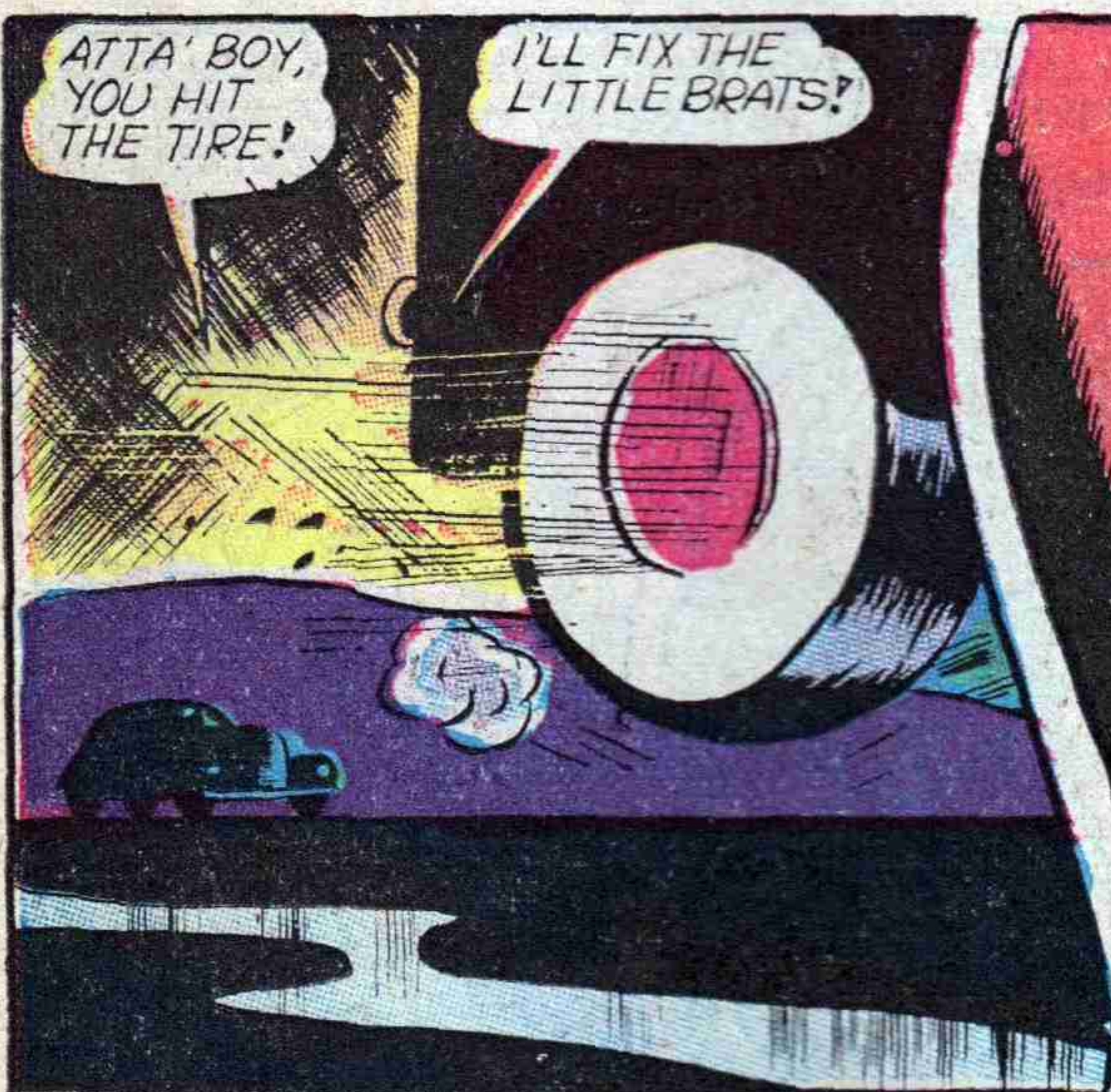
IT'S NO USE, THAT HIGH-POWERED BUGGY WILL OVERTAKE THIS CRATE IN NO TIME!

(GULP) THEY'LL KILL US!



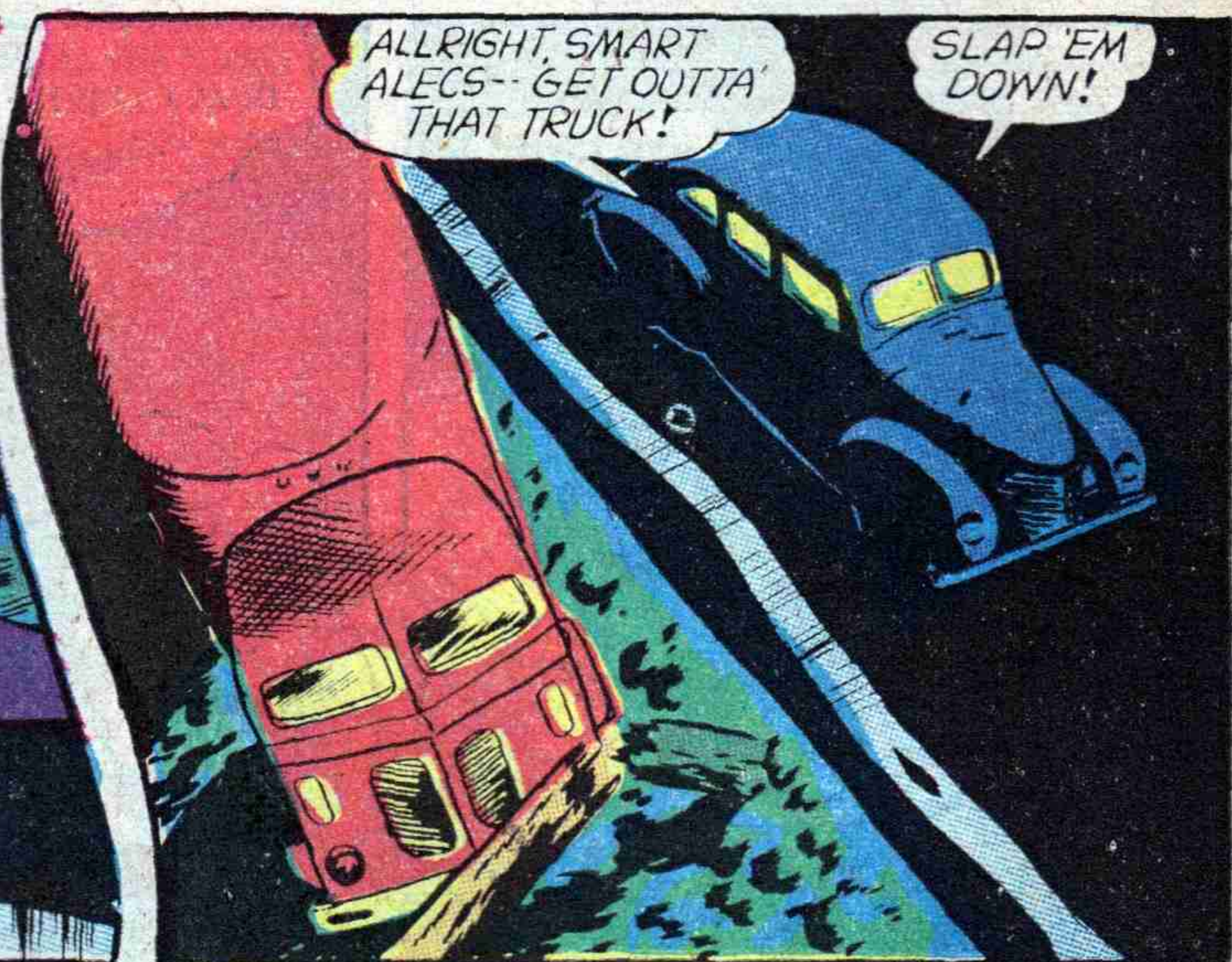
ATTA' BOY, YOU HIT THE TIRE!

I'LL FIX THE LITTLE BRATS!



ALLRIGHT, SMART ALECS-- GET OUTTA THAT TRUCK!

SLAP 'EM DOWN!



AT THAT MOMENT, AN ARMY CAR SPEEDS DOWN THE HIGHWAY--!

GIMME THAT LETTER!

I'LL TWIST YER EAR OFF!

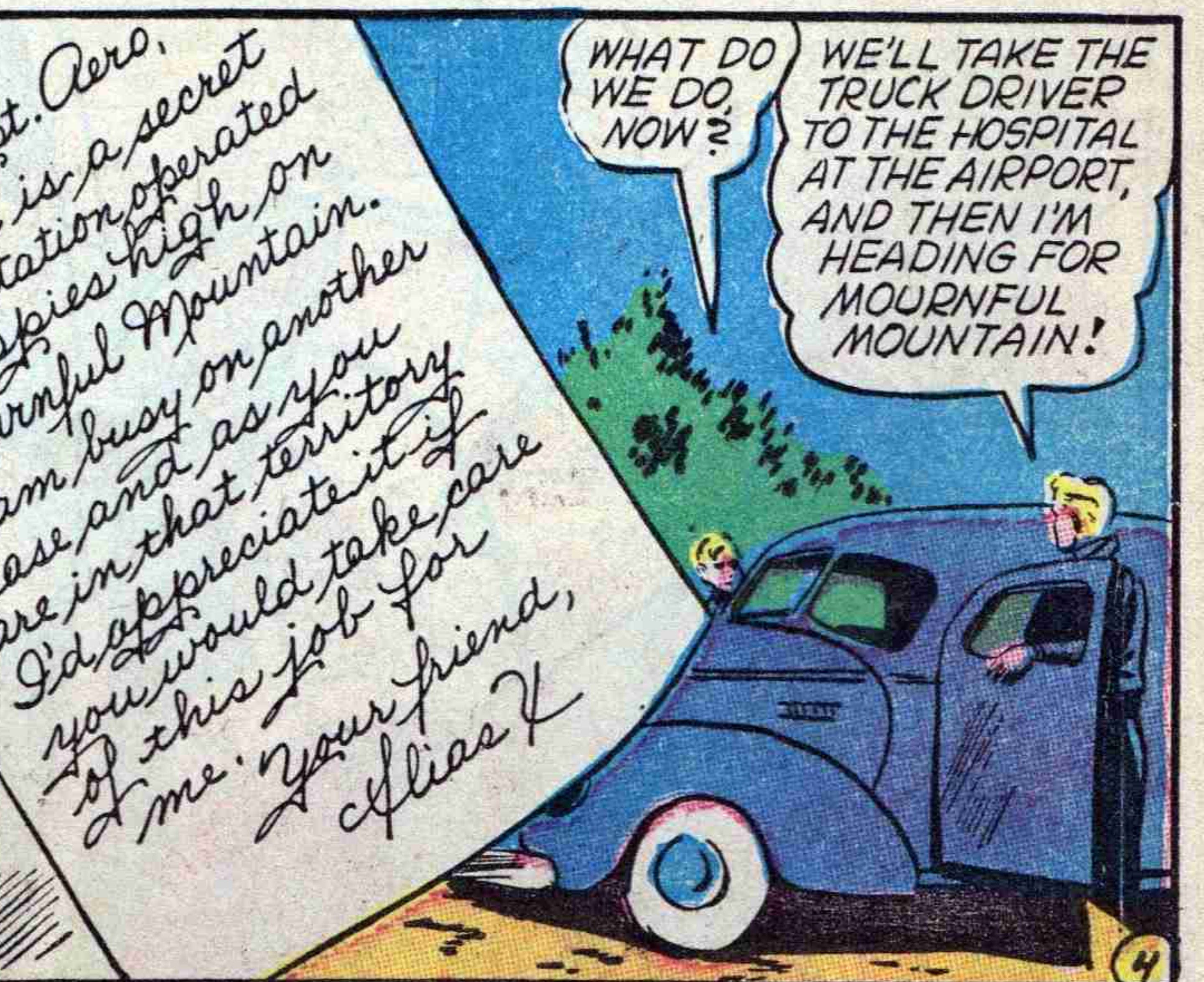
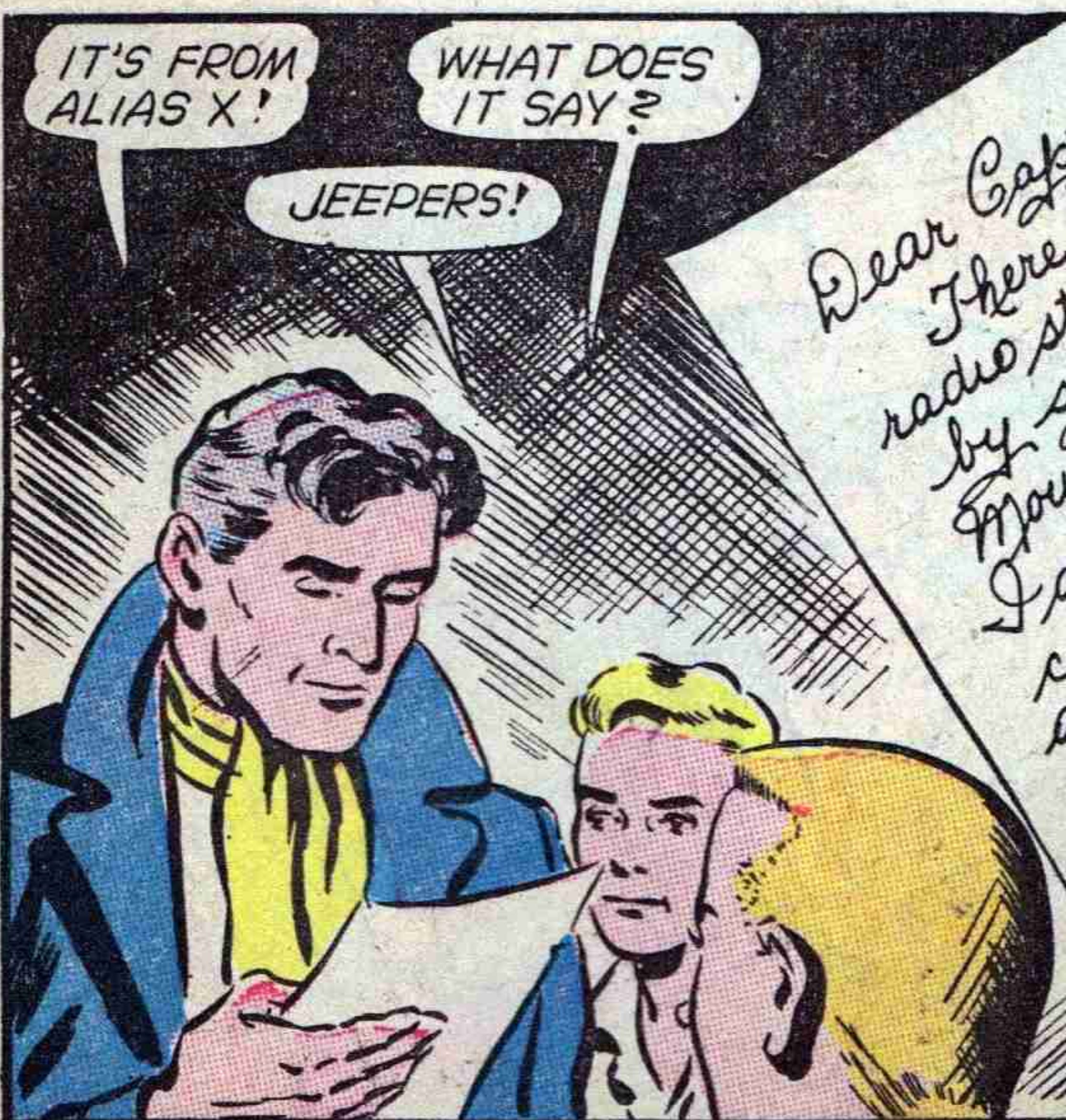


YOU DIRTY COWARD! HIT A BOY, WILL YOU?

CAPTAIN AERO!



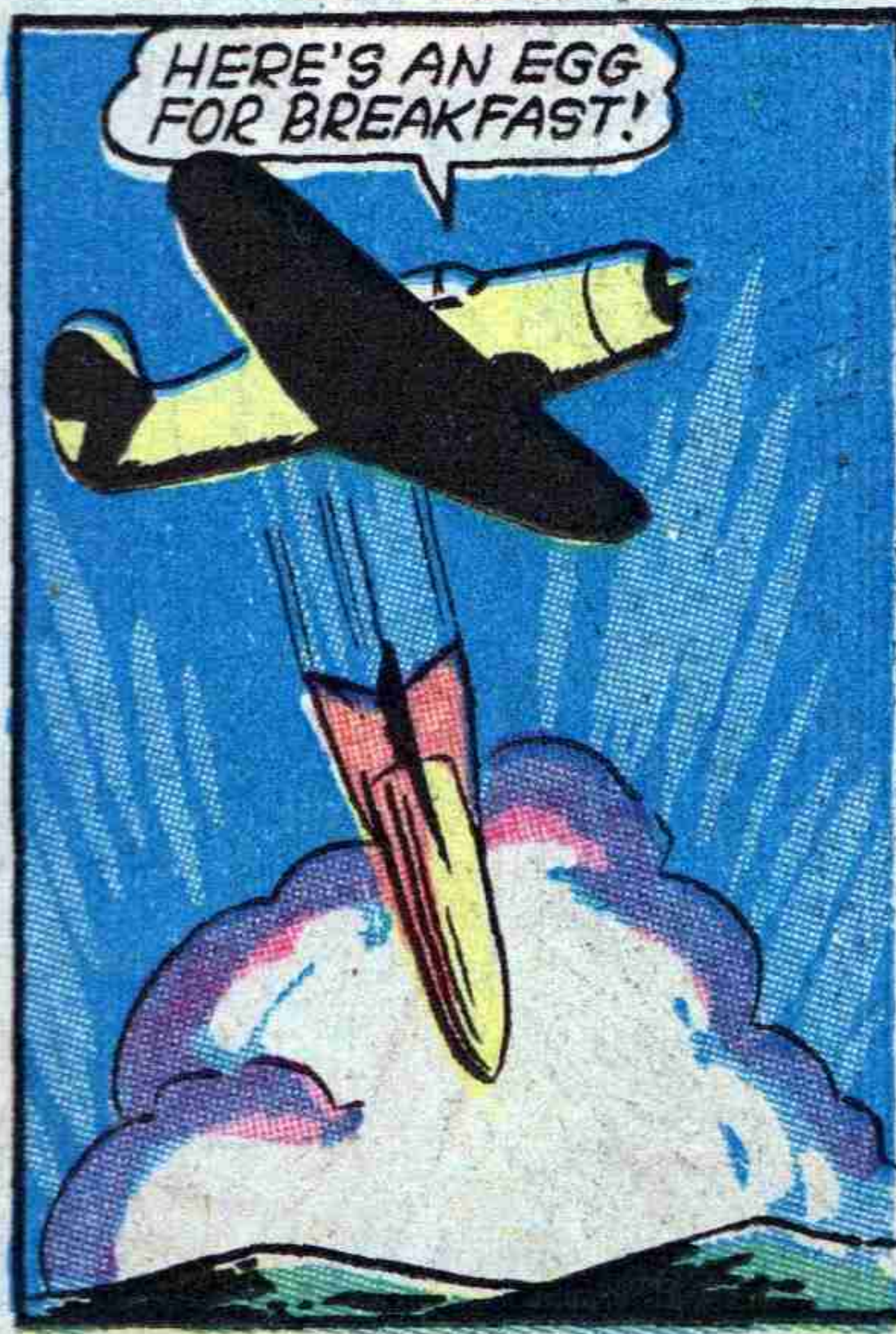
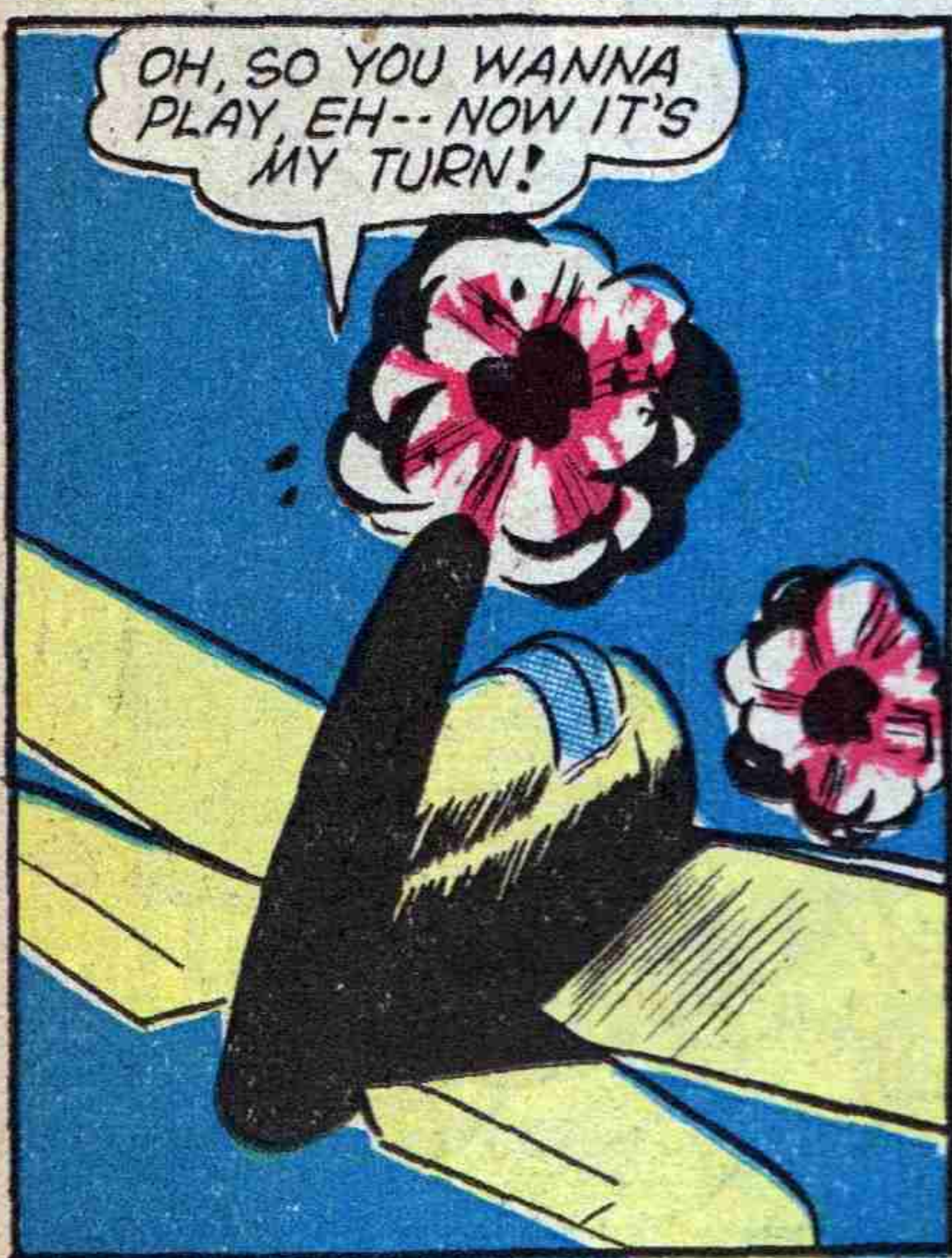
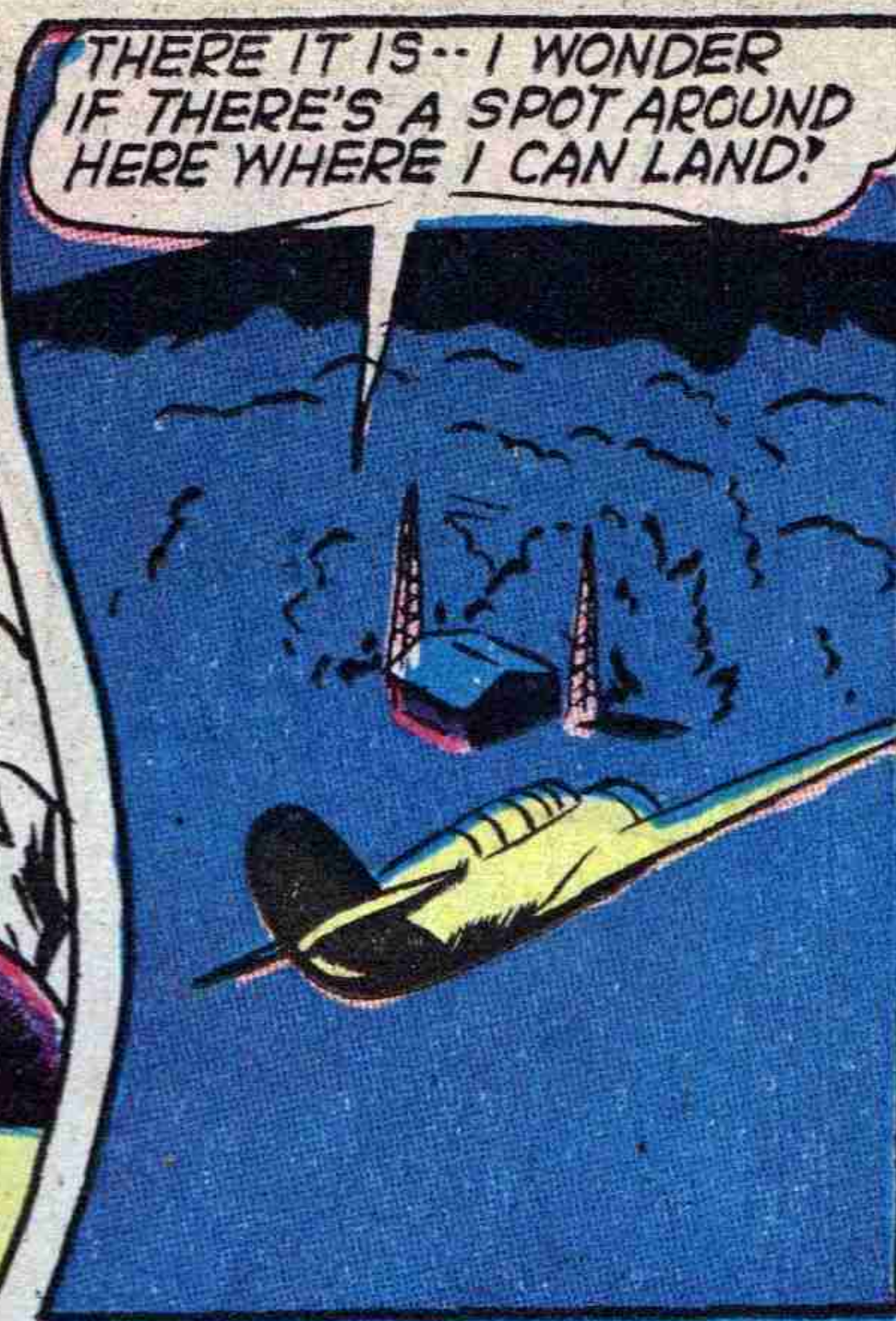






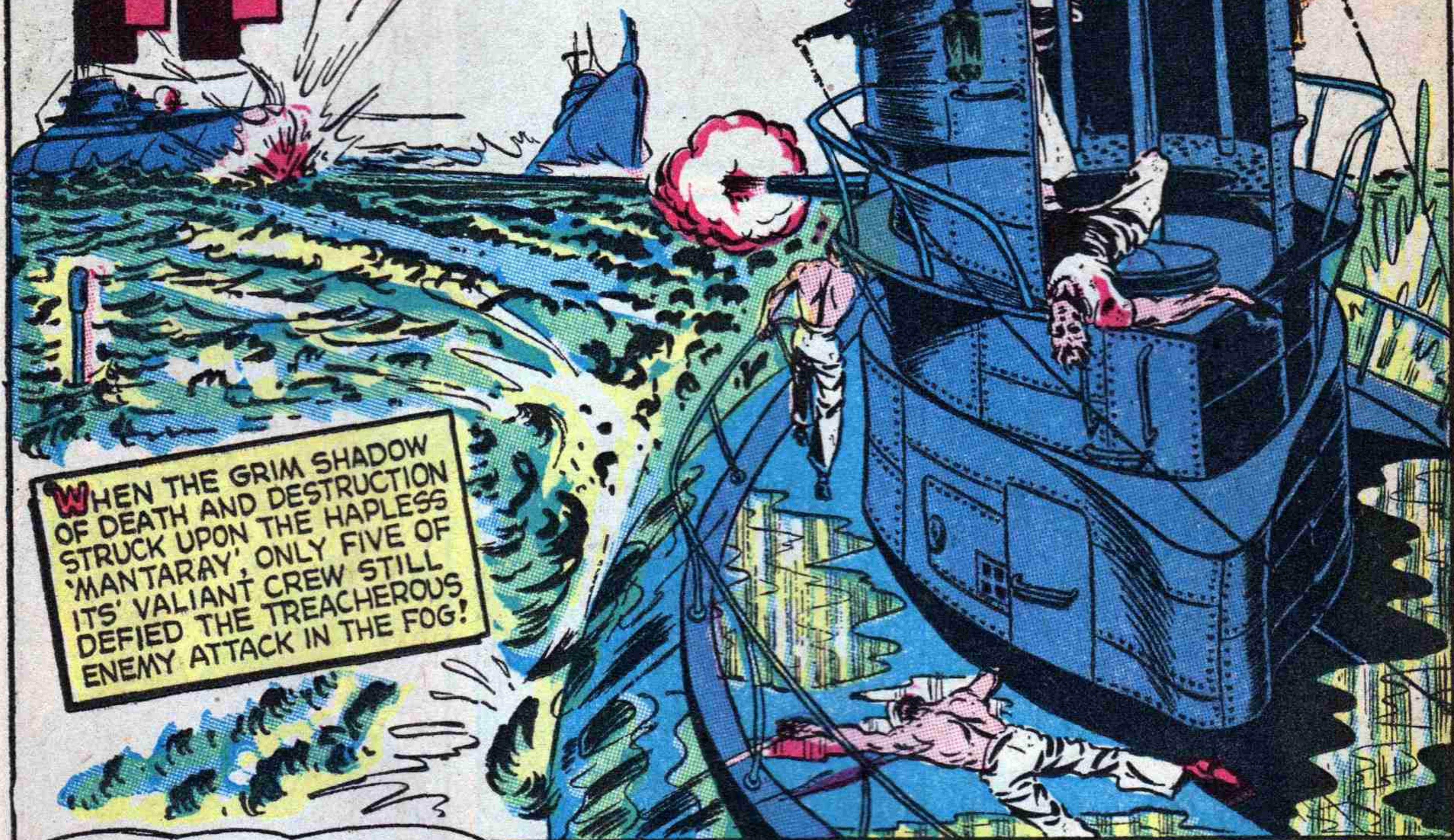








# HAMMERHEAD HAWLEY

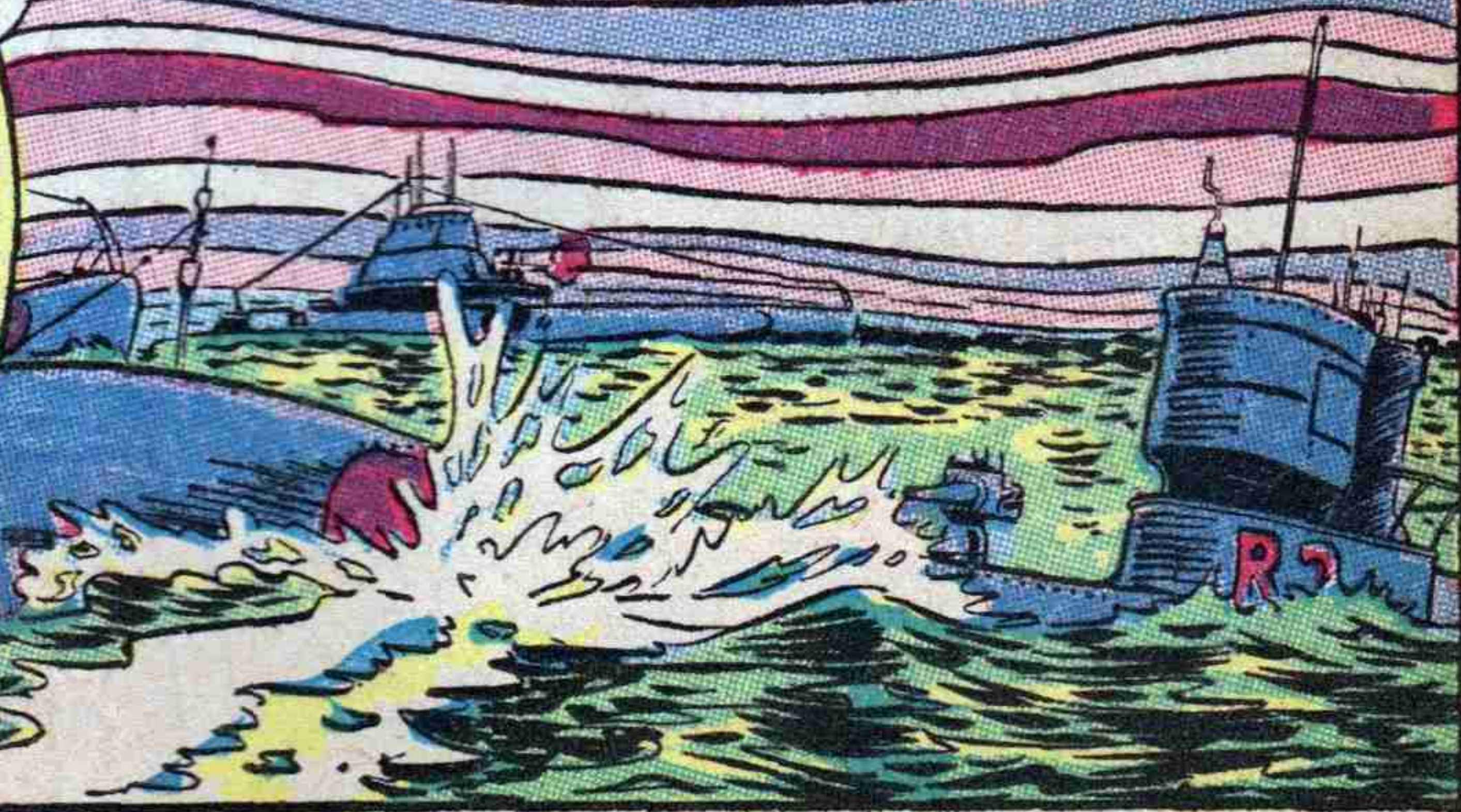


WHEN THE GRIM SHADOW OF DEATH AND DESTRUCTION STRUCK UPON THE HAPLESS 'MANTARAY', ONLY FIVE OF ITS VALIANT CREW STILL DEFIED THE TREACHEROUS ENEMY ATTACK IN THE FOG!

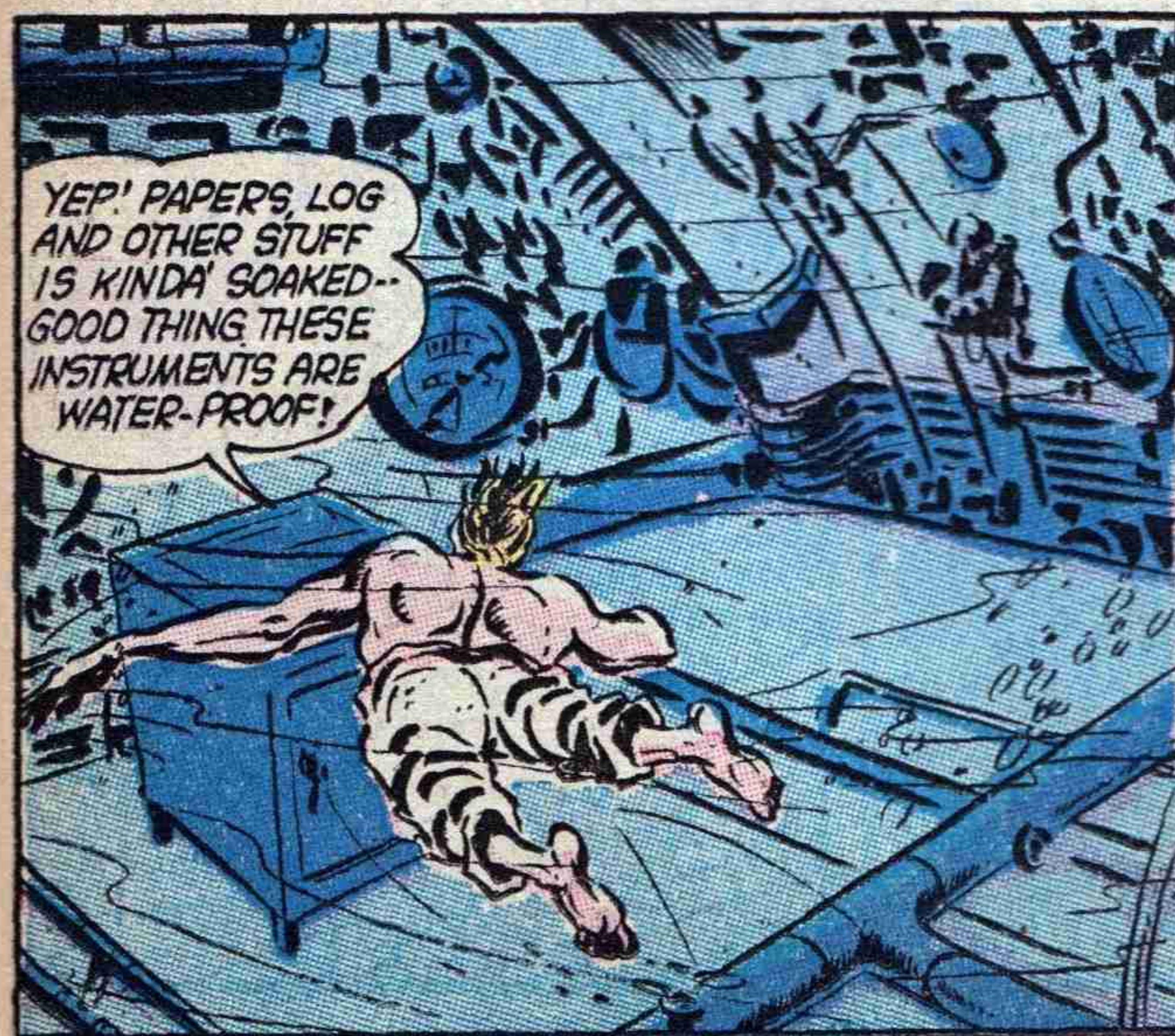
IT'S A STRANGE STORY, CAP'N. STARR, BUT HEAH IT IS, AN' EVERY LAST WORD OF IT IS TRUE--YOU SEE, DE HEAD MAN, CAP'N. HAWLEY, SUH, WAS IN COMMAND OB DE SUBMARINE 'MANTARAY'.. MAN, IT SHD WAS A MIGHTY FOGGY DAY!

"..WHEN ALL OB A SUDDEN 'BOUT THREE JAP U-BOATS COMES UP DIRECTLY IN FRONT OB US AND BAM- BLAM BLAM--DEY STARTS A SHOOTIN'!

YOU'D BETTER MAKE IT GOOD, WHITEY!











THEY'RE LAUNCHING A POWER BOAT -- LOOKS LIKE WE'RE GONNA HAVE COMPANY, SUH!

GET UNDER THE RAFT EVERYBODY AND WATCH FOR MY SIGNAL!



GIVE LOOK TO THE AMERICAN SEA-MONSTER THAT WE SUNK-- WAIT, THERE IS RAFT --- ANCHORED TO PORT SIDE!

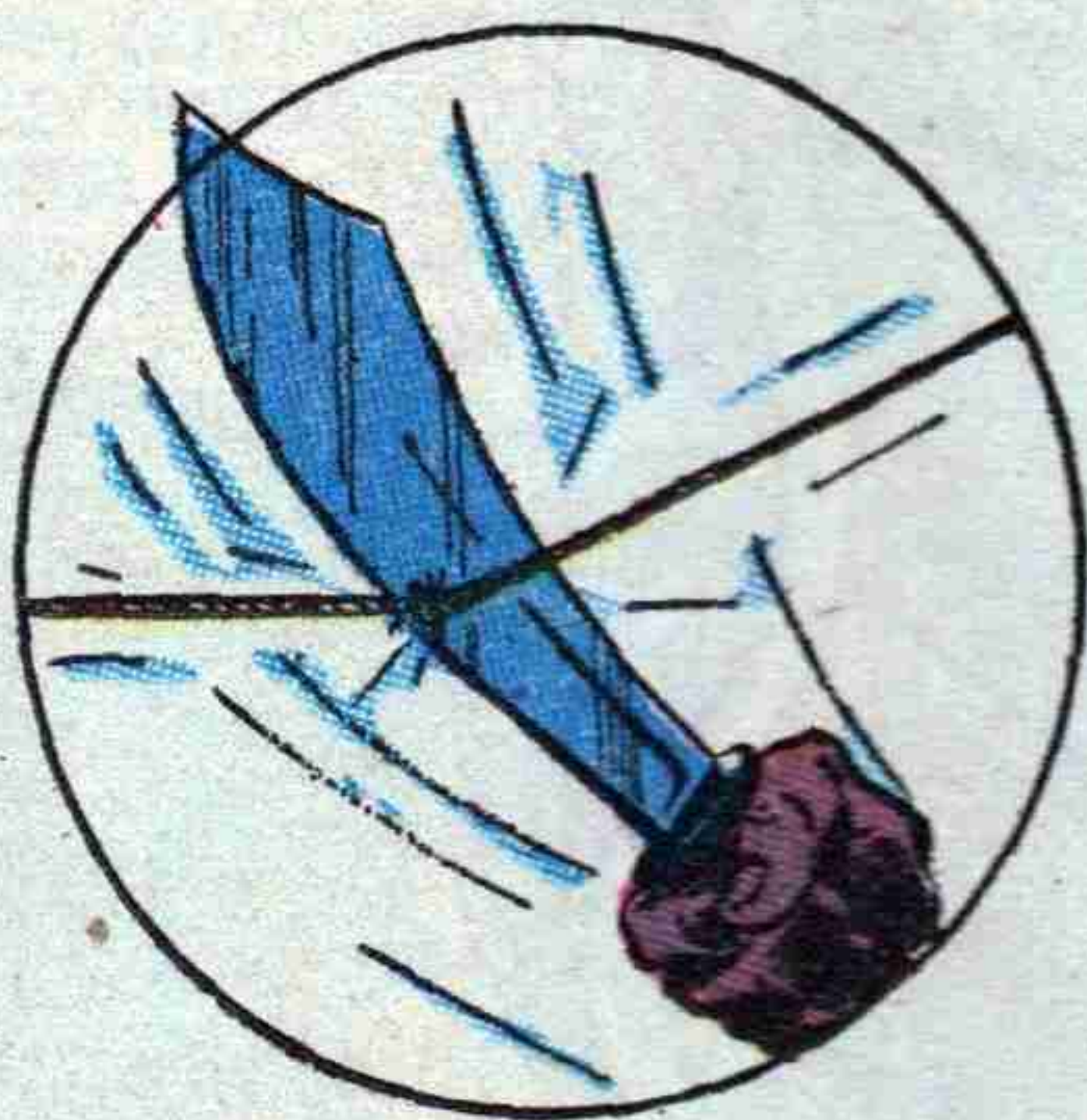
SILENCE! STEER STRAIGHT AHEAD, WE'LL BOARD HER FOR INSPECTION!



"UP COMES DE JAPS AND DEY CLIMBS ABOARD--"

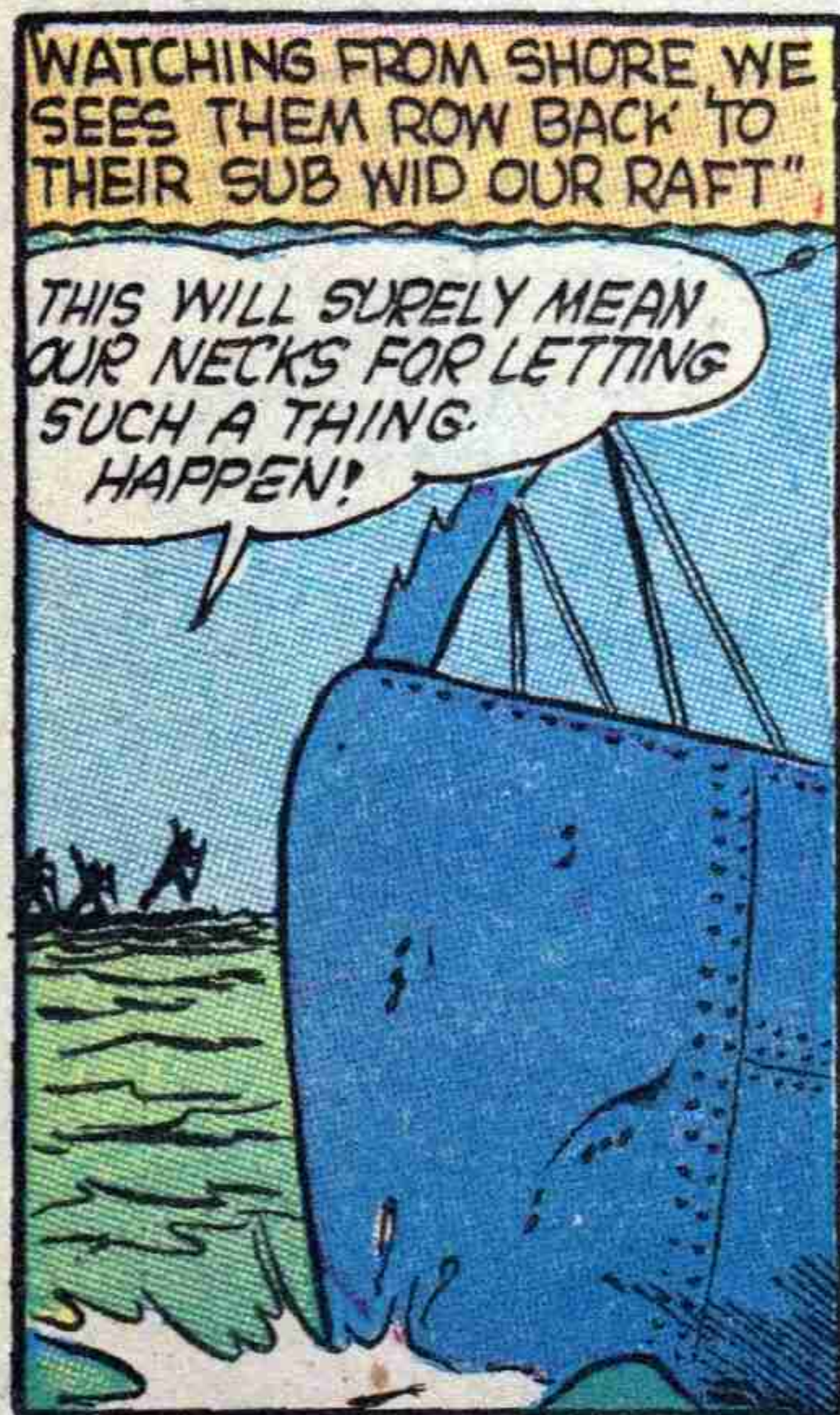
BE VERY WARY, THIS ONE HAPPENS TO KNOW AMERICAN RUSE VERY WELL!

"WHEN DEY ALL CLIMBS UP-- ZIP! AH CUTS DE ROPE DAT WAS HOLDIN' DE LAUNCH!"



LOOK! OUR LAUNCH IS SPEEDING AWAY!

YIIIIIT IS THE AMERICANS!



WATCHING FROM SHORE WE SEES THEM ROW BACK TO THEIR SUB WID OUR RAFT

THIS WILL SURELY MEAN OUR NECKS FOR LETTING SUCH A THING HAPPEN!



LOOKS LIKE OUR LITTLE YELLOW FRIENDS HAVE SCRAMMED THE PREMISES-- WELL, WE'VE GOT A NICE SOUVENIR TO CARRY ON OUR WORK-- NICE OF THEM TO BE SO CONSIDERATE, WASN'T IT-- BUT THEY'LL BE BACK!

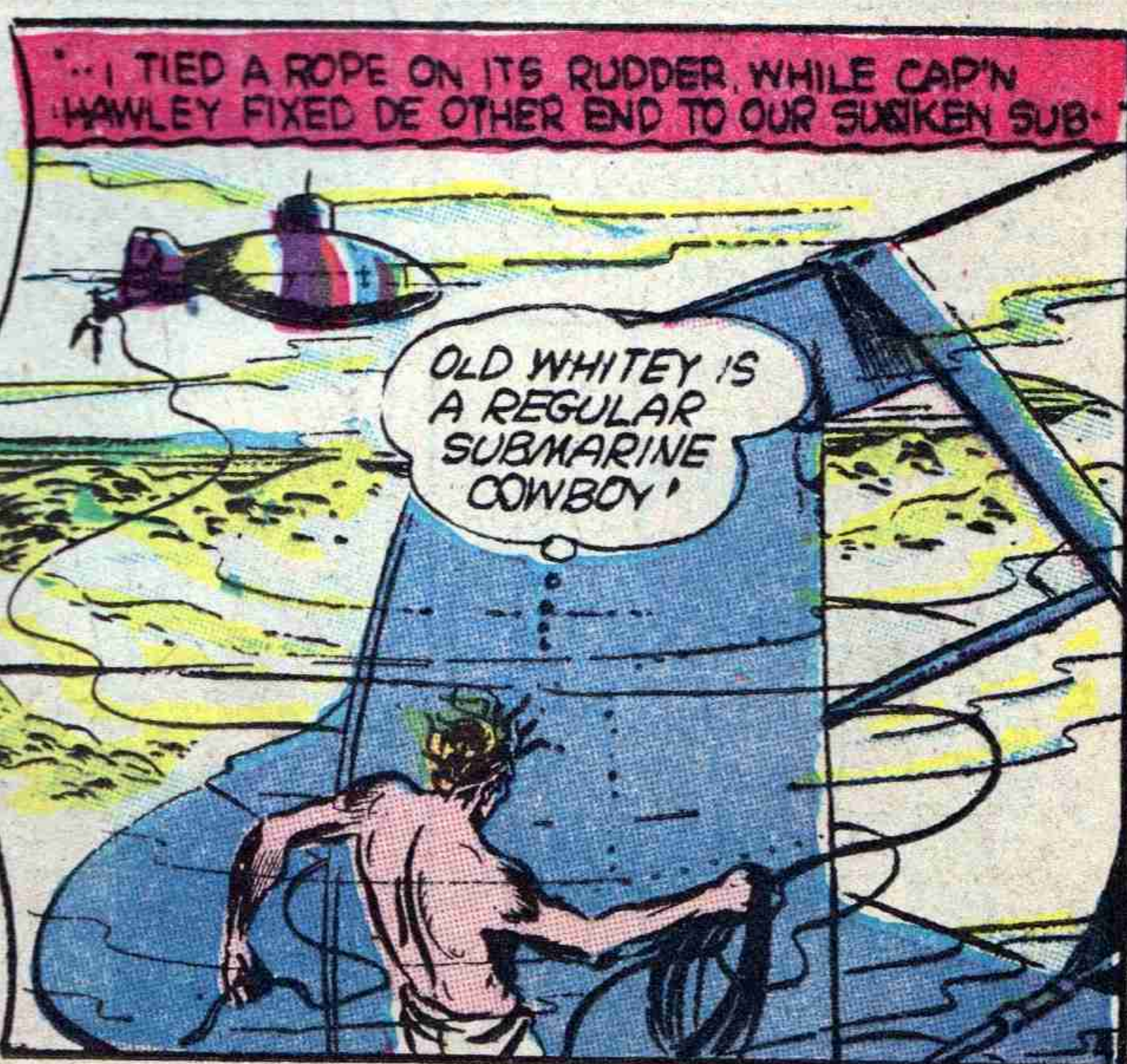
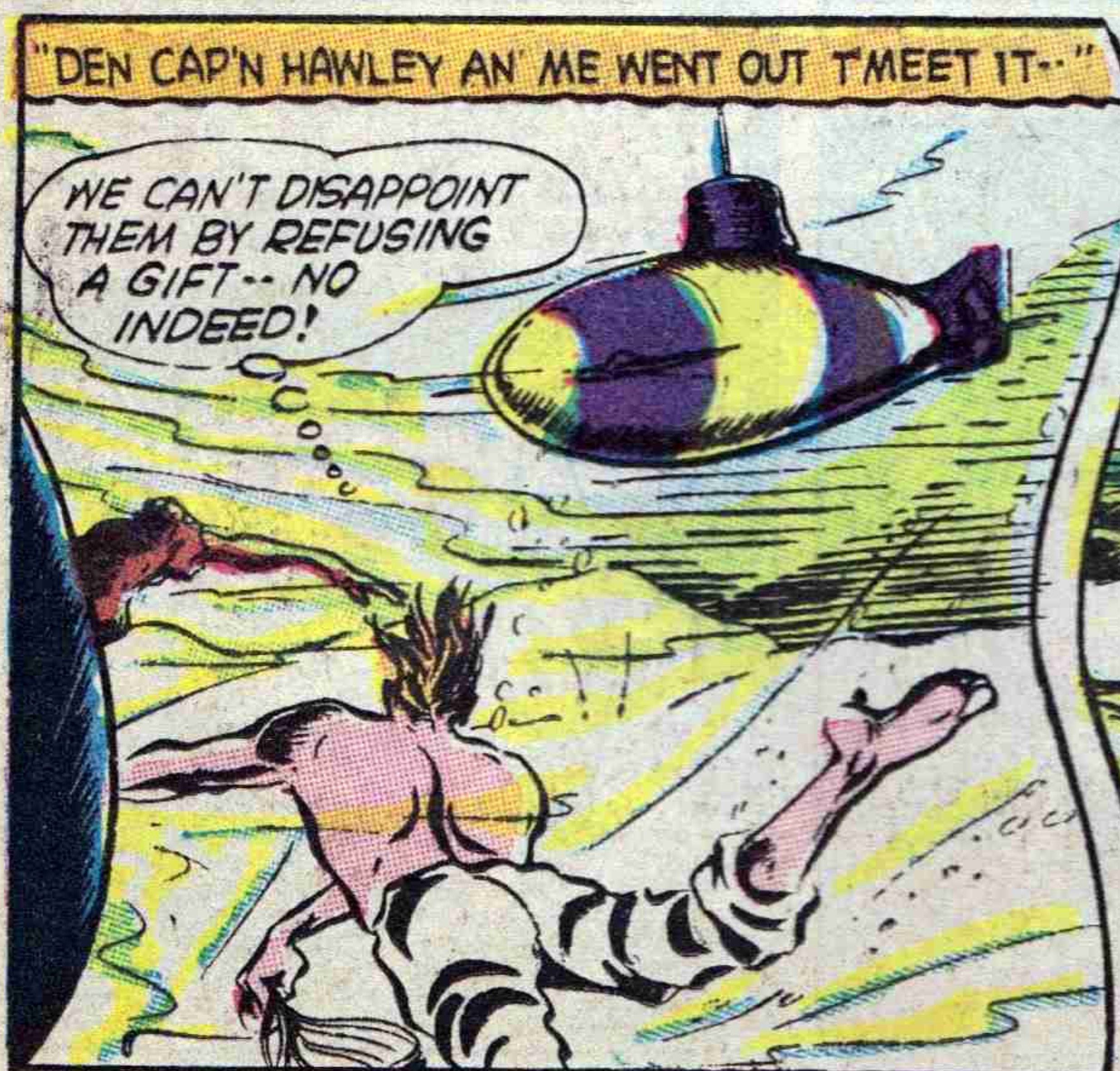
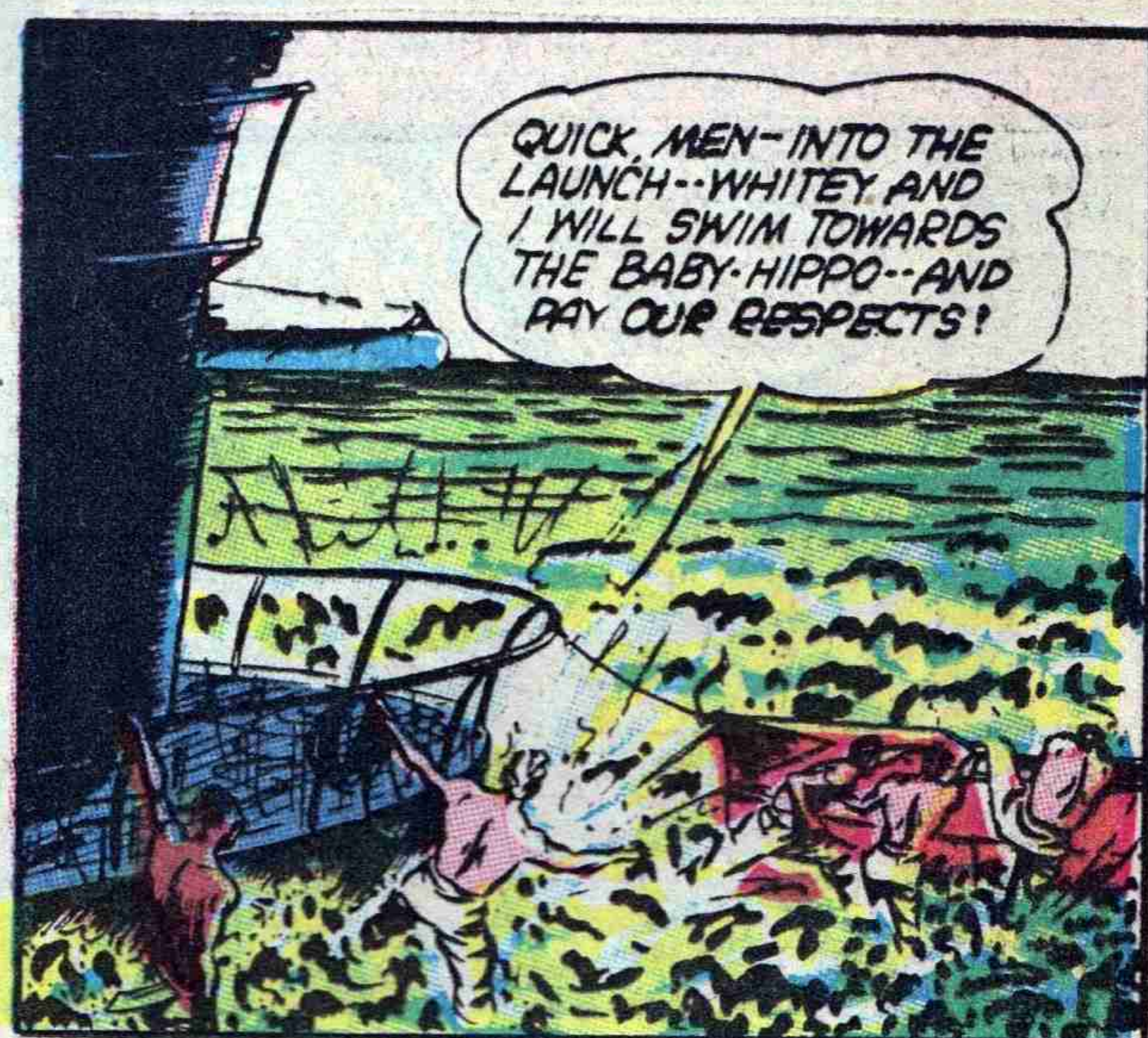


"LATER, CAPN HAWLEY AND I WAS SALVAGE DIVING AGAIN, WHEN OUT OF THE DARK--"

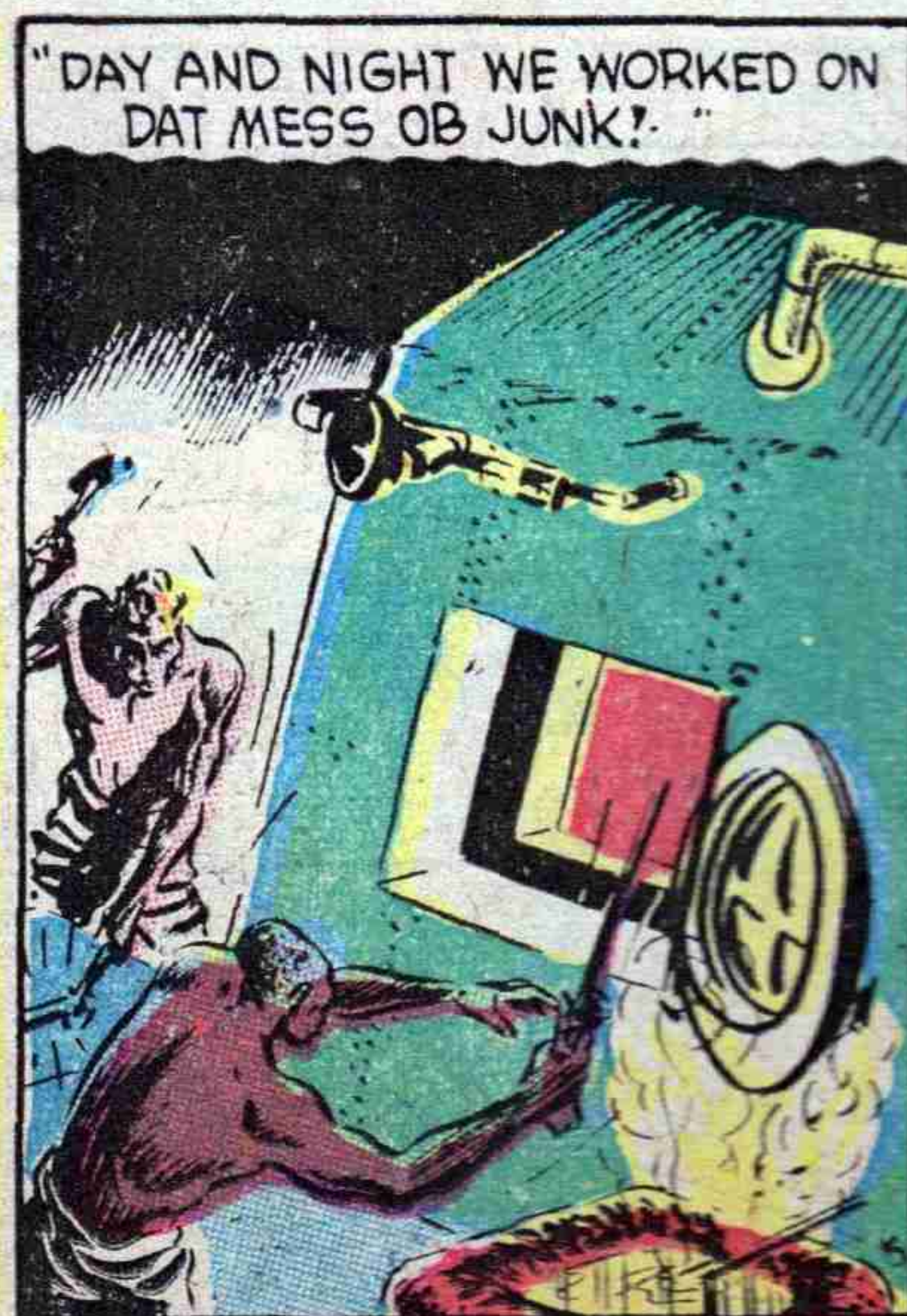
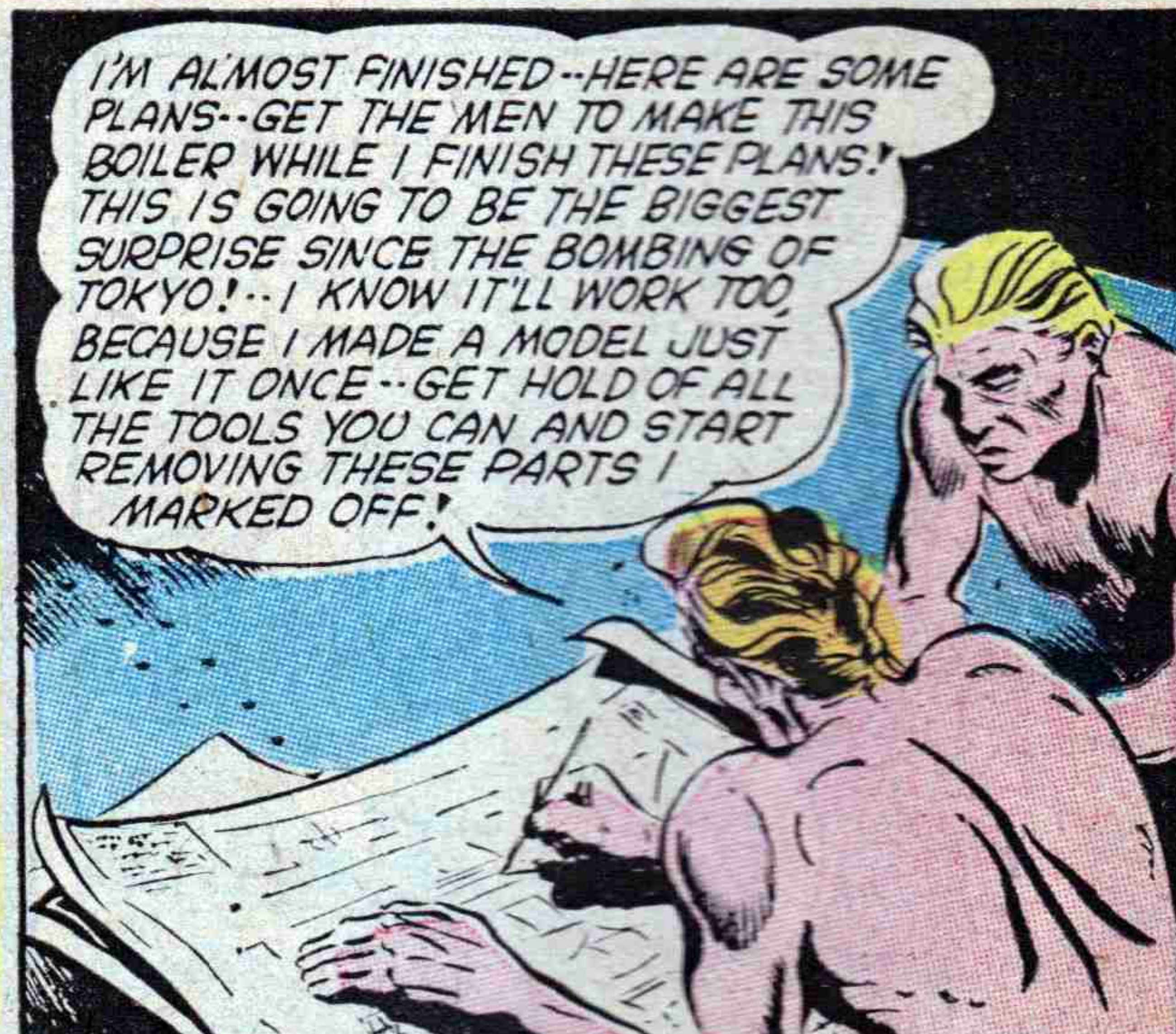
LAWSY ME!

LOOKOUT, WHITEY, SCRAM-- IT'S A HAMMERHEAD!



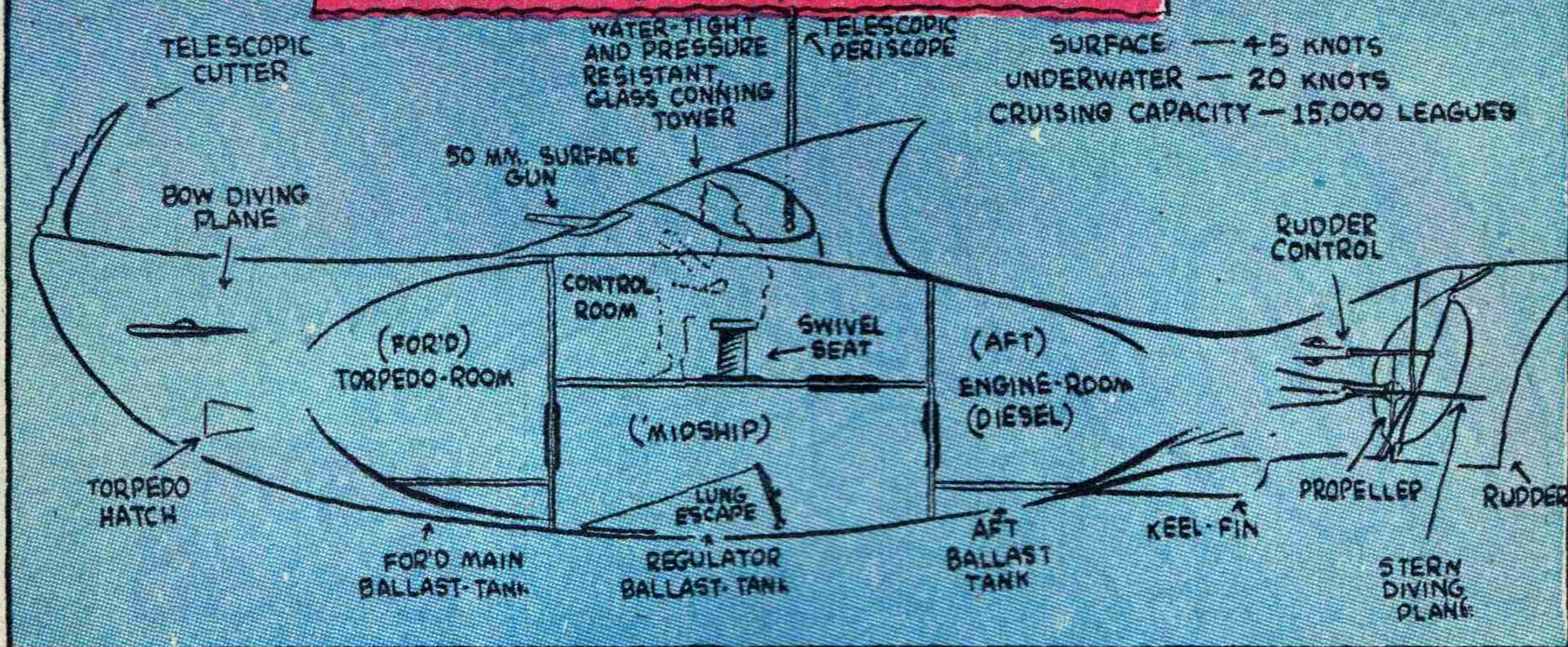








"FINALLY, IT WAS DONE!... CAP'N HAWLEY'S DREAM!... A ONE-MAN SUBMARINE SHAPED LIKE A "HAMMERHEAD SHARK"... MAN, IT SHO' WAS A HONEY"



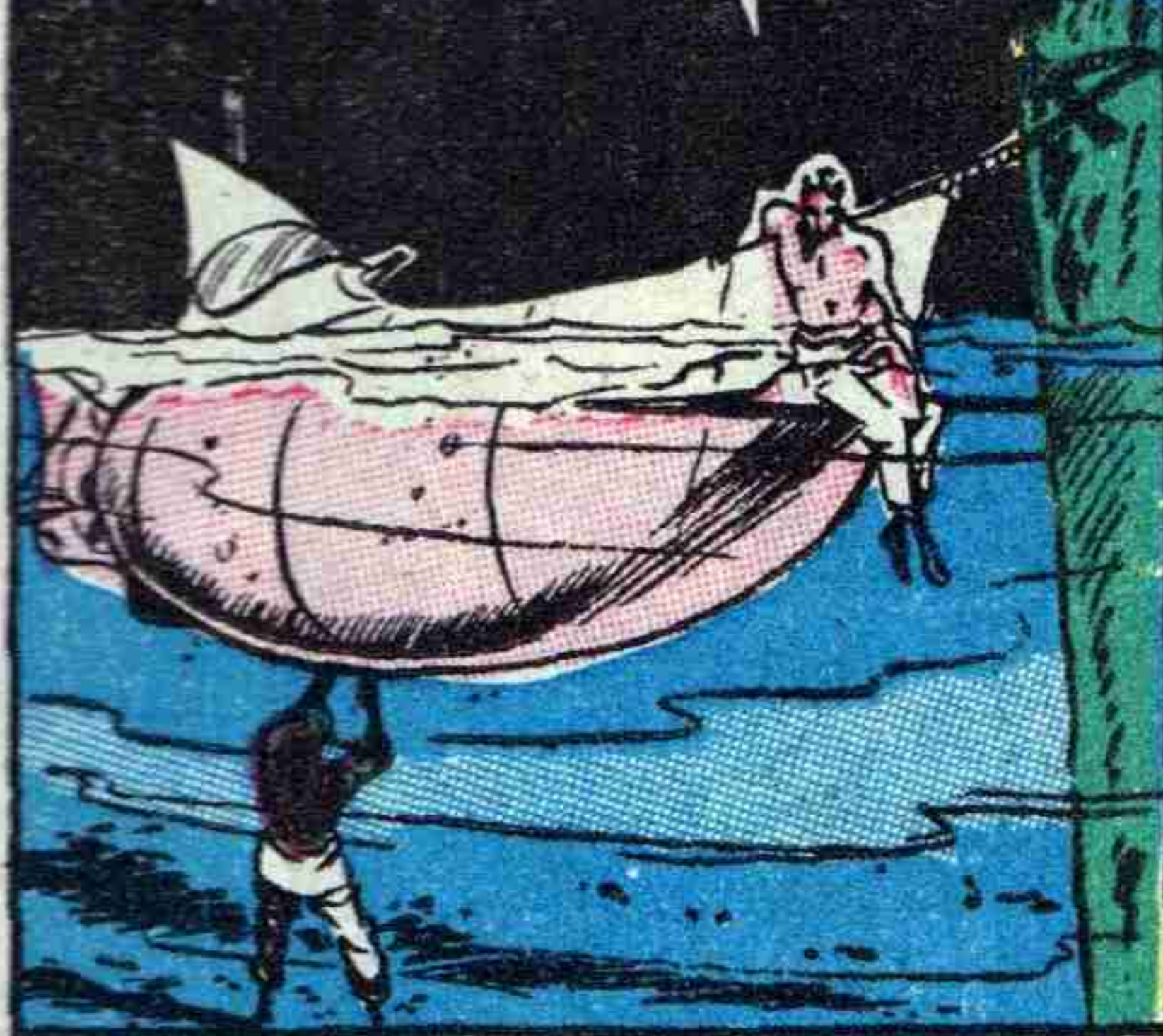
"CAP'N HAWLEY HISSELF MADE DE TEST RUN--"

SHE LEAKS A LITTLE IN THE STB'D PLATES ON THE KEEL AND FOR'D-- WE'LL GIVE HER A LITTLE MORE WELDING--THAT WILL DO THE TRICK!



"WE TOOK TURNS IN HANDLING THE WELDING-IRON-- AND DEN--"

A COUPLE MORE PLACES TO FIX AND SHE'LL BE HUNKY DORY!



AT LAST SHE'S IN TIP-TOP CONDITION -- BALLAST-TANKS WORK FASTER THAN I EXPECTED, EXCELLENT FOR CRASH-DIVING AND SHE FINES THE WATER LIKE A BARRACUDA--INSTRUMENTS CHECK A HUNDRED PERCENT!



"AND YO ALL SEEN FOR YO'SELF SUH, WHAT SHE DID WHEN CAP'N HAWLEY ATTACKED DOSE SUBS AND RESCUED YOU ALL--"

SAY, THAT WAS QUITE A STORY WHITEY CAPTAIN HAWLEY MUST BE A MIGHTY FINE MAN!

LAWSY ME, CAP'N STARR, EVERYBODY LIKES CAP'N HAWLEY, AN HE'S A MIGHTY SMART MAN TOO SUH-- HEAH HE COMES NOW!



I'VE GOT GOOD NEWS FOR YOU CAPTAIN STARR! THE COAST GUARD CUTTER WILL BE HERE TO-MORROW FORENOON TO PICK YOU UP!

THAT'S FINE CAPTAIN HAWLEY, I'LL HAVE TO GO I GUESS, BUT AFTER WHAT WHITEY TOLD ME, I'M HANGED IF I WOULDN'T RATHER STAY WITH YOU!



THOSE ARE FINE SENTIMENTS CAPTAIN STARR. BUT YOU WOULD PROBABLY CHANGE YOUR MIND IF YOU COULD LOOK AHEAD AND SEE WHAT FATE HAS IN STORE FOR --

HAMMERHEAD HAWLEY in THE NEXT ISSUE of CAPT. AERO GOMIGS!



# Commandos

OF THE  
**DEVIL  
DOGS**

by CHAS. M.  
QUINLAN

AT AN ALLIED COMMANDO BASE  
NEAR THE BURMESE WAR FRONT,  
CAPTAIN GREY CONCLUDES THE  
READING OF THE LIST OF MEN  
KILLED OR CAPTURED IN THEIR  
LAST DARING MIDNIGHT RAID

-- AND WILLIAM JENKS.

GEE WHIZ  
WALLY DID  
YOU HEAR THAT,  
LITTLE BILLY  
JENKS IS A  
PRISONER OF  
THE JAPS TOO!







YEAH, AND A LOT OF OTHER GOOD GUYS ARE TOO! SO WHAT?

SO WHAT? WHY YOU RATTLE BRAINED ROOKIE, JENKS IS ONLY A KID, AND HIS MA DON'T EVEN KNOW HE'S IN THE ARMY-- COME ON, LET'S GO WHERE WE CAN TALK!



WELL GO ON, I'M LISTENIN'-- TELL ME THE REST, -I KNOW WHAT THIS IS LEADIN' UP TO--

OH, YOU DO, EH? O.K. CHUM, THEN GET A LOAD OF THIS-- HE IS ONLY FIFTEEN YEARS OLD-- HE FALSIFIED HIS AGE TO GET IN THE ARMY-- HIS MA IS A VERY SICK WOMAN AND IF SHE FINDS OUT, IT WILL KILL HER--



I GET IT- SO WE'VE GOTTA RESCUE LITTLE WILLIE BEFORE THE CASUALTY LIST IS SENT TO ENGLAND AND PUBLISHED IN THE PAPERS!

AH, NOW YOU'RE COOKIN' WITH GAS, WALLY-- WELL, WHAT D'YOU SAY, ARE YOU WITH ME?



SARGE, IF YOU'RE STUPID ENOUGH TO RISK YOUR NECK ON A DEAL LIKE THIS, WELL I GUESS I'M STUPID ENOUGH TO FOLLOW YOU!

GOOD BOY, WALLY, I KNEW I COULD COUNT ON YOU!



ONE MORE QUESTION, SARGE-- WHEN DO WE LEAVE ON THIS TWO-MAN RESCUE EXPEDITION?

TO-NIGHT-- RIGHT AFTER TAPS!



GOOD-- NOW HOW DO WE GET THERE?-- DO WE SWIM, WALK OR JUST FLAP OUR ARMS LIKE THIS AND FLY OVER LIKE A COUPLE OF LITTLE ANGELS?

LAY OFF WISE GUY! DON'T ASK ANY MORE QUESTIONS JUST BE HERE, ARMED FOR ANY EMERGENCY AND I'LL TAKE CARE OF THE DETAILS!



THAT NIGHT AFTER ALL THE LIGHTS ARE OUT THE TWO MARINES MEET AND START FOR THE WATERFRONT...



SHH... QUIET YOU BIG PALOOKA... WHAT'S THAT RATTLING NOISE YOU'RE MAKING?

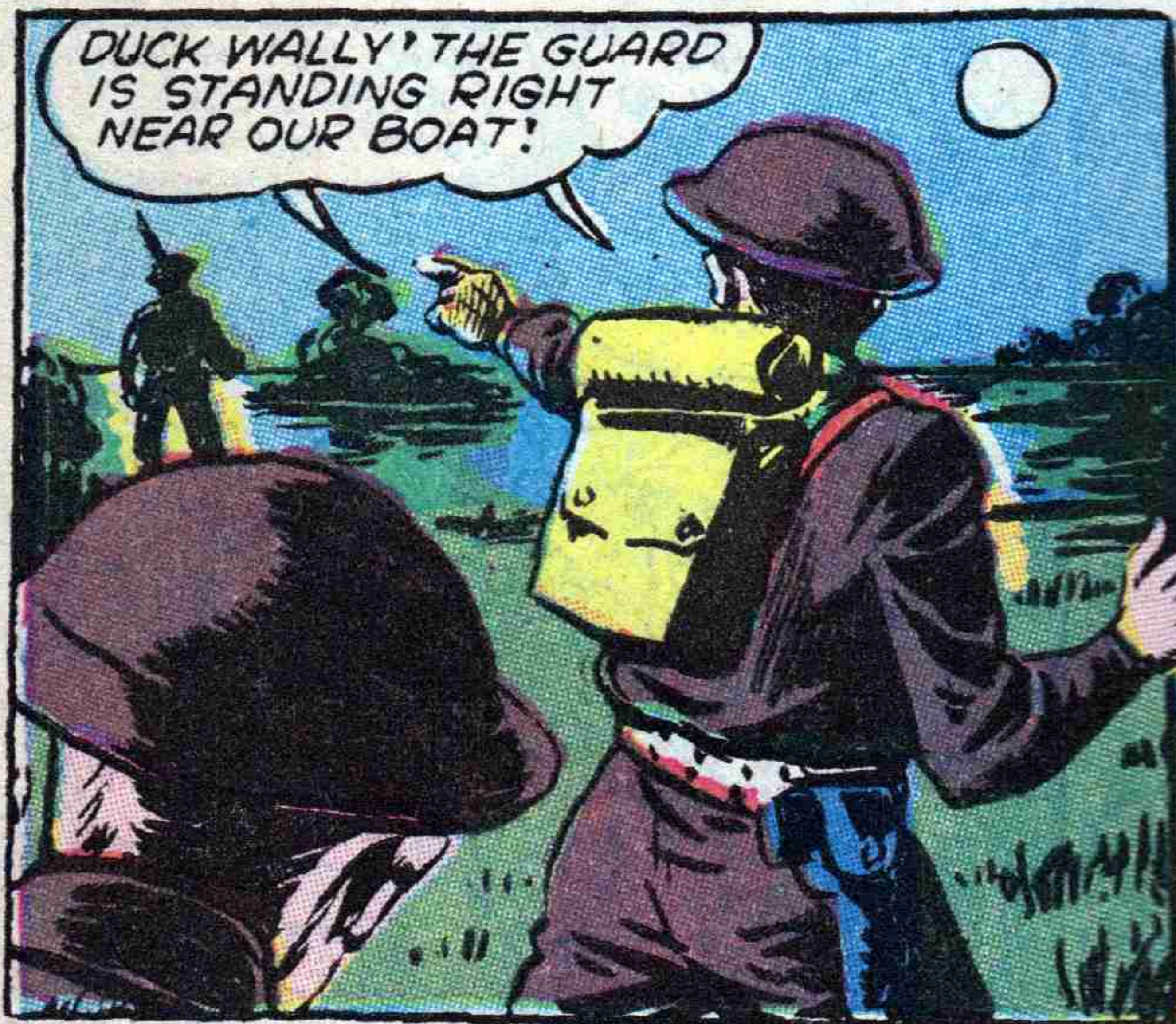
CLACKETY  
CLACK CLINK!

GOSH, BILL, IT'S ONLY A COUPLE OF POTS AND PANS... WE GOTTA EAT, AIN'T WE?

GET RID OF 'EM, YA LUG!-- THAT RACKET WOULD EVEN WAKE UP THE DEAD JAPS!



DUCK WALLY! THE GUARD IS STANDING RIGHT NEAR OUR BOAT!



AFTER WAITING A FEW MINUTES, THE GUARD WALKS SLOWLY AWAY--!

THERE HE GOES, WALLY-- C'MON, IT'S NOW OR NEVER!

RIGHT BEHIND YOU, SARGE, BUT I STILL THINK YOU'RE NUTS!



STEALTHILY CLIMBING ABOARD THE SMALL LAUNCH, BILL AND WALLY GRAB THE OARS AND ROW SILENTLY OUT TO SEA...

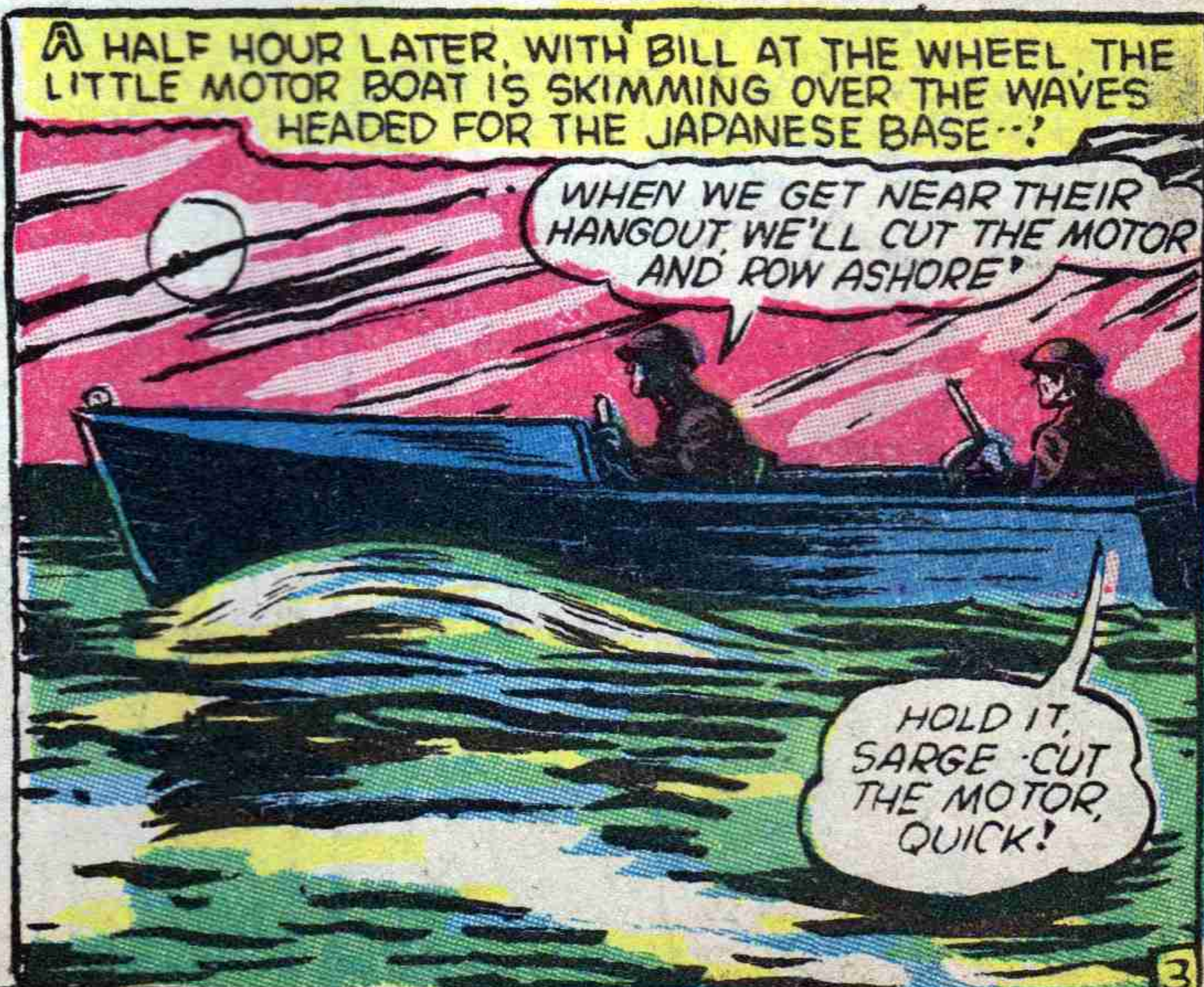
JUST A LITTLE FARTHER, THEN WE'LL START THE MOTOR!



A HALF HOUR LATER, WITH BILL AT THE WHEEL, THE LITTLE MOTOR BOAT IS SKIMMING OVER THE WAVES HEADED FOR THE JAPANESE BASE--?

WHEN WE GET NEAR THEIR HANGOUT, WE'LL CUT THE MOTOR AND ROW ASHORE!

HOLD IT, SARGE-- CUT THE MOTOR, QUICK!







WHY, WHAT'S THE MATTER?

SOMETHING MOVING OVER THERE! LOOKS LIKE A PERISCOPE-- MAYBE A JAP SUB!



HONORABLE COMMANDER, COME LOOK QUICKLY! SMALL BOAT IN EYE OF PERISCOPE!



ALL HANDS TO POSTS! SURFACE AT ONCE! YOU TOYO, GO TOP-SIDE, OPEN CONNING TOWER, MAKE INVESTIGATION!

AYE AYE SIR!



IT'S A JAP SUB, ALLRIGHT-- SHE'S COMIN' UP. WE'RE SPOTTED. QUICK, PUT ABOUT TEN GRENADES IN DISPATCH BAG-- WHEN I SAY "NOW" PULL ALL THE PINS AND GIVE IT TO ME-- I'VE GOT AN IDEA!

YEAH, AND IT BETTER BE GOOD!



HEY! MEN IN SMALL BOAT, COME ALONG SIDE-- WHO ARE YOU?



ONCE AGAIN, SHIELDED BY THE DARKNESS, SGT. TANNER'S KNOWLEDGE OF JAPANESE SERVES HIM WELL!

IS HONORABLE MESSENGER FROM IMPERIAL HEADQUARTERS ON SHORE-- HAVE IMPORTANT MESSAGE FOR HONORABLE SUBMARINE COMMANDER! --"OKAY, WALLY, NOW"!





HERE, CLOSE CONNING TOWER--GO BELOW AND DELIVER SAME AT ONCE!



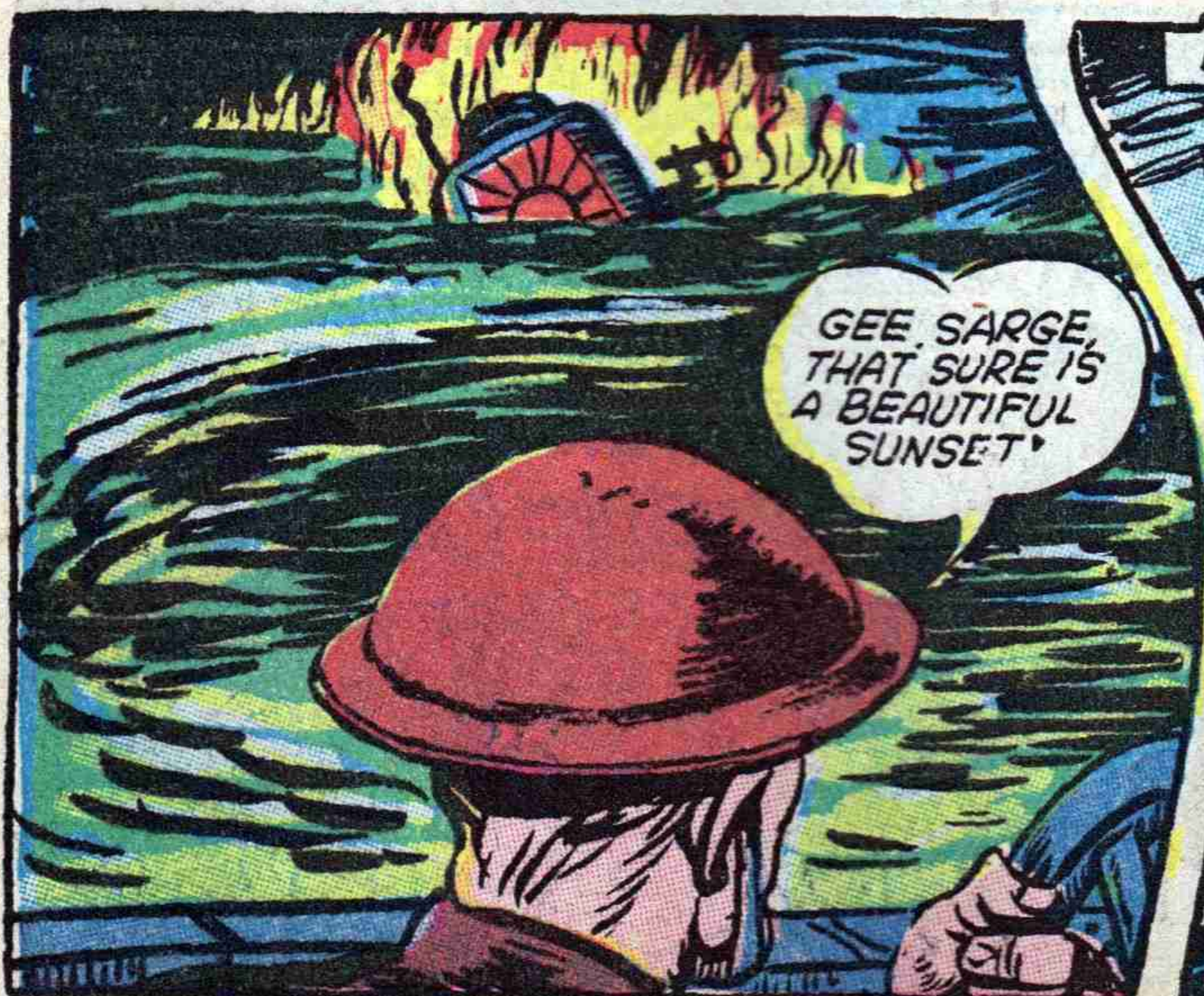
QUICKLY CLOSING THE CONNING TOWER, THE JAP SAILOR HURRIES BELOW WITH THE "IMPORTANT MESSAGE"!



QUICK, WALLY! KICK HER OVER AND GET GOIN'!



AH, HONORABLE MESSAGE HAS BEEN DELIVERED!



GEE, SARGE, THAT SURE IS A BEAUTIFUL SUNSET!



A HALF HOUR LATER:

THERE'S THE JAP BASE, WALLY--SHUT HER OFF--FROM HERE ON, WE ROW! GRAB AN OAR, CHUM!





TWENTY MINUTES LATER!







SEE THAT BUILDING OVER THERE, THAT'S THE RADIO STATION--CYMON, I'VE GOTTA SEND A MESSAGE TO CAPTAIN GREY!

HEY, THAT JOINT WILL BE SWARMING WITH GUARDS!



YEH, BUT THAT'S NOTHING--WE JUST WALK IN NONCHALANT!

HE'S NUTS, THE GUY'S GONE SCREWY, I KNEW IT WOULD HAPPEN--I KNEW IT!



HIYA, SARGE!

HI, WILLY, EVERYTHING OKAY?

WILLY JENKS! HEY, WHAT GOES ON HERE? WHERE'S THE JAPS?



OH, THEY'RE SAFE--THERE WERE ONLY ABOUT TWO HUNDRED OF THEM HERE!

Y-Y-YOU K-KILLED THEM ALL?



NO, WALLY, I JUST KNOCKED OUT A COUPLE OF GUARDS WHO WERE WATCHING THE PRISONERS--THEN TURNED OUR BOYS LOOSE!



THEY COMMANDEERED THE JAP'S GUNS AND MARCHED 'EM ALL INTO THE STOCKADE--YEAH, IT'S OUR BASE NOW! SO I GOTTA SEND THAT MESSAGE--CALL HEAD-QUARTERS JOE!

WELL, I'LL BE!



AT THE COMMANDO HEAD-QUARTERS--

WHAT! SGT. TANNER--WHERE? NO, I DIDN'T SEND IN THE LIST OF PRISONERS YET--WHAT!--THEY'RE NOT PRISONERS ANYMORE?--WELL, I'LL BE--!

DON'T MISS THE NEXT GREAT ADVENTURE OF THE COMMANDOS OF THE DEVIL DOGS IN THE NEXT CAPTAIN AERO COMICS!



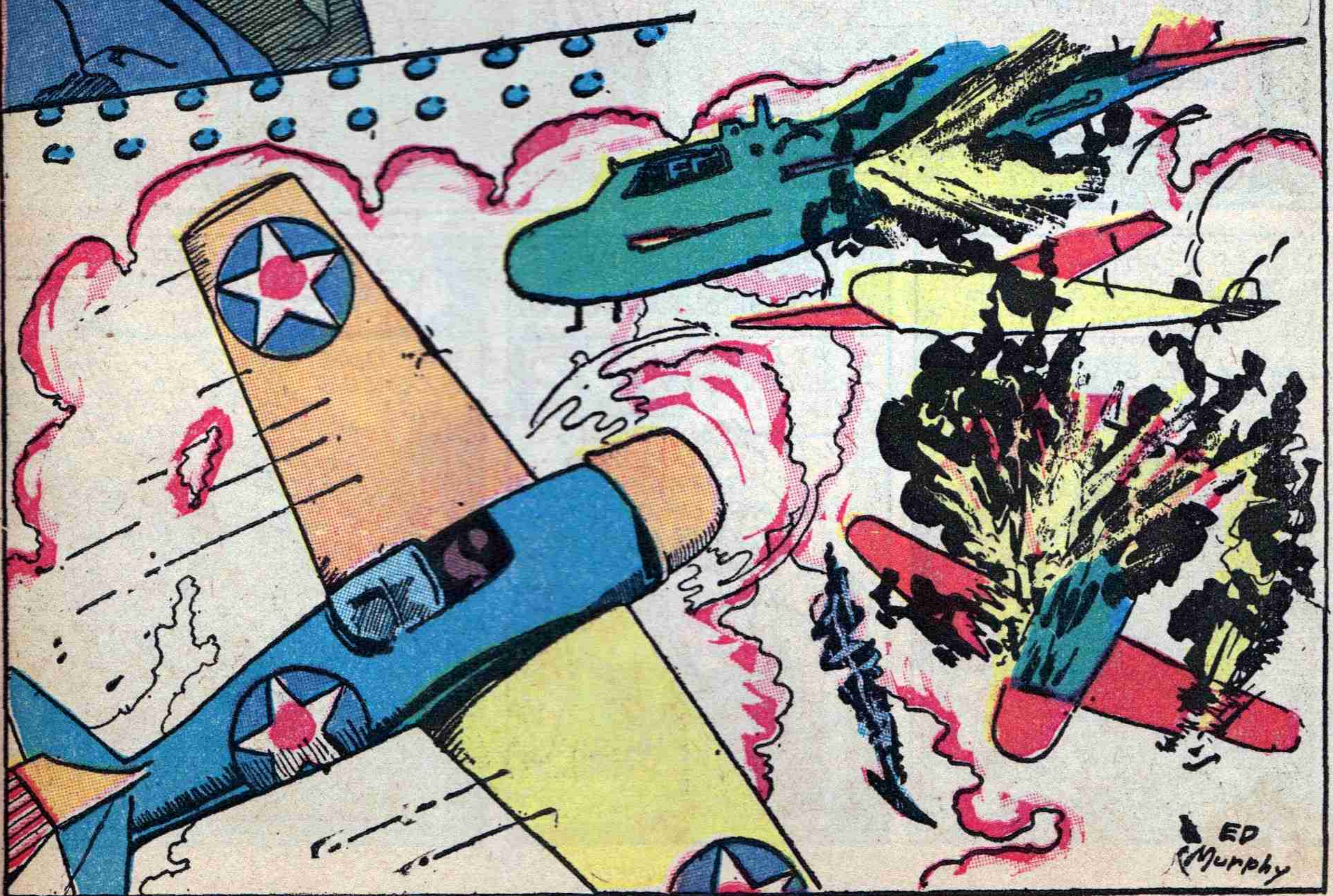
# Lieutenant Commander FIGHTING MAN

Edward H. O'Hare



**I**N HIS FIRST FIVE MINUTES OF FIGHTING, HE SENT FIVE JAP PLANE'S PLUNGING INTO THE PACIFIC!

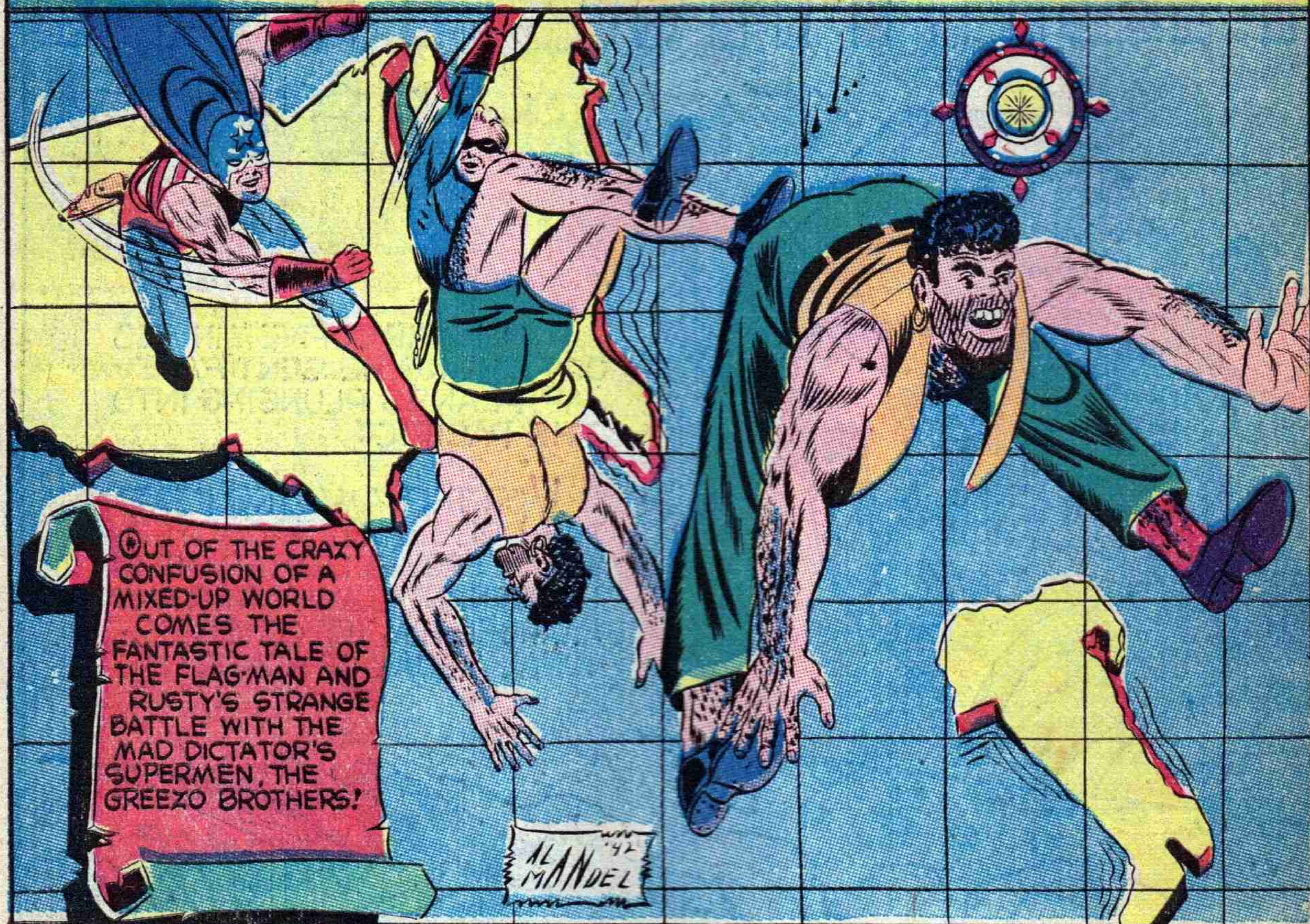
**F**OR THIS AMAZING FEAT, THE PRESIDENT PROMOTED "BUTCH" FROM A LIEUTENANT TO LIEUTENANT COMMANDER AND AWARDED HIM THE CONGRESSIONAL MEDAL OF HONOR!



ED  
Murphy



# FLAMMAM



ROME--A CERTAIN WELL-  
HATED DICTATOR STANDS  
BEFORE A SHORT WAVE SET!

NOW, I WILL GIVE THOSE  
AMERICANS SOMETHING  
THEY WON'T FORGET!

IN AMERICA, MAJOR HORNET  
AND RUSTY WAIT TO HEAR  
THE PRESIDENT SPEAK--!

QUIET, RUSTY, THE  
PRESIDENT'S ON  
THE AIR!

MY FRIENDS  
AND FELLOW--  
GRKWE--TO THE  
PIGS OF AMERICA,  
THIS IS IL DUCE,  
MUSSOLINI--

---AND THE FASCISTI WILL  
DEFEAT THE DEMOCRATIC  
NATIONS---

WHY THAT  
SQUEALING  
PIG!

IT'S TIME  
SOMEBODY  
PUT THAT  
PIG IN A  
PEN!



RUSTY, YOU'RE RIGHT! IT'S TIME SOMEBODY SHOWED HIM WHAT THE PLAYBOYS CAN DO-- YOU KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS!



IT MEANS WORK FOR FLAG-MAN AND RUSTY!

RIGHT, KID-- LET'S GO!



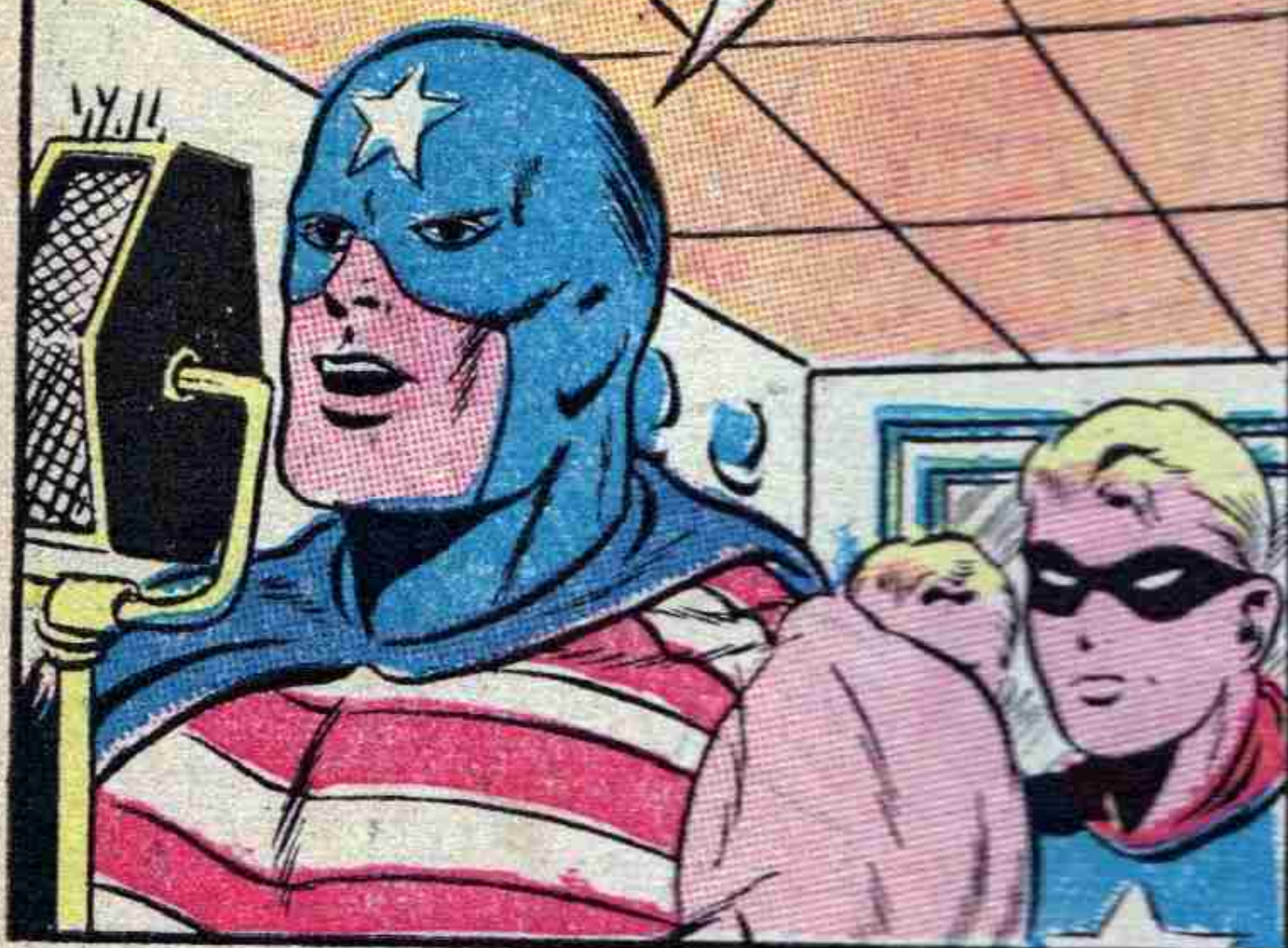
A SHORT WHILE LATER AT A LOCAL BROADCAST STUDIO--

I'D LIKE TO MAKE A BROADCAST TO EUROPE-- ITALY IN PARTICULAR!

WHY-S-S. SURE-- FLAG-MAN!



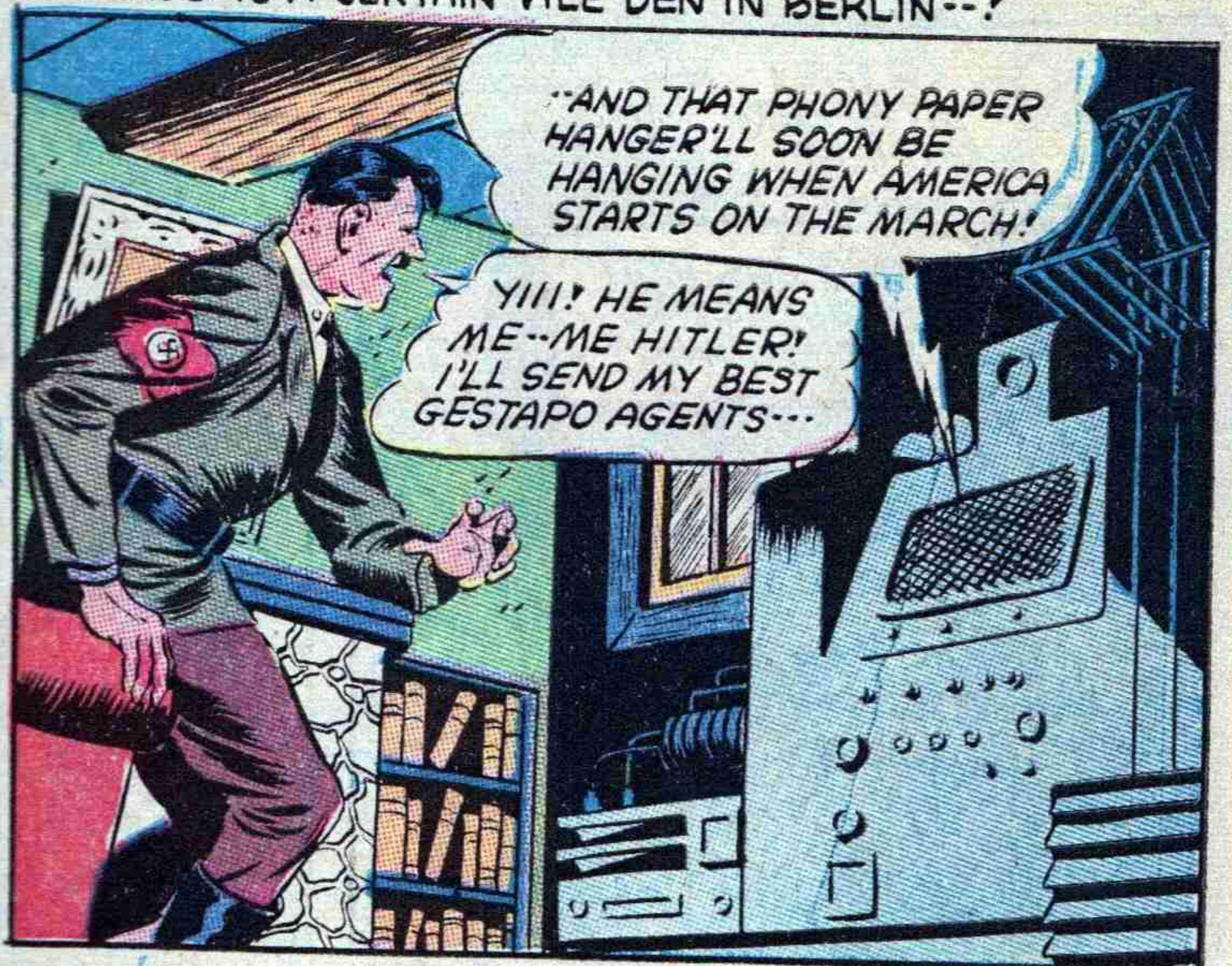
SEE HERE, YOU BALD-HEADED BARREL BELLY, THIS IS THE FLAG-MAN AND RUSTY-- WE'LL SMASH ANYBODY YOU SEND OVER---



A POWERFUL SHORT WAVE SET CARRIES THE FLAG-MAN'S WORDS TO A CERTAIN VILE DEN IN BERLIN--

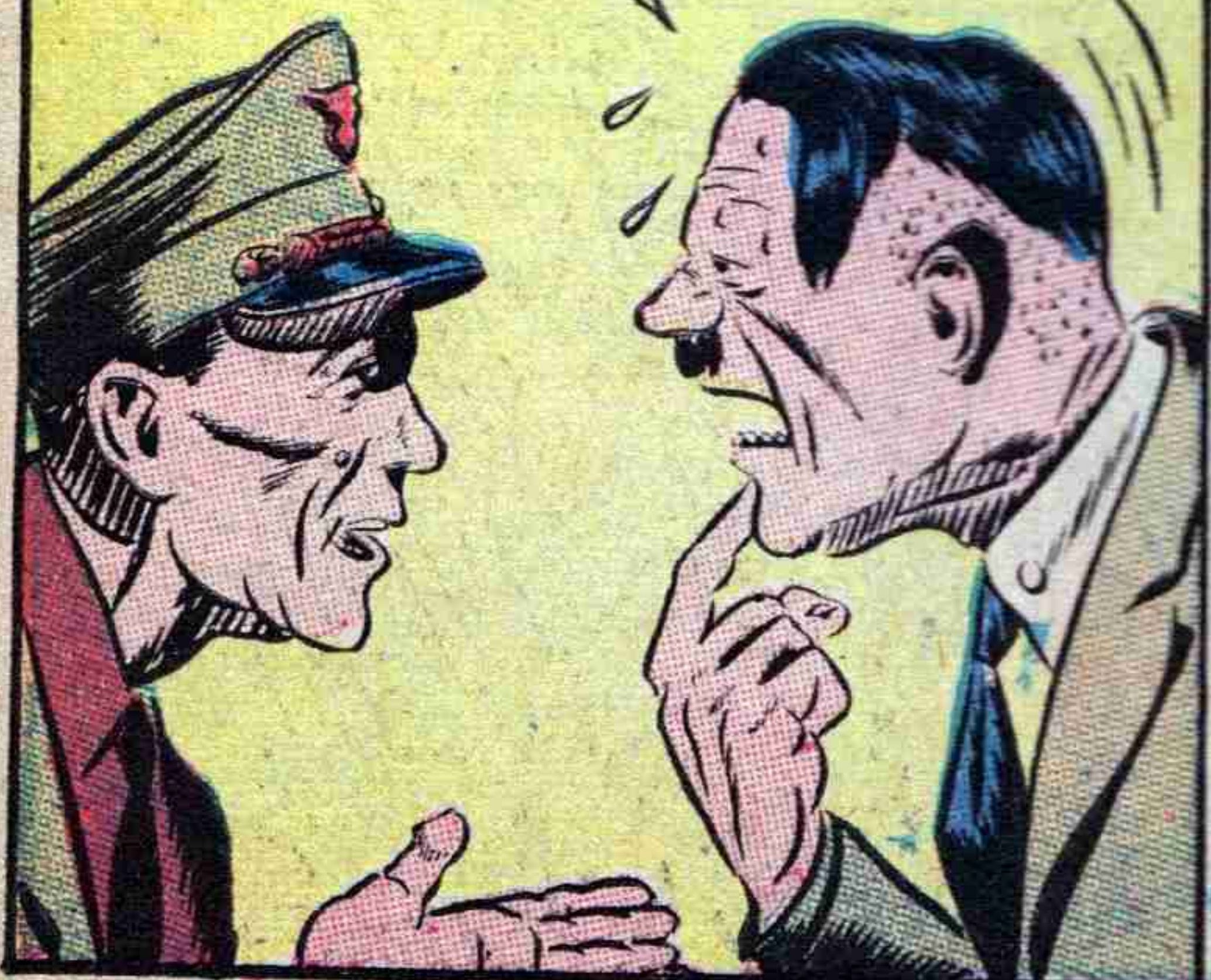
--AND THAT PHONY PAPER HANGER'LL SOON BE HANGING WHEN AMERICA STARTS ON THE MARCH!

YIII! HE MEANS ME--ME HITLER! I'LL SEND MY BEST GESTAPO AGENTS---



JA, HERR HITLER, BUT YOU KNOW VOT THE FLAG-MAN HAS DONE TO ALL THE AGENTS VE SENT!

HMM, I'M STILL PAYING THEIR HOSPITAL BILLS-- ANYWAY, I'D LIKE TO ACCEPT HIS CHALLENGE, BUT---



MY ARMIES ARE BUSY ON THE EASTERN FRONT, THE NORTHERN FRONT, THE WESTERN FRONT, THE WATERFRONT, VE HAVEN'T A CHILD TO SPARE TO FIGHT HIM!

JA, JA, HERR HITLER, YOU HAVE GOOD EXCUSES!













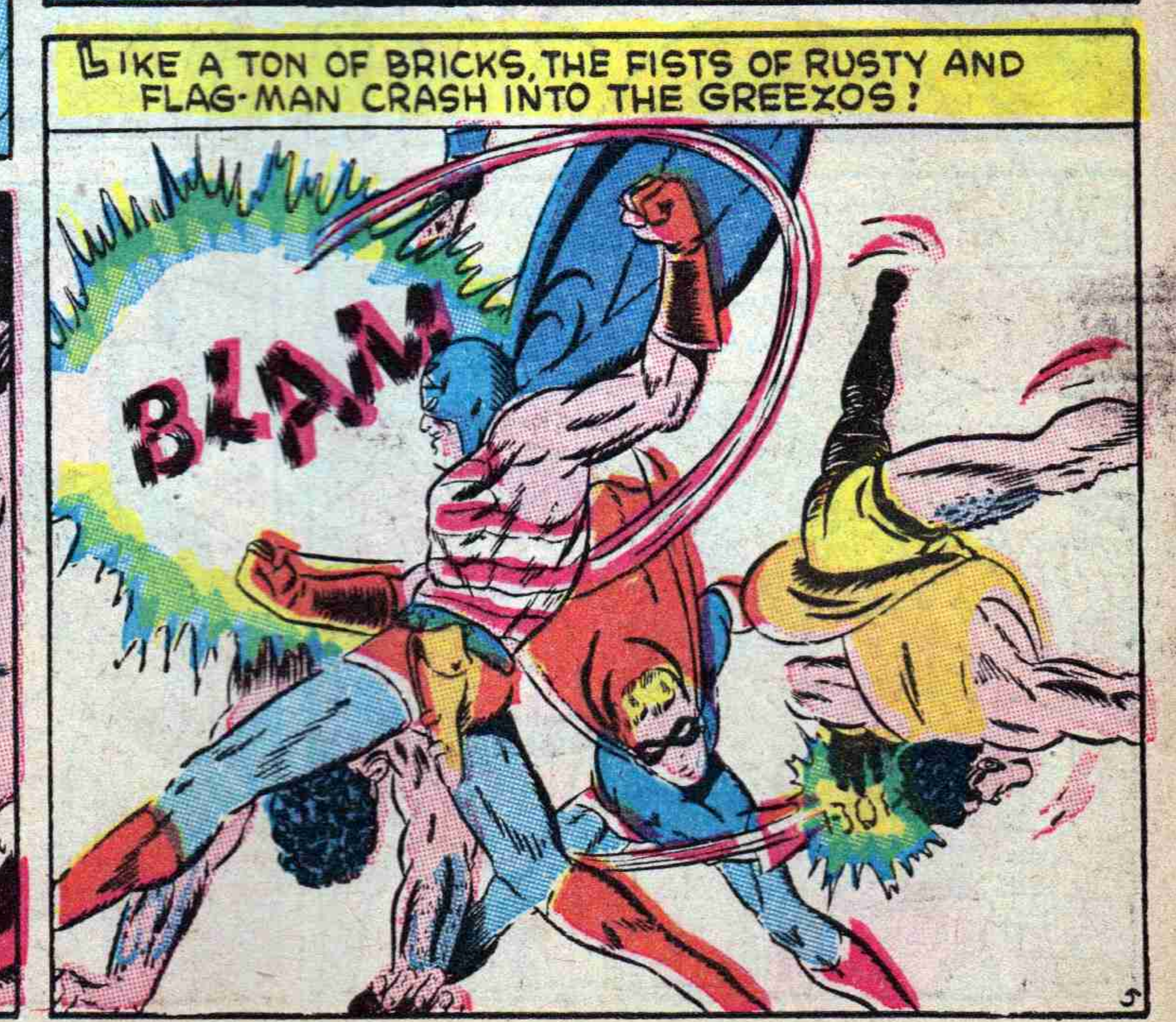
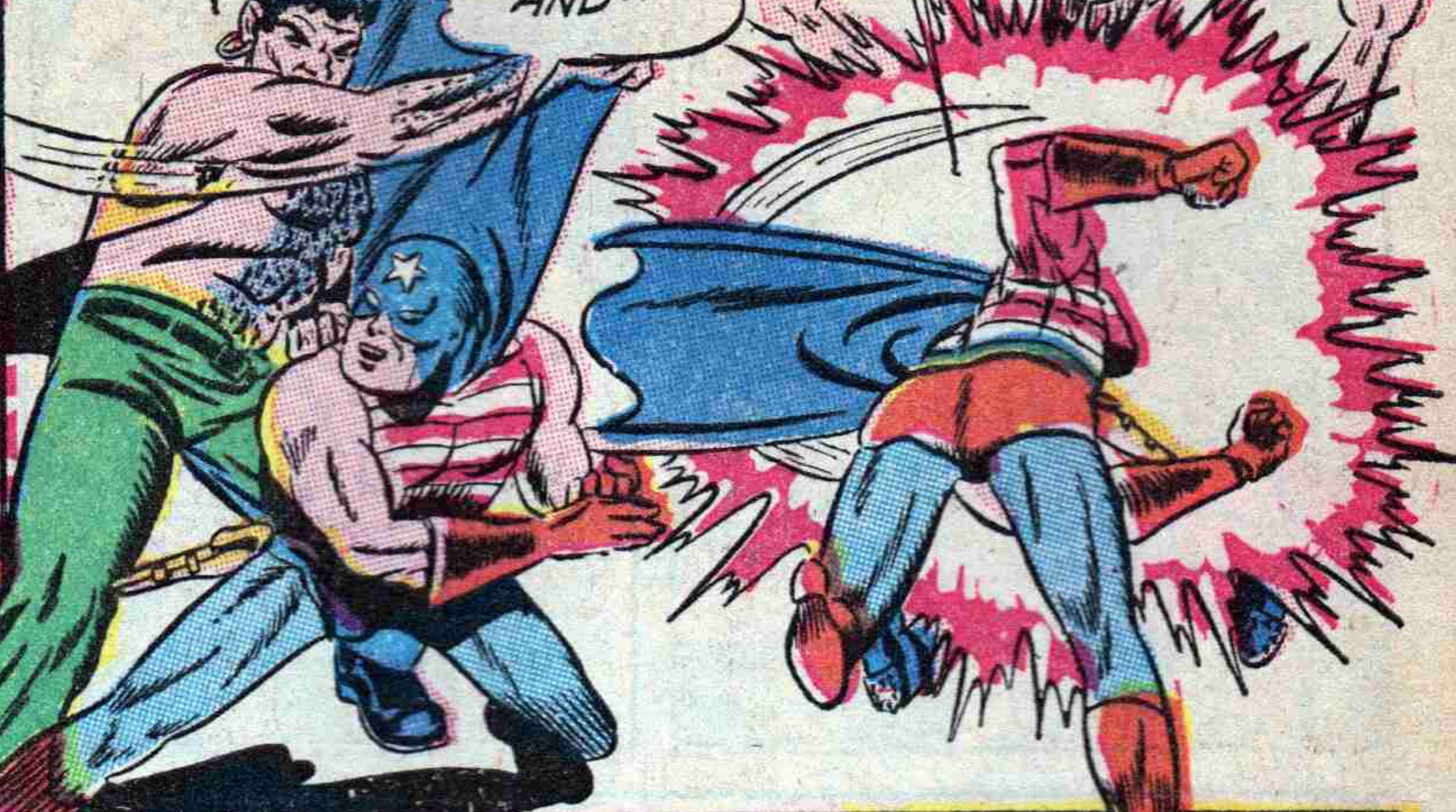
QUICK AS A FLASH, THE FLAG-MAN AND RUSTY STEP ASIDE!



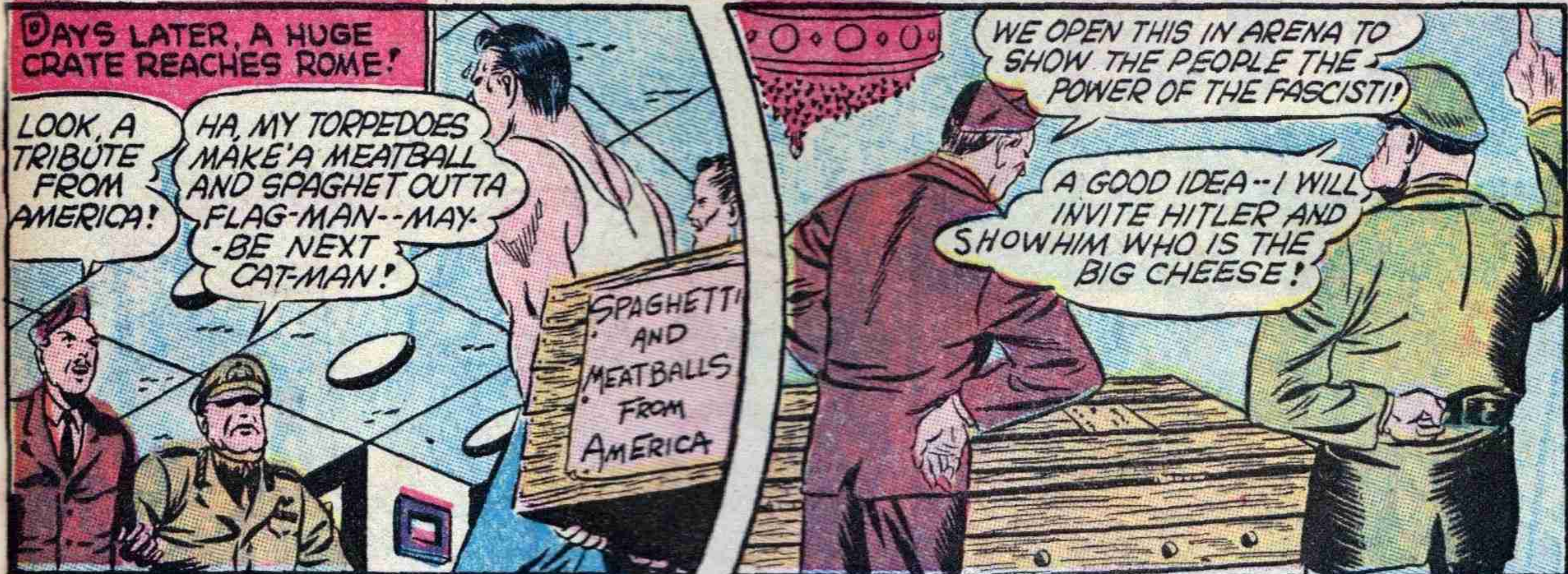
DIABOLO! I CRACK YOUR OOPS!

MY TURN, AND...

I DON'T MISS!







A CALL FOR BROTHER RAT--!



FLAG-MAN! HE'S IN EUROPE! YIIII! CALL OUT THE ARMY-- CALL OUT THE NAVY--CALL OUT--



THE FOLLOWING DAY, A VAST THROG PACKS THE ARENA TO VIEW THE PROCEEDINGS--!



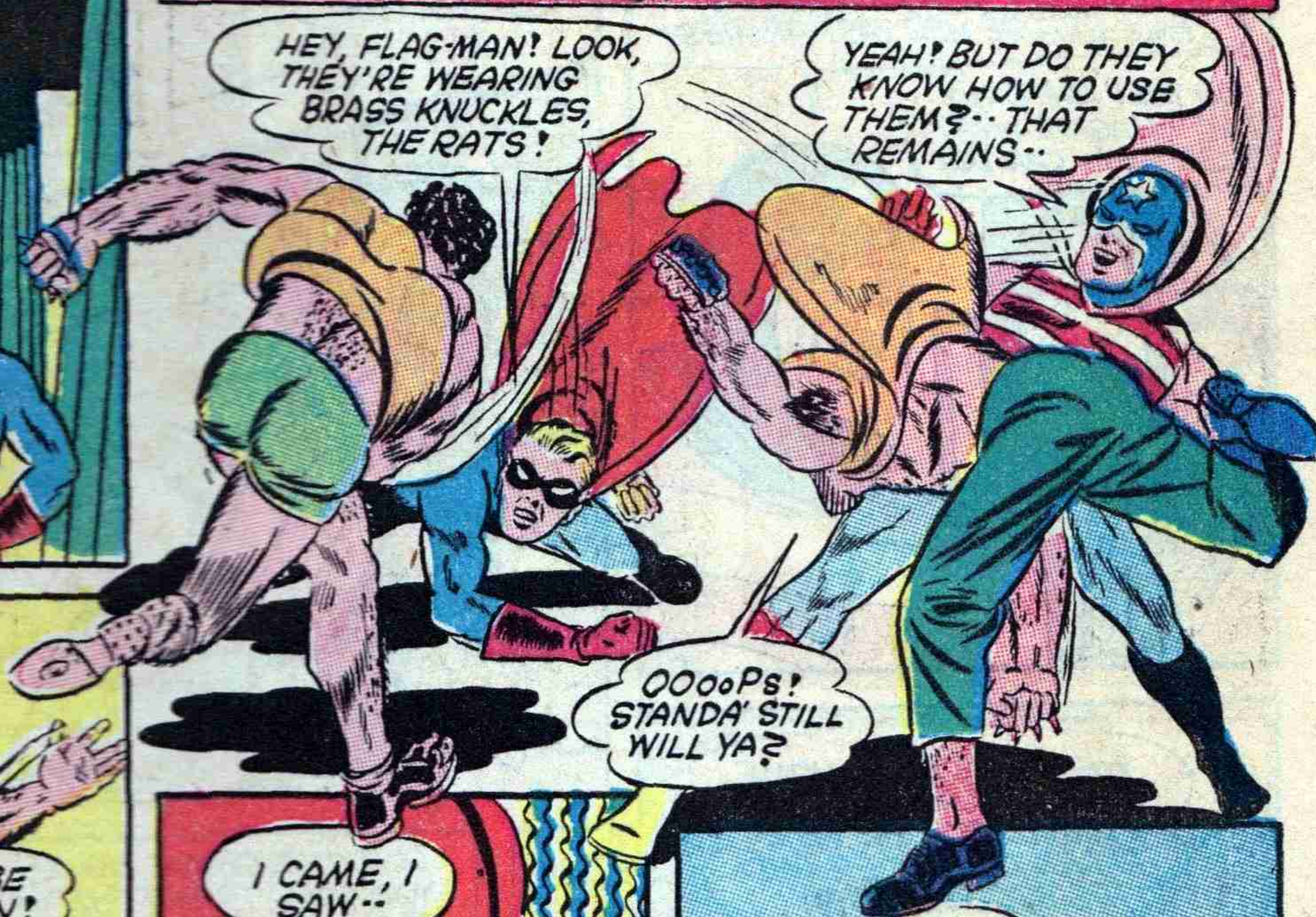
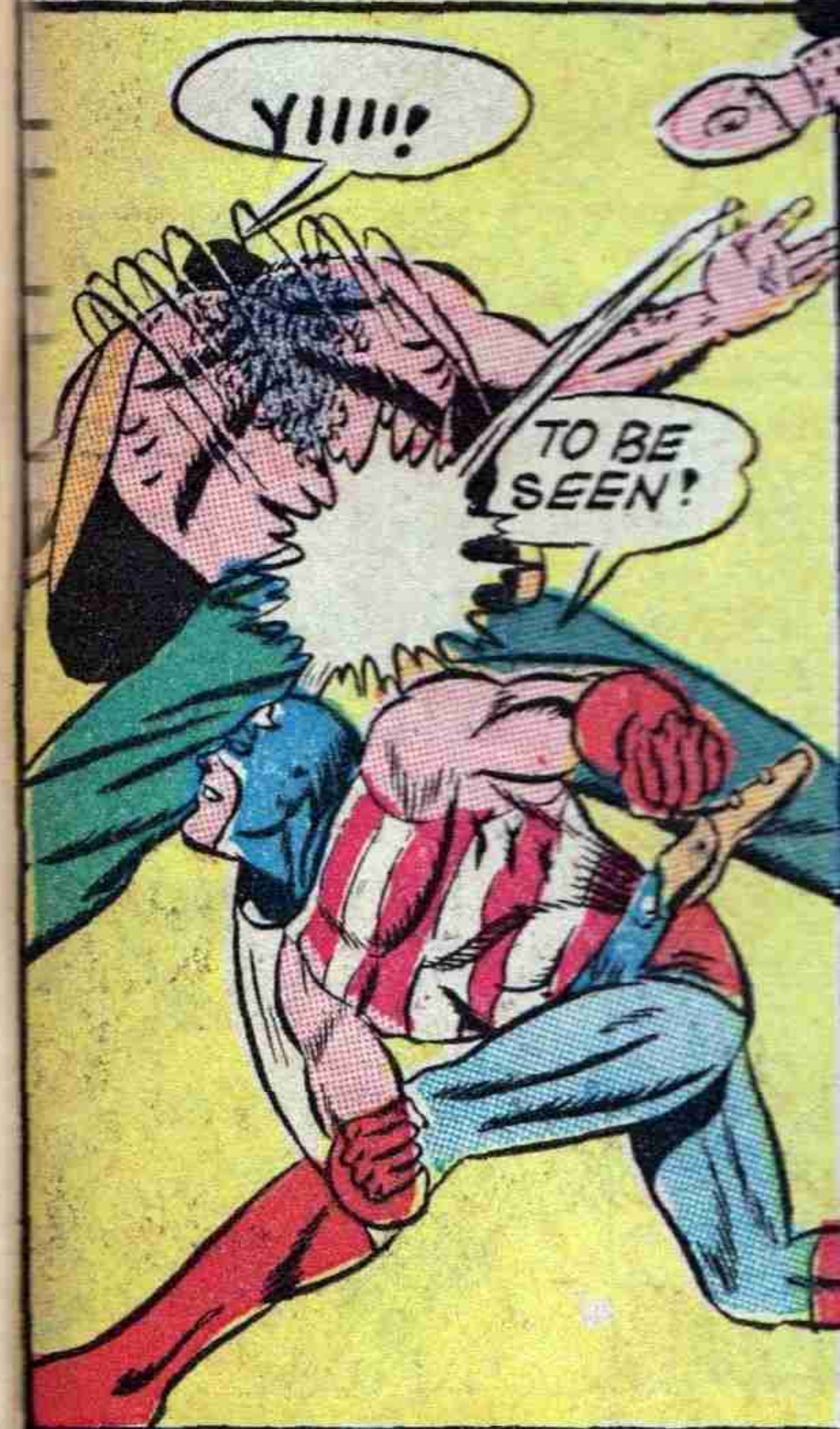




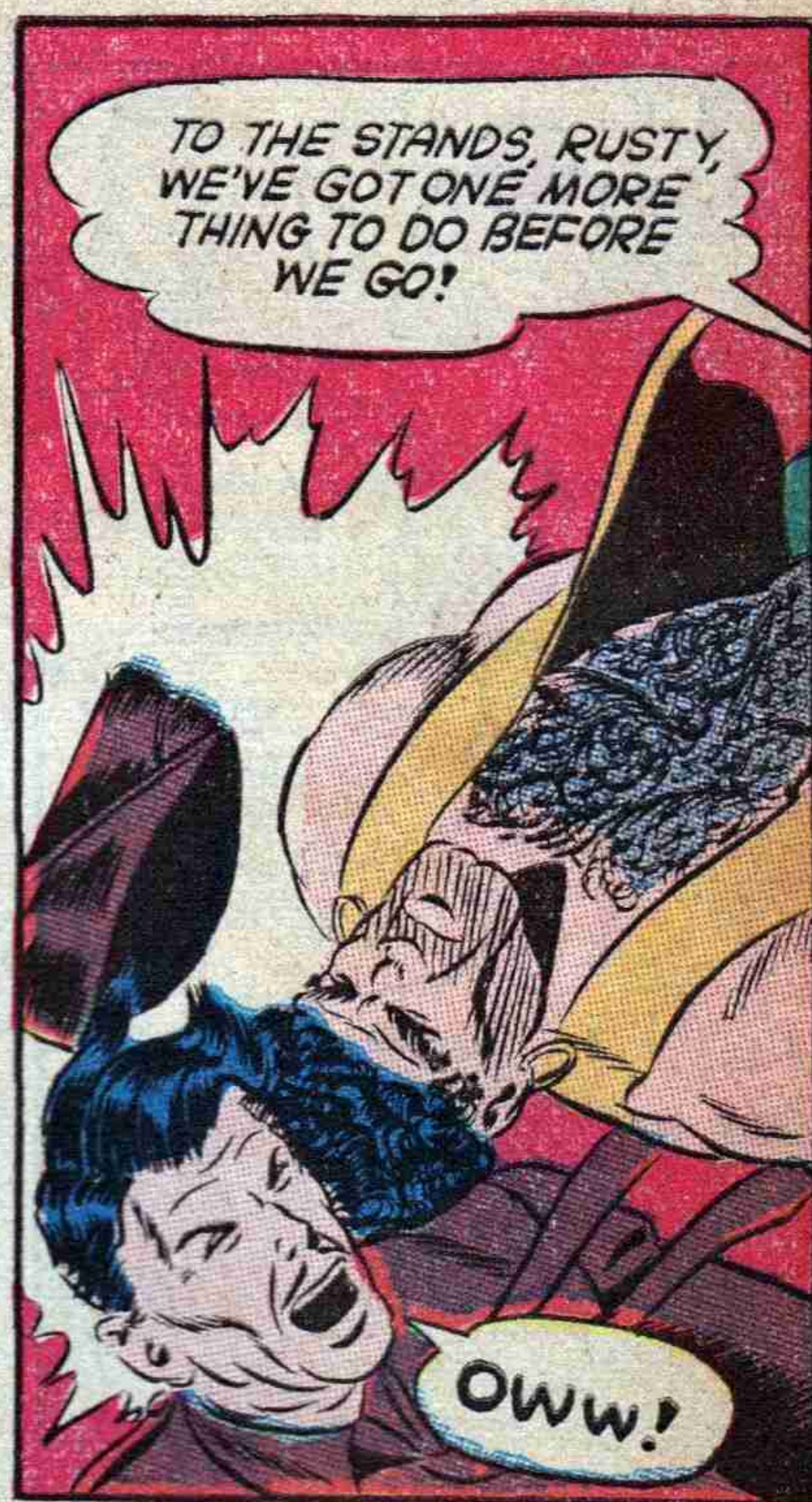




SUDDENLY, THE GREEXOS SPRING OUT OF NOWHERE TO THE ATTACK!







**MORE ACTION, THRILLS AND ADVENTURES WITH THE FLAG-MAN IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF CAPTAIN AERO COMICS!**